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VOLUME XXXIII. PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1853. WHOLE NO. 1673.

Choice Poetry.

THE WELCOME.

BY THOMAS DAVIS.

I.

Come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you.
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers! don't sever."

II.

I'll pull you sweet flowers, to wear if you choose them;
Or, after you've kissed them, they'll lie on my bosom.
I'll fetch from the mountain its breeze to inspire you;
I'll fetch from my fancy a tale that won't tire you.
Oh! your step's like the rain to the summer-vex'd farmer,
Or sabre and shield to a knight without armor;
I'll sing you sweet songs till the stars rise above me,
Then, wandering, I'll wish you in silence to love me.

III.

We'll look through the trees at the cliff and the eyrie,
We'll tread round the rath on the track of the fairy,
We'll look on the stars, and we'll list to the river,
Till you ask of your darling what gift you can give her.
Oh! she'll whisper you, "Love as unchangeably beaming,
And trust, when in secret, most tunefully streaming,
Till the starlight of heaven above us shall quiver,
As our souls flow in one down eternity's river."

IV.

So come in the evening, or come in the morning,
Come when you're looked for, or come without warning,
Kisses and welcome you'll find here before you,
And the oftener you come here the more I'll adore you!
Light is my heart since the day we were plighted,
Red is my cheek that they told me was blighted;
The green of the trees looks far greener than ever,
And the linnets are singing, "True lovers! don't sever!"

Original Novelet.

THE LOST HEIRESS:
A STORY OF HOWLET HALL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. EMMA D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH,
AUTHOR OF "THE CURSE OF CLIFTON," "SHANNONDALE," "THE DESERTED WIFE," ETC., ETC., ETC.

[Entered according to the Act of Congress, by Deacon & Peterson, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER VI.

THE HAPPY AND THE WRETCHED.

To each his suffering—all are men,
Condemned alike to groan;
The happy for another's pain,
The wretched for his own.

The last speech has been made, the last toast drunk, and the last guest has departed—the State dinner is over at the Government House. And Daniel Hunter has sought the retirement and seclusion of his library, there to collect his thoughts, and compose himself, after the tumult and excitement of the day. The lamps upon the tables have not been lighted, and he is well contented that they are forgotten. After the glare, and crowd, and noise of the day, he finds the darkness, and solitude, and silence of the hour very soothing to his jaded senses and perturbed spirit. And he sits alone for nearly half an hour. And then the door opens and a footman enters, with wax candles, and proceeds to light up the room. And in a moment every corner of the sumptuous library is thrown into view. Daniel Hunter sits where he has thrown himself on first entering—in a large, deep arm-chair, near one of the tables. The footman having accomplished his errand, retires; but almost immediately reappears, announcing, "Mr. Bomford, the Marshal of the State." And the State's Marshal enters, and advances up to the Governor, and bowing, says,

"Mr. Hunter, I crave your Excellency's indulgence for my intrusion at the present hour, but my mission is one of the utmost importance."

"Mr. Marshal, I am happy to see you. Take a seat, and let me know how I can serve you."

The Marshal lays upon the table, before the Governor, four cards, saying,

"Sir, the gentlemen, whose names you will see upon these cards, request an audience upon a matter of life and death."

The Governor lifts the cards, one by one, and reads,

"William Sterne, Bishop of M——," "Robert B. Turner, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court," "Major-General John Ryder, U. S. A.," and "Commodore Walter P. Rutger, U. S. N."

"It is the petition," said the Governor. "Mr. Marshal, bring them in."

And the Marshal bowed and retired. A minute elapsed, and the official returned and introduced,

"The Right Reverend Bishop Sterne." "The Right Honorable Robert B. Turner." "Major-General Ryder." "Commodore Rutger."

The Governor arose to receive them, and with his hand resting on the table, bowed, saying,

"Gentlemen, I am very glad to see you! pray be seated."

A footman in attendance drew forward chairs, and the visitors seated themselves. A minute of silence elapsed, and then Daniel Hunter, who had remained standing, said,

"Gentlemen, will you be so good as to inform me in what manner I can be so happy as to serve you."

The venerable Bishop of M—— arose, and going up to the table, laid upon it a folded paper, saying,

"Will your Excellency grant me your permission to read this petition, signed by numbers of the most respectable of the citizens of M——?"

"It is the petition for O'Leary's reprieve?" said the Governor, interrogatively.

"It is, sir."

"Do me the favor to read it, reverend sir. And pray resume your seat in the meantime," said the Governor, resuming his.

The venerable prelate sat down, and unfolded the document, and commenced the perusal. The Governor turned towards the reader an earnest, attentive countenance. The petition set forth at large, and most logically and eloquently, the causes why, in the opinion of the petitioners, the sentence of the law should not be executed upon the prisoner. It was signed by so large a number of persons—all of the first respectability—that the Bishop only turned the pages, and showed the Governor the length of the list. When the reading was concluded, the prelate laid the document on the table, saying,

"Your Excellency has heard all we have to advance. I have only to add, on behalf of my friends here present, and myself, that no small interest in the fate of the prisoner would have brought us to your presence on such an errand."

The Governor bowed to this remark, and turning towards them all, inquired,

"Have any of you a correct report of the prisoner's trial, gentlemen?"

Chief Justice Turner drew a pamphlet from his pocket, and walking up to the table, laid it down, saying,

"I thought of this exigency, and provided myself with this."

The Governor took up the pamphlet, and said,

"If you will permit me, gentlemen, I will look over this."

"Certainly! Certainly!" said Judge Turner, speaking for the others. "We would not have you do anything unadvisedly, and without full understanding of the facts."

Daniel Hunter examined the evidence leisurely and thoughtfully, and then laid down the pamphlet by the side of the petition, and remained silent for the space of several minutes, which seemed to his company as many hours. At length he spoke,

"Gentlemen, I cannot too strongly avow my sense of the humanity and kindness of heart that has brought you here this night. Nor can I adequately express to you the pain I feel in being compelled to refuse your petition."

Here an expression of deep pain came upon the faces of the visitors, and was reflected in that of the Governor. He went on to say,

"Gentlemen, I had made myself thoroughly well acquainted with the case of William O'Leary before to-night, and from my soul I believe him guilty! To-night I have heard your petition, and I have referred again to the minutes of the trial to see if there was anything that in the first reading had escaped my attention, and which should yet influence my decision in the premises. And I find nothing new here. The trial has been conducted with the due formality, and with the utmost deliberation, impartiality and humanity. The guilt of the prisoner seems to me to be an indubitable fact. I cannot have the slightest doubt of it, nor do I think it possible that any one else can. Gentlemen, I think that the judge and jury have performed their duty in convicting and sentencing this man. I am glad that they have done so—that no false sentiment of compassion has unnerved the stern hand of justice. Mercy to the guilty is too often cruelty to the innocent. Yes! Mercy to *one* guilty one is often cruelty to a *hundred* of the innocent. The pardon of a murderer is a fearful deed, a deed pregnant with terrible responsibilities. We know not *how much* the hope of impunity tempts to crime! Let the consequences of crime to the criminal be sure, awful, unchangeable, irresistible, and many a reckless man, who now gives way to his headlong passions, would hold them in some check, and many a plotting villain would hesitate and turn back from the meditated guilt. Tell me, if you please, that the fear of punishment is an improper instrument of reformation—and I will answer you that it is the only motive that can be brought to bear upon many minds—also, that the laws do not attempt to *reform* the guilty, but to *protect* the inoffensive, nor to *regenerate* the heart, but to *restrain* its guilty passions from breaking into overt crime. The law is not *reformatory*, but *restraining*—'a terror to evil doers.' Only the GOSPEL is reformatory. The time *may* come when moral suasion shall govern the world, but the time has *not* come yet, nor will it be hastened by the abolition of just punishment and *impunity to the criminal*. Yes, the time *may* come when moral suasion will govern the world, but the world must be *prepared* for it first—a generation from infancy up must be educated in its spirit, and we must begin, *not with criminals, but with children*. At present the law must reign. For some time past I have regretted to perceive a moral cowardice upon this subject prevailing in the community—they shrink from the stern duties of justice, and in their false pity of the guilty, grant them that impunity which leaves the innocent and the inoffensive exposed to their passions. In this instance, I repeat, I am glad that judge and jury have had the moral courage to convict the criminal. I am glad that neither the youth, beauty nor genius of the accused, nor his most interesting family relations have been eloquent enough to turn aside the sword of justice. They have done their stern duty, and, gentlemen, with God's help, I will do mine!"

"Duty be d——d!" exclaimed the rude sailor, Commodore Rutger. "'Of all the cants that are canted in this canting world, though the cant of hypocrisy may be worst, yet is the cant of "duty" the wretchedest.'" And he wiped his face furiously, and left his seat, and stamped up and down the floor, and finally came back and threw himself into the chair again.

Daniel Hunter received this outburst with dignified composure, only privately resolving, in case of its being repeated, to ring for a footman and have him shown the door. But the honest old tar recovered himself, made an apology, and silently resolved to keep within bound for the rest of the evening.

"Gentlemen, have you anything farther to advance upon this subject?" asked Daniel Hunter.

One might have thought, indeed, that they would have little to urge after hearing what had been said. Yet not so—not without another effort would they desert their protege.

Chief Justice Turner went and sat down by the Governor, and spoke to him of the trial—of the condemnation of the prisoner upon circumstantial evidence alone—of the well known fallibility of such kind of testimony—of the numerous cases in which innocent men had been condemned and executed under circumstantial evidence, and whose innocence had been manifest only when it was too late to save them from unmerited execution. He spoke of an aggravated case of the kind which had come under his own knowledge in the course of his legal experience. And he begged the Governor to pause and consider what would be his feelings if he should now persist in refusing to grant a reprieve to the prisoner, and after the execution, the dead man should be discovered to have been guiltless of the crime for which he suffered.

Daniel Hunter listened with respectful attention, but when the Chief Justice had finished speaking, he answered,

"At the trial of O'Leary, all this that you have advanced was most eloquently urged upon the consideration of the jury by the able counsel of the prisoner, and yet the jury found him guilty. I think that they were right. I cannot annul their deed. In most criminal cases, sir, especially most murder cases, we have nothing but circumstantial evidence to guide us. And to rule such evidence out would be to stretch the positive protection of the law over ninety-nine criminals out of a hundred. It would be to patent subtlety, to grant impunity to the deeper and more artful villain, and leave the simpler and less deliberate one exclusively to suffer."

The Governor ceased speaking, and Chief Justice Turner coldly arose, and asked of his companions,

"Shall we go?"

And all arose to their feet. But Gen. Ryder spoke up, in short, blunt, hearty tones, saying,

"Mr. Hunter, what I came here for was not to argue upon the *policy* of the thing, but upon its *humanity*, and to tell your Excellency that the prisoner is but a youth—hot blooded, passionate, rash, and that if he shot his man down in a rage, it is no more than you, or I, or any man might have done! And that therefore we ought, in some sort, to make his case our own, and not visit his act with too severe a punishment."

"General Ryder, I am sorry to differ with so gallant an officer, and so humane a man as yourself. But it is precisely *because* you, or I, or any man may be tempted to such an act, that the *temptation of impunity* should not be added to the *temptations of passion*. Should this young man escape just punishment, there are many young men in this State who will give the freer reign to their angry passions—who, if he is executed, will feel it necessary, in view of such an awful penalty, to curb their impulses. When the retributions of the laws are known, and felt to be certain, *inevitable*, *irresistible*, the laws will be obeyed."

The venerable Bishop of M——, said,

"Mr. Hunter, you have spoken at large of the merits of *justice*, will you hear me say something in favor of the divine beauty of *mercy*?"

And then he spoke of all men as sinners, in the sight of God, and of the Divine mercy that offered pardon and redemption.

Daniel Hunter *answered*,

"I may forgive my individual foe, but must not screen a felon from just punishment. Besides, He who said 'Unless ye forgive men their trespasses, neither will your Heavenly Father forgive you your trespasses,' said, also, 'I came not to *destroy* the law, but to fulfill,' and that law which He referred to, ordained that 'He who sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed,' that 'the murderer shall hang on a tree.' If that man had murdered my brother, I might forgive my individual wrong, but should not interfere with the course of justice."

"But if the *condemned* were your brother?" suggested the Commodore, brusquely.

"*If guilty*, he should suffer, though our mother interceded for his pardon," said Daniel Hunter.

And they looked upon his face, and saw that he would have done as he said.

The faces of his visitors exhibited disappointment and disapprobation.

Daniel Hunter had risen from his seat. His own countenance was very grave and mournful. Addressing his audience in serious tones and measured accents, he inquired,

"Gentlemen, will you allow me to ask you a question?"

"Assuredly, Mr. Hunter," replied Judge Turner, speaking for the rest.

"Can you take it upon your consciences to say that this man is innocent?"

There was a dead pause.

He repeated the question, taking them individually.

"Bishop S——, I ask you, reverend sir, whether you believe this man to be guiltless?"

"We are *none of us* guiltless, Mr. Hunter."

"It is enough. General Ryder, how say you, sir?"

"Governor, I did not come here to ask *justice* for an innocent man, but *mercy* for a guilty one!"

"I have your answer, sir. Judge Turner, I inquire of your honor, whether in your opinion this man is innocent of the crime for which he is to suffer?"

"Governor Hunter, we are not here to try the case, but to intercede for the prisoner."

"I understand you, sir! Commodore Rutger?"

"Confound it, Governor, *I* want the boy saved, that's my opinion!"

Daniel Hunter remained silent for a moment, during which the gravity and sadness of his fine countenance deepened. Then he said,

"And my opinion, gentlemen, is that you have slightly mistaken either me or my privilege. The prerogative of pardon, vested in the Executive, can only be properly exercised, when, after sentence has been passed, it is discovered that some injustice has been done the condemned; as when he has been convicted upon insufficient testimony, or by a partial judge or corrupt jury, or when circumstances have come to light to prove his innocence, or to throw a strong doubt upon his guilt. No other consideration should influence the Executive. Under all other circumstances, it is his duty to sustain the Court in its action, and to see its sentence carried into effect."

At the same hour in which the foregoing scene occurred in the library of the Executive palace, Mrs. Daniel Hunter sat in her dressing-room on the second floor of the same mansion, preparing for the Inaugural Ball of the evening. It was an airy, spacious chamber elegantly fitted up and well lighted. Augusta sat on a dressing stool in front of a high psyche mirror. She was attended by her pretty maid Stella. Her sister-in-law, Letty, already attired in her pretty, simple evening dress of white crape and white roses, was also in the room, hovering around the lady, and adding here and there a finishing touch to her dress or hair. Augusta's toilet was now complete, except the clasping of the jewels—a magnificent set of *her* family diamonds that had recently come into her possession, but which she seldom wore, because she some how felt or surmised that Daniel Hunter disapproved such princely display, and better loved to see her adorned with flowers, or at most, with the pale, oriental pearls, his bridal gift, which so well became her fair complexion and black hair. But upon this occasion, Augusta deemed that diamonds were not inappropriate, and her dress being now completed, she stands up to allow her sister, Letty, the childish pride and pleasure of clasping them on. And Augusta Hunter, as she stands there with one small hand resting lightly upon the dressing-table, is, without the diamonds, a very royal looking woman. Her form is tall, well proportioned, and well developed. Her features are regular, her forehead high and pale—in contrast to the straight, intensely black eyebrows, and long black eyelashes, and the shining black masses of ringlets on either side of her face. Her dress is of gold-colored satin brocade, with low neck and short sleeves—relieved with falls of delicate lace—her beautiful arms and neck are very slightly shaded with the lace. And now Letty clasps the diamond bracelets on her arms, fastens the necklace around her neck, puts the barbaric ear-drops in her ears, and lastly, sets the light tiara on her black hair—and as the sparkling circlet spans the space between the two shining black masses of ringlets, and blazes above her brow, Letty clasps her hands in silent admiration. She has no words to speak the impression made upon her.

But just then a rap was heard at the door. Stella went to see who it was. A footman stood without, saying that two women had called to see Mrs. Hunter, who refused to go away, and insisted upon being admitted. Augusta looked and listened with surprise and curiosity. But Letty said, impatiently,

"Tell the man to send the women away, Stella! This is a pretty time of night for such visitors. Some one who wants some petty office or other secured to some son or brother, or sweetheart, and wants your interest in it, Augusta; and are determined to be in time. Let them wait a little. Tell the man to send them away, Stella."

"No," said Augusta, "many of these petitioners have anxious, almost breaking hearts; I know it—the least I can do is to hear them. Tell the footman to admit them, Stella."

But even when Augusta spoke, some one without exclaimed, hurriedly, nervously,

"Mother! I know that voice—I know that voice! I know it, though I have not heard it for fifteen years. It is Lady Augusta Percival's."

And when the door was opened by the footman to admit the two women who had silently followed him, Nelly O'Leary sprang forward—and then hastily controlling her violent impulses, hurried nervously forward and sank at the lady's feet. Augusta looked at her in extreme surprise, which was not lessened as the light of a slow recognition dawned in her countenance, and,

"Ellen Falconer! *Dearest* Ellen, can this be really yourself?" she exclaimed, with dilated eyes and arched brows.

"Yes, Lady Augusta, it is I, my wretched self!"

"Rise, dear Ellen, rise! Tell me what is the matter with you. Stella, wheel forward a chair here. Sit down, dear Ellen, sit down. You tremble so much. A glass of water for her, Stella. Take it, Ellen, it will calm your nerves."

Nelly had sunk into the chair offered, and Mrs. Hunter still remained standing, with one hand resting upon the dressing-table. Nelly quaffed the water presented to her by the maid, returned the glass, and seemed somewhat calmed by the cold sedative.

"Now tell me how I can help you, dear Ellen."

"Thanks, Lady Augusta!"

"Nay, Ellen," said the Governor's wife, half smiling, "I have long since abandoned contending for the title so desperately held in my childhood—having learned at length that it could not be imported and naturalized with myself."

"And you are no longer Lady Augusta?" said Nelly, with a transient interest in the question.

"My English relatives address me so in their letters, but it is not correct. I am not, as a citizen of this country, 'Lady' Augusta."

"But I thought you got your grandfather's estate?"

"Yes, but could not import my title with my personal property. Enough of this. How can I serve you, Ellen?"

Recalled from her momentary wandering, Nelly sighed deeply, and said—continuing her manner of address by force of habit—

"I made a mistake in entering this room, Lady Augusta, but now that I am here—"

"Tell me what I can do for you?" said Mrs. Hunter, seeing that her visitor paused and sighed deeply.

"First of all, before I dare ask anything else, forgive me for the miserable past!"

"I had forgotten whether there is anything to forgive, and would rather not recollect," replied Mrs. Augusta, as a shadow fell on her brow.

"Well, Ellen? Go on!"

"I said I came here by mistake. I was in search of Mrs. Hunter, the Governor's wife. I suppose you are her visitor? Will you be so kind, Lady Augusta, as to procure an interview for me?"

Augusta regarded her with calm surprise, saying,

"I am Mrs. Hunter. I thought you knew it."

"You?"

"Certainly."

"Stop," said Nelly, as a light full of promise seemed to break on her. "I have heard this new Governor arose from the humblest of the people. Can it be possible that he is one we once knew as Daniel Hunter of the Forge?"

"I thought every one knew that."

"Lady!" said Nelly, suddenly rising and coming forward, and sinking again at Augusta's feet, "I came here to plead for my husband's pardon—for the pardon of William O'Leary, now in prison under sentence of—"

The sight of Augusta's face and form suddenly froze the prayer upon the young wife's lip.

Augusta reeled and shivered as if under the effect of some stunning blow, and now her elbow rested on the table, her head bent upon her hand, her ringlets concealed her face, and her whole form bowed over the table, and she murmured, in a choking voice,

"Oh, God! is it so? Can it be possible? Was only this wanting? You, Ellen Falconer? You married to this man, and he to die so soon!"

So sudden and great was the distress of the lady, that Ellen herself turned comforter, saying,

"But he is *not* to die, lady! he is innocent! We know that, but we want the reprieve to-night that the suspense may be over, and we may go home to-morrow and leave this dreadful place behind forever!"

"Oh, Ellen! Ellen!" was all the lady could say, bowed down in pity and grief.

"We *know* that he is going to be reprieved, because the Governor has positively promised it, lady!"

"Oh, Ellen! God pity you, Ellen!" was all the answer.

But instantly Norah O'Leary, who, till now, had stood near the door, attracting but little attention, supposed to be only an attendant of the young woman—Norah O'Leary came forward, and brushing Nelly away as if she had been a fly, exclaimed,

"She knows nothing about it! She is a child, or worse, a fool, whom no one permits to see or hear the truth! She is self-deceived, and deceived of others!"

The stern rudeness of this woman's manner restored Augusta to some degree of composure and dignity. She lifted her head, stood up, and prepared to listen.

"*Hear me*, madam, I am his mother."

"I attend to you," said Mrs. Hunter.

The mother spoke hurriedly, and with some natural distraction and disorder of manner.

"My poor son is innocent, madam! Innocent of murder as that babe *of yours* sleeping in that crib!"

Augusta shuddered strangely, and in spite of herself at such an allusion to her child in such a connection. Norah went on—

"But innocence, madam, is no protection in a world like this. *She*, Nelly I mean, feels sure of a reprieve, and only begs that it may be hastened. Alas! every one else knows better! First, indeed, our hopes were raised, and we were almost assured of a pardon—popular rumor and the public papers assured us of it—but this evening I have learned that the Governor has rejected every overture for a pardon."

"Oh, no! not so! Oh, God, mother! not so! You never told me so! It cannot be! It cannot!" exclaimed Nelly, suddenly springing forward and catching Norah's hand within her own and looking wildly in her face.

"Be silent, Nelly, and compose yourself," she said, roughly shaking her off.

Nelly retreated to a distant cushion, and sat down upon it, burying her face in her hands, and smothering her groans and cries.

The mother resumed—

"To-night a last effort has been made by some of the first men in the State. I have been told that it has failed. I have no hope left but in you. You have great power with Daniel Hunter, lady. I come to entreat you—*to pray* to you to use it and save my boy's life!" and the old mother held up her clasped hands.

"Alas! would to Heaven I had the power you ascribe me. I would use it for your sake." Augusta's countenance expressed great sympathy with the sufferer, but as she entirely recovered her self possession, her manner seemed cold to the excited woman, who exclaimed,

"And you refuse to intercede for me! You a mother? and to have such a stony heart for a mother's anguish? How know you, woman, what may be the fate of the babe in yonder crib? how *he* may sin and fall, and sue for mercy?"

"It is a *girl*, thank God!" said Augusta, thrown into a momentary tremor by this second act of bringing her idolized child into the wretched connection.

"A girl, is it? Then pray God, lady, to have mercy on you and on her! And show you, meanwhile, mercy to my child! *For God* promises mercy only to the merciful, and will visit the sins of the father upon the children!"

"The Lord of Truth and Mercy, who hears us now, knows that if I had the influence you impute to me, I would gladly save your son. But alas! I have not the power. Only one thing in this affair influences Mr. Hunter—a sense of justice!"

"A sense of justice! then he believes William guilty!"

"Alas, I fear so!"

"And you believe it?"

"I do not know the circumstances."

"Oh," said the mother, speaking rapidly, "these were the circumstances—strong enough against him, poor fellow! The murdered man, Burke, was a shop-keeper at St. Inez, in our county. He insulted Nelly more than once, when opportunity offered. At last she complained to William. William is very rash and hot-headed; he challenged Burke. Burke refused to meet him. William then swore that he would thrash the villain, and if he resisted, shoot him. He left the house for the purpose. And the same night Burke was found shot through the head, and William, on his return home, was arrested. You know the rest!"

"A fearful chain of evidence, indeed! What could your son say in defence?"

"*The truth*—that he went in search of Burke for the purpose of inflicting summary chastisement upon him, but that he never found him."

"A weak defence, alas!" said Augusta.

"A weak defence, lady, and yet those who know him best, believe him innocent, and his Father Confessor *knows* that he is so."

Here the deep, smothered sobs and groans of Ellen were heard in the pause, and Mrs. Hunter turned her eyes, full of pity, upon the collapsed form of the young woman. Norah followed her glance.

"Yes," said Norah, "it goes hard with her,—*if* he dies, it may kill her, for she is weak; but even then, lady, her sufferings will not be so great as those *I feel*, who am too strong to die, but not to madden! Oh, lady, you think you love your infant now, and doubtless you do so; but not a thousandth-part as you will love her hereafter—especially if it should turn out that she is your *only one!* Ah! few can tell how a parent loves an *only child*, when the affection that should be divided among many is concentrated upon one! Once that poor boy, who is perhaps to die a felon's shameful death to-morrow, was an infant beautiful and innocent as your own! Oh, more beautiful and innocent, as it seemed to me, than any creature out of Heaven! And I loved him so! Oh, I loved him so! I would not let the very slightest pain approach him, if I could keep it off by any sacrifice. I prayed that I might never have any other children to divide my love with him! I wanted to give it *all* to him! I did give it *all to him*. I withdrew all my love from every other human creature, and gathered it into one stream, and poured it, lavished it upon him. All other interests—my God! all other *rights* yielded to his slightest wants!"

"That was idolatry, and God punishes idolatry," said Augusta, mournfully.

"And who are you that reproach me with idolatry? You idolize your own child, and you know it."

"Heaven save me of the fault if I do! for it is a fearful one!"

"Yes, lady, it *is* a fearful thing to embark all one's hopes and affections on one frail human being!—with but one mortal life! Oh, *I* know it! *I*, who watched the frail life of my child through all the illnesses children are heir to! And God knows with what protracted agony I watched by the bedside of my one poor child! And the joy I felt when the grasp of death was released, and he recovered! Oh, lady! *once* he was iller—nearer to death than ever—he was given up by his physicians—he had received extreme unction from the priest for death,—the women waited in the room below to lay him out for burial. He was abandoned to the power of death, by all but *me*, his mother! I could not give him up—no, not to Heaven! I wept and wrestled in prayer for his life through all that live-long night! I prayed his life unconditionally—come what might to either of us through the granting of that prayer—I prayed it in Christ's all-potent name! And, madam, he lived! he lived! That night he awoke from his stupor, and called me, 'Mother!' Mrs. Hunter, I nearly swooned with joy! The people who had come to lay him out went home—the priest who had anointed him for death returned thanks for his life! He lived! but lived to meet a fate like this! Lived to be doomed to a felon's death! Would God I had let him die! Would God I had let him die!" exclaimed the poor mother, wringing her hands.

"Oh, Heaven! it is a fearful thing to pray back the life of a dying child, without the adding the clause of the Saviour's prayer,—'Nevertheless, not my will but Thine, oh, God, be done!' It is a dread responsibility to pray back to mortal life and mortal trial, the innocence that God would make immortal!" said Augusta, pale with feeling.

"Aye, you can lecture me! *You* are happy! *Your* child is a blessed infant yet! It lies there in its crib sleeping softly, sweetly—it is surrounded with defences! it is all protected!—the South breeze may not blow upon its brow too freshly!—nor the sun kiss its cheek too warmly!—your child sleeps safe in the nest of your love? *Mine* lies in the condemned cell, to be led out to-morrow, amidst a gazing mob, to die a shameful death upon the scaffold!—unless you save him!"

"Oh, would to Heaven I had the power!"

"You have! you have the power! Everybody says so! You have not the *will!* You are happy and selfish!—prosperous and pitiless!"

"Alas! I would give everything I possess on earth, except my husband and child, to save your son—God knoweth that I would!"

"Words! words! You do not even promise to make an effort to save him! You do not promise to speak a word in his favor! You will not open your lips to save him! You will not lift your hand to save him! 'Give everything you possess!' You would not give so much as the smallest gem of your tiara to save my only child from an unmerited death on the scaffold! and me from madness!"

Augusta gave not a word or look in refutation of this charge. The pity of her soul was strong, for she feared, by the wildness of the woman's eyes, and the frequent incoherence of her talk, that dread sorrow and suspense were doing their worst work upon her mind, and unsettling her reason.

It was a relief that, just at this moment Daniel Hunter entered the room. He came in by the private door communicating with his own apartments. He did not at once perceive the presence of strangers in the room, for without once raising his eyes, he stepped immediately up to the crib which stood at that end of the room, and in which his treasure and his heart lay. Norah O'Leary saw him when he entered, and recognized him instinctively; she watched him when he stepped up to the side of that crib, and drew the curtains; she continued to watch him as he gazed upon the little sleeper with a softening countenance. It was, indeed, strange to see that wintry grim, severe politician and statesman—that firm, stern, immaculate ruler, gazing with so soft a smile upon the sleeping child! And the wretched Norah watched to draw a hopeful augury from that tender mood! Drawing the curtains gently together, Daniel Hunter left the crib, and came forward towards his wife. Then seeing, for the first time, her two visitors, whom he evidently considered to be women of humble life—probably acquaintances in distress, or something of the kind; he merely nodded a kindly acknowledgment of their presence, and then, standing by his wife, entered into conversation with her.

It was only for a moment that he stood speaking with Augusta, yet in that moment, while they stood together, Norah O'Leary read the characters of both more accurately than ever she could have read either apart; and she was forcibly struck with a general but undefinable resemblance between them in air, manner, and expression—such a resemblance as might be imagined to exist between two persons who had grown up together, and gradually merged into one in heart, mind, and purpose.

His countenance was the countenance of one who had suffered, struggled and overcome. His expression was firm, serious, and elevated. Hers seemed the bright and soft reflection of his own. Her eyes turned towards him with a calm, confident, elevated, and elevating love and adoration, just quickened with a thought of dread, not degrading, but exalting the affection, as though the idea of displeasing him, or falling short of his standard of excellence would have seemed to her a serious misfortune. Her face, too, in its grave, majestic beauty spoke of struggle and of conquest—of struggle, not with the world, but with herself—of conquest, not of destiny, but of her own spirit; for she had grave faults of character, hereditary faults of her house and rank—great pride and high temper—and from her childhood there had been subjected to the severest discipline, and no cloistered nun, in her religious enthusiasm, ever more wrestled with her own nature to make herself an acceptable bride of heaven, than did this beautiful woman of society, to render herself worthy of the love and esteem of her husband. Only for an instant, as I said, they conversed together, and then the earnest, eloquent eyes of Augusta turned from the face of her husband, and fixed themselves upon the woman standing near. He understood and followed her glance, and instantly his quick perceptive faculties received the truth, and thinking within himself,

"This is another trial, and the most serious one yet," he inquired, in a kind tone, "Well, my good woman, what is it?"

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Norah O'Leary, sinking at his feet, and raising her clasped hands and strained gaze to his face. "Oh, sir! I implore you to hear and grant my prayer! I am a poor, old heart-broken mother, come to beg for the life of my only child. Sir, I have been told that you have rejected every petition for his pardon. I hear that you have turned away from the pleadings of the very greatest men in the *State!* Yet you will not turn away from mine! You will not see a gray-haired woman at your feet praying you to spare the life of her only son, and spurn her away to madness? Oh! no, you will think of your own mother, and pity the widow's gray hairs and broken heart!" She paused, but still held up her clasped hands, and raised her strained gaze to his face in silent supplication.

Daniel Hunter kept sternly down the rising pity of his heart; but his manner was compassionate and reverential, as he stooped and gave her his hand to assist her to her feet, and said,

"Rise, madam, I beg of you."

"You pardon my son?" she asked, with a wild, appealing gaze, as she grasped his hands, but remained on her knees.

"Madam," said Daniel Hunter, in a grave, sorrowful voice, "I feel at this moment a pain only second to your own—"

"Oh, do not utter what you were about to say! You, and you only can save my child! You have so much power. Oh, my God! that any human being should have power over my one child's life to take it away at his pleasure! Oh, sir, have mercy! Have mercy, as you expect mercy of heaven! Oh, grant me my child's life, for you can do it! You can do it by only writing your name. Good Heaven, when I think of the terrible power that resides in this hand! this hand of yours! You have but to take a pen in it and make your autograph, and my son is free to live and be happy. Do it, sir. Do it—oh! Where is there a paper and ink? Lady, won't you send for it?" And so—wildly, incoherently she pleaded, as they plead who sue for life.

Augusta looked on in the deepest distress, and turned her eyes occasionally towards the distant form of Nelly, who was weeping silently.

Daniel Hunter saw the distress of his wife, and stepping to her side for an instant, said, in a low voice,

"Retire, my dearest love, your presence here can do no sort of good, and this interview grows too painful for you."

But Augusta mournfully shook her head, saying, in a whisper,

"I will not leave them if you please, Mr. Hunter?"

Daniel Hunter did not insist, but came back to where Norah O'Leary still knelt, and once more attempted to raise her, saying,

"Rise, Mrs. O'Leary! For your own sake, rise."

"Never! while my boy lies condemned to die," said Norah, wildly.

"This is most distressing to us all, besides being perfectly unavailing—"

"Oh, sir, do not say that!" exclaimed Norah, interrupting him suddenly, "do not, sir! oh, sir, I implore you by the love you bear your beautiful wife, to bear with me farther. You would not suffer *her* to be pained even by the sight of another's woe; oh, *sir*, by that tender care of *her*, I entreat you to pity me! Sir, this broken, gray-haired woman at your feet, was not many years ago a wife beloved and cherished; but he who cared for her lies in his grave; and now the heaviest storms of sorrow beat upon her bare head, and there is none to pity and to save!"

"There is One—the God of the widow and the fatherless. Pray to Him! His pity is never invoked in vain. His power is never limited," said Daniel Hunter, solemnly.

"Be *His* instrument! Be His instrument! Stretch forth your hand and save! Oh! sir, by your happiness and my misery—by your power and my helplessness—by our common human nature, and by our common dependence on God's mercy, I implore, I adjure you to be Heaven's instrument of salvation to me!"

"I would to God I *were* the chosen instrument. I am not."

"Still callous; oh, God! what will move you? Oh! sir, listen to me farther. Governor Daniel *Hunter*, I saw and studied your Excellency when *you* were nothing but a common man, with a father's ordinary love and weakness. I saw you when you entered this room, go first and bend with looks of infinite, of unutterable love over the cradle of your child! Daniel Hunter!—not the Governor, but the father—I implore you by the love you bear your child, to pity the mother's heart within me, and spare mine! *Sir*, this broken-hearted wretch at your feet was once a happy wife and mother. She had an only child, as beautiful, as innocent, and as beloved as yours! Sir, that child is now a miserable man, doomed—doomed; oh! God, you know his fate! I cannot, cannot speak it!"

Here she sank down lower upon the floor, covered her face with her hands, and struggled to repress the suffocating sobs and groans that stifled her voice.

Daniel Hunter was deeply moved; with all his self-control, his countenance still betrayed the greatest mental pain. At length she spoke again.

"My child is doomed to die a murderer's horrid death—my child who is even now as innocent, and God pity him, as simple and as harmless as the babe in yonder cradle! Oh, Daniel Hunter, by the love you *lavish* on your child, pity a wretched mother's heart. My love is as great, my hopes were once as confident for him who lies in yonder cell, as yours are for the child that sleeps in peace in yonder crib! Oh, Daniel Hunter! by all the fond, high hopes embarked in that babe's life and future fortunes—hear and grant my prayer, and spare my child."

And in the abjectness of her grief and supplication, she cowered and grovelled at his feet, and then lifted her clasped hands and strained eyes in the very agony of supplication.

Daniel Hunter ground his teeth together. Augusta turned deadly pale, and reeled, and caught to the dressing-table for support. A conflict of many emotions was overpowering her strength. It was not only an agonizing sympathy with the suffering mother, but it was a vague unreasoning *fear* of her. Every time, when in the course of this interview, the dark, desperate looking woman had in any way alluded to her sleeping babe in this dreadful connection, Augusta had trembled through all her frame.

Daniel Hunter, seeing her great disturbance, without divining the whole of its cause, stepped up to her, and said,

"Augusta, you should have retired when I recommended you to do so. This scene is too much for you. Go, at once."

"You are right," said Augusta, in a faltering voice, "I will go."

But instead of leaving the room by the door leading through the hall to the drawing-rooms, Augusta went up to the crib, raised the child in her arms, and passed into the adjoining bed-chamber. An undefined, instinctive dread of some unknown danger to the babe—a dread that she could neither understand nor resist—took possession of her soul, and governed her actions.

Daniel Hunter watched her without participating in her imaginary fears, or understanding the cause of her movement. And when the door had closed behind her, he turned again to the suppliant at his feet, and once more attempting to raise her, said,

"Mrs. O'Leary, Heaven bears me witness, how deeply I sympathize with your sufferings—how terrible to me it is to be obliged to refuse your request. But you entirely mistake my power. *I* am under the law of conscience, and accountable to Heaven for the use I make of the power vested in my person! I could not tell you, perhaps, without deeply wounding your heart, how much reason I have for refusing to grant your petition. I can only recommend you and yours to the tender mercy of God, whose compassion and whose power are both unlimited!"

"Man! man!" exclaimed Norah, with a frenzied gesture. "Do not drive me mad! Remember your mother, and do not drive a gray-haired woman mad with grief! Oh! for your own old mother's sake, hear and grant my prayer."

She was wringing her hands in the wildest anguish of prayer.

Daniel Hunter's face was pale and stern. He felt the necessity of bringing this scene to an instantaneous end. He said,

"Mrs. O'Leary, I have not the power to save your son, without a sacrifice of principle, and that I will not make."

"You would make it for one of your own! You would make it for one of your own!" she cried, in a passion of grief.

"No. Understand me, poor woman! I have said upon a former occasion, and I repeat—if it were my brother in your son's place, and if my aged mother were here at my feet, praying for her child's life as you pray, I should act as I do now. I should refuse her prayer as I refuse yours!"

"You would not! Tiger-heart as you are, you would not!"

"I would, so help me, Heaven!"

"If he were your 'brother,' aye! *but if he were your son?*"

"He should die!"

"And you will not—oh, my God! you will not save my son?"

"I cannot!"

With a terrific shriek, the wretched woman threw up her arms, and fell prone to the floor.

An hour after that three wretched foot-passengers, weary in frame and crushed in heart, took their mournful way towards the prison. They were—Norah O'Leary, whose wild, bewildered air and tottering steps required constant watchfulness and support from her companions—Nelly O'Leary, who still continued to weep and wail, more like a grieved child than a despairing wife—and Father Goodrich, whose sorrowful task it was to convey to the prisoner the decision of the Governor, and, in the few hours left him on earth, to assist him in seeking that mercy from God which he had failed of obtaining from man. They pursued their way in utter silence, except for the low wailing of Nelly, and an occasional terrific groan, that *rived* its way up through the tortured heart of Norah.

The streets had been very dark, for the moon had not yet risen; but suddenly as by a given signal, every window glared with light. It was the illumination in honor of the Governor. And every house, every street, the whole city was in an absolute *blaze of splendor!* And at the signal, as it were, every house emptied itself of its excited inmates, and speedily the streets were filled with crowds as numerous, as gaily dressed, as joyous and as noisy as those of the day.

Our sorrowful pilgrims made their way as well as they could through the merry jostling multitudes.

In crossing on the flag-stones, they had to stop suddenly, to avoid being run over by a splendid open barouche that whirled past them full of ladies and gentlemen.

"It is the Governor's carriage—they are going to the Inaugural Ball," said the old priest, with a deep sigh; "I know not what evil spirit spoke by the lips of the good old Father. He soon felt that it was a hapless speech, and he looked at Norah. And her face, upturned in the red glare, was the face of a demon! "Do not look after them, daughter—do not think of them," he began, soothingly.

Her teeth snapped, and she drew in her breath with a hissing sound.

"Think, rather of the Saviour's suffering. I often feel that for some trials of our mortal life, there is no lesson in all the Scriptures like that contained in the history of the Saviour's trial and crucifixion—His sweet submission to His Father's will—that even in the agony and bloody sweat exclaimed, 'Not my will, but Thine, oh God, be done,'—His lowly meekness that opened not His mouth in reproach to His enemies—His adorable patience under the scorn, the scourge and the crown of thorns, and above all, His divine charity, when in the last anguish of His death-throes He cried—'Father forgive them, for they know not what they do!' Oh! my daughter, can we cherish resentment, even if it be just, which is often very doubtful, when He, the Divine, the sinless One, in the very agonies of death, forgave His murderers, and prayed for mercy for them?"

In discourse such as this, and oblivious of the glaring light and noisy crowd, they made their way to the prison. And Norah answered never a word, only by those dreadful groans, that seemed to rend their course up through her bursting heart.

At length they reached the jail. The warden was anxiously awaiting them, and came forward to meet them, asking, breathlessly,

"What hope?"

"None, but in Heaven!" answered the priest. Then, in his turn, he inquired, "How is your prisoner?"

"Full of confidence, poor boy! waiting impatiently for his reprieve!"

"Heaven support him in the terrible disappointment. Mr. Thomas, let me immediately into his cell. I am charged by the Governor to inform him of his approaching death!"

"A very sorrowful duty, sir, and I am truly grieved that you should have the pain of performing it. Do these women accompany you to the cell?" inquired the warden, in a subdued tone, pointing to where Norah O'Leary stood propped against the wall, with her arms and head hanging down, in the very desolation of misery—and Nelly sat upon the ground, sobbing like a heart-broken child.

"No, I think not," answered the priest, in a low whisper. "I think it best that I should break the matter to the poor lad alone. Then, when that is done, and I have had an opportunity of talking to him, and, it may be, softening and preparing him a little, I will send for them."

The warden produced the keys, and the priest went to Norah, and taking her arm, said,

"Mrs. O'Leary, I wish you to go to Mr. Thomas's room and wait there till I send for you. I am going to your son's cell."

Norah lifted her inflamed and straining eyes in an appealing gaze to his face.

But he replied to that silent pleading, by saying,

"Mrs. O'Leary, it would greatly impede all the good I might do your son, and very much distress him, besides, were you to accompany me now to his presence. Take your daughter in the warden's room, and wait there till I send for you."

With one of those dreadful groans which, once heard, might never be forgotten, Norah turned to obey. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

Our Portrait Gallery.

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER.

James Fenimore Cooper, a leading American Author, was born at Burlington, New Jersey, September 15th, 1789; died at Cooperstown, Otsego County, New York; aged 62. His father, Judge Cooper, was an extensive landholder in Northern New York. Fenimore entered Yale College in 1802—quitted it in 1805, for the Navy, in which he served as a Midshipman till 1811, when he married, and soon after commenced the permanent pursuit of literature. As a writer of fiction, Cooper has been extremely popular—his numerous works being translated into most of the European languages. He wrote upwards of forty novels and other works.

Selected Articles.

ANECDOTE OF SIR SYDNEY SMITH.

In Howard's Memoirs of this distinguished British naval officer, we find the following characteristic anecdote of his boyhood:

Among the other accessories to the beauty of the place was a large piece of deep water, which immediately attracted the almost undivided attention of the embryo Admiral—almost, we say, for even then he showed symptoms of that refined and graceful gallantry to the other sex that has always marked his character. In fact, he divided his attention with a tolerable impartiality between a young lady of his own age, (eleven years) this piece of water, and a large washing-tub. It was the custom of Captain Smith to summon all his household to prayer every evening, and they were called together in a kind of patriarchal fashion, by the sounding of a horn. One summer's evening the horn was blown the usual number of times, but to the customary blast no William Sydney appeared.

The father grew alarmed, and, as his fears arose, so did the echoes of the horn upon the evening breeze. The young absentee heard the holy summons plainly enough, but he did not obey it, solely because he could not. His non-appearance had caused great alarm, and the evening devotions were postponed in order that the household might search for the lost and beloved son. He was at length found in a situation extremely nautical, but agreeable only to himself. He had embarked in the large washing-tub his youthful protege, and, taking a long pole, he had contrived by its means to place his circular ship, with himself and passenger, in the very centre of the large and deep water. We know very well, upon the best authority, which is that of the nursery, that when seven wise men went to sea in a bowl, they made a very foolish expedition of it; we must not, therefore, greatly blame young Smith, when we relate that, by some inadvertance, probably a *slight attention to the young lady*, the companion of his dangers, he lost his pole. Unfortunately, just as his alarmed father arrived, it fell calm, and the only motion the tub had, was that unpleasant one of the pillory, going slowly round and round. There stood the future hero of misty fights, with his arms folded in a manner that reminds one now of the prints of Napoleon on the island of St. Helena.

Those on shore were totally at a loss how safely to bring the frail vessel, with its precious charge, on shore, for a very little shifting or tottering would have overturned it. None of the spectators could swim, and night was drawing on apace, when, to add to the dismal nature of the scene, William Sydney's companion began to wail most bitterly. Indeed, the situation of the children became critical, if not dangerous. It fell, however, to the lot of Him who had created, to unravel the difficulty. Having sufficiently enjoyed the glory of his situation, (he was always a little fond of display) he hailed those on shore, and told them to fasten the string of his kite to a favorite dog that belonged to him. This being done, he called him to the tub, and thus conveyed a towing line on board the first craft he had the honor of commanding. When the tub was brought to the bank of the lake, so nicely fitted was the cargo to the tonnage of the tub, that the children were nearly drowned, because the one was attempted to be taken out a little before the other. The father and one of the servants at length snatched them both out simultaneously, and flung them on the grass. Captain Smith was at first so much affected that he could not speak. "Now, father, we will go to prayers," said the young desperado. "We had better," he replied, with feelings that a father only can appreciate.

ANCIENT FORMS OF CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.—In regard to the attitude, both of the speaker and of the audience, during the delivery of the sermon, the ancient custom was precisely the reverse of the modern. In the primitive church it was customary for the speaker to sit, and for the audience to stand. As in attending to the reading of the Scriptures they stood, in token of reverence for the Word of God, so in listening to the sermon in which it was explained and enforced, for the same reason they preserved a similar attitude. To this, however, there were exceptions, and the usage was different in different places. In Africa, the custom above mentioned was observed with great care. Augustin insists often upon it, except in cases of infirmity, which rendered it inconvenient for the hearer to preserve this attitude. At one time he apologizes for the inconvenient length of his sermon, especially inasmuch as he is permitted to *sit*, while they are required to *stand*. The hearers of Gregory Nazianzen and Chrysostom preserved the same posture. It is related even of Constantine the Great, that he did not resume his seat during a long sermon by Eusebius, and that all the assembly followed his example. From all which it is fairly inferred that this was the prevailing custom. Compare Luke ii. 46; iv. 20; v. 3; John viii. 2; Matt. v. 1; etc.

The ancient Christians had also the custom of taking notes and writing out, at length, the sermons which they heard. To this laudable custom we owe many of the sermons of the fathers, which have come down to us. It was not, however, a universal practice. Sermons in which the hearer took little interest, he was not careful to retain in this manner. Some preachers refused to have their sermons preserved in this important manner. Origen allowed no notes to be taken of his sermons, until he was sixty years of age.—*Dr. Coleman.*

☞ Example is more forcible than precept. "My people," says Mr. Cecil, "look at my six days in the week, to see what I mean on the seventh."

Original Letters.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, [illegible] in the Clerk's Office of the District Court [illegible] of Pennsylvania.]

NO. [illegible]

VARESE, June [illegible]

[illegible] miles North-West of Milan, yesterday evening, travelling by vettura, through a rich, well cultivated, but rather uninteresting country. Varese is a city of little importance, and less beauty, but its environs are pleasant, and adorned with many fine villas belonging to wealthy Milanese. This morning we drove over to Laveno, on Lake Maggiore, where we took a row-boat, and visited the celebrated *Isola Bella*.

On our drive, we passed the small lake of Varese, an exquisite sheet of water, and from that point the scenery, which had all along been charming and varied, became grandly beautiful. In the distance loomed up the Alps—the higher range lifting their mighty heads above the clouds, and challenging the sun with their dazzling snow-crowns, while the lower ranges, clad in the softest summer verdure, comforted the eye, struck back by the white radiance above. At their feet slept the lake, mirroring a sky of deepest azure, and clouds of silver, rose and gold,—in all a scene [illegible] ing and deepening, and heightening in beauty and sublimity as we approached, till we passed from that surprised delight, which utters itself in glowing exclamations, to the silence of a deep, almost reverential emotion.

I still [illegible] look to find the shores of the *Lago Maggiore* as wild as they are, or like those of one of our own small Western lakes, but thickly dotted with villas and hamlets, and bearing marks of the highest state of cultivation. Aside from the small town of Baveno, and the Borromean islands, the view from Laveno struck me as almost desolate, so far as human life is concerned. Only here and there is to be seen a villa, a cottage, or a lonely chapel in a mountain gorge, while everywhere foliage, flowers, grasses, and even grain, seem growing in spontaneous luxuriance—Nature working her own sweet will, and having her own wild way, untrammelled by the prudent cares and staid proprieties of art.

In the midst of this primitive loneliness and loveliness, lies the *Isola Bella*, a quaint, elaborate, and wonderful creation of Art, for which Nature only furnished the bare foundations;—for this *fairy* island, this enchanted garden, luxuriant with all the fruits, and smiling with all the flowers, of the tropics; now rising terrace above terrace, crowded with statues, grottoes, temples, and crowned by a noble palace, was once a bleak, barren rock, standing but a few feet out of the water, an unsightly blot on its blue expanse. A Count Borromeo, of the seventeenth century, was the creator of this somewhat prim paradise, which, for the peculiar taste displayed in it, and the immense sums expended upon it, has been pronounced but a magnificent conceit and a gigantic extravagance. Every foot of earth was brought from a distance, and piled up, to make these terraces and gardens, while the trees, plants, and flowers, were gathered from almost every country and clime of the world. The descendants of the founder have added greatly to the beauty of the place by careful cultivation, and new varieties of trees and plants;—and as you see [illegible] and flowering, and fruit-ripening, under the very ice-glance of the Alps, it is something marvellous and magical—a beautiful bewilderment.

It is so strange, when wandering among cypresses, palms, pomegranates, myrtles, oranges and lemons, to catch through the opening branches a glimpse of the eternal snow,—to feel yourself grow languid and half intoxicated in the oppressive sun and aromatic atmosphere of some sheltered spot, and the next moment, in turning some exposed corner, to be smitten on the cheek by a sharp wind from the glaciers. During the winter, all these gardens and terraces are boarded over and heated by stoves.

We were shown through the palace, which, for the situation, is of vast dimensions, but built in a curious, clumsy, grotesque style. It contains many bad and a few good pictures, all rapidly becoming equalized and confounded by ruinous damp and mould.

We were shown the room in which Napoleon slept while here, and in the garden, a large bay-tree, in the bark of which he carved the word "*Battaglia*." I must confess I could not clearly make out a letter, but I had faith to believe they were all there. It was a short time before the battle of Marengo, that the great King-maker and un-maker, in a moment of brooding silence, cut that word there—a word as significant of his future, as was his dying "*tête d'armée*" of his past.

The drive from the lake back to Varese, in the pleasant afternoon, hung some sunset pictures in my memory which must illuminate it forever. In that gallery hang many of the most glorious works of human genius, yet these can never be confounded with those bearing in every faintest outline, in every lightest shade, the unmistakable *Deus fecit* of the great master.

COMO, *June 1st.*—This morning we set out early from Varese, to make the ascent to the Sanctuaries of the Virgin, from which we were assured by our universally-read friend, Murray, we should have unrivalled views of the plain of Lombardy and of the Alps, and could look down upon no less than six lakes. This holy mountain was consecrated to the Madonna by St. Ambrose, in 387, to commemorate a victory gained by him over the Arians. It is ascended by a steep, winding road, well paved, but suitable only for pedestrians and ponies—at different points along this way, stand fourteen chapels, representing the fourteen mysteries of the rosary. These are very picturesque objects, and so placed as to command charming views of valleys, mountains and lakes. At the summit is a church, a bell tower, and a Convent of Augustinian Nuns. We mounted our ponies at Robarello, with glowing anticipations of the feast of beauty to be spread before us when we should have scaled the holy heights; we would scarcely indulge ourselves in a glimpse from the various points of the ascent, for fear of taking the edge off our appetites. But, unluckily, on reaching the summit, we found a heavy mist settling there, rolling in great billows down the sides of the neighboring mountains, floating over the plain, and dimly veiling the distant Alps. Hoping that it would soon pass off, we went into the church, where we saw the statue of the Virgin, dating from the time of St. Ambrose, and the mummies of two female saints, who lie in glass coffins, dressed in rich robes, with their blackened skulls and their fleshless throats glittering with ornaments, and their skeleton fingers loaded with gaudy rings. Of course a considerable fee is asked for this hideous show—no doubtless these holy women have done better service to their church and convent as mummies, than as Lady-Abbesses—a sort of post-mortem patronage, too monstrous and revolting for any but this system of religion to enact. On coming out of the church, we found that it was all up with us, as far as the prospect was concerned. The mist had thickened into heavy clouds—there was a real storm below us at our right, the thunders of which seemed breaking and booming against the mountain.

There was a prospect of something new and grand for us, but I must confess that we all ingloriously fled before the prospect of the sublime drenching, and were happy in reaching the inn, and our carriage in a tolerably dry condition. The rain was soon past, and we had a charming time for driving over to Como.

We caught not even a glimpse of the lake till we were just upon it, at our hotel, from which we have a beautiful, though rather circumscribed view. But since dinner we have taken an hour's row upon it in the sunset, and I have found that all the most glowing picturings of poets, all my own most delicious summer dreams have fallen far behind the varied and wondrous loveliness of the scene. The beauty of Lake Como and its shores is something so peculiar, so complete, so heavenly, it is almost as unimaginable as indescribable. It seems that Nature has prodigally exhausted here the treasury of her richest charms, and revelled in lavishing her utmost wealth of adornment, while art, in fond emulation, has wrought out all her most exquisite fancies, her daintiest devices—tried all her golden secrets of effect, and come down with all her choicest points. Certain it is, that with their united enchantments they overflow the soul with the very flood-tide of delight, and leave nothing more to be asked or imagined by the most delicate and luxurious sense of beauty.

June 3rd.—We spent the whole of the morning yesterday on the lake, and in visiting some of the most celebrated villas along the shores. Our first landing was at the villa D'Este, owned and occupied for several years by Queen Caroline, of England. It is a charming place, and the gardens and grounds do much honor to the taste of the unhappy Princess who planned them. We passed the Villa [illegible], supposed to stand on the site of Pliny's Villa, and stopped at the Pliniana, so named for a curious natural fountain which the Elder Pliny described in a letter. This villa, which [illegible] situated [illegible] up and down the lake, and whose grounds are most picturesque and wildly beautiful, is the property of Prince Belgiojoso, a gentleman distinguished throughout all the European courts, for his many elegant accomplishments, for beauty, talent, and especially for a fine musical genius. He has led for many years, the gay and [illegible]

"The [illegible] younger [illegible] a shade, and handsome, of course."

Yet he is a very fine-looking man, [illegible] the first [illegible]. He [illegible] an English gentleman, and speaks our language very purely, with the slightest possible accent.

Taglioni's villa is small and simple, but very pretty, and surrounded by [illegible] gardens, and flanked by the most luxuriant grounds along the lake. She [illegible] the building, planning and improvements, thinking, after the splendid triumphs and ceaseless excitements of her dramatic career, rest and happiness in such quiet and primitive pleasures. The most exquisite taste is shown in the laying out her grounds and gardens, which extend for more than a mile along the shore. Here we saw the grandest trees, the richest vines, the most wonderful profusion of flowers. There were gorgeous rose-trees growing from apparently inaccessible rocks, or twining about dark cypresses, forming the loveliest [illegible], or hanging over the wall, showering their leaves upon the water—there were graceful willows that Undine-like bent lovingly to dip their limbs in the lake, and timid silver-leaved aspens, who stood back shivering—there were copper beeches and golden [illegible]; oh, there was everything to form a paradise of beauty and repose, before whose gate my spirit sighed like the poor hopeless Peri she is. As we floated slowly past the most wooded part of these grounds, the favorite walk of [illegible], we heard the nightingales singing in the deepest shade under the hill—and far sweeter we fancied than elsewhere, as though they had been taught by her.

The cottage of Taglioni is also small, but ornate and fanciful, and the grounds, though very beautiful, display some pretty conceits and dainty caprices which strike you as in character with a sylph of the stage and a ballet queen. Madame Taglioni has two other cottages in these grounds—one, a charming little box, perched up against a rock, like a swallow's nest—the other, a Swiss chalet, yet unfinished, and it is said capriciously abandoned. By these and her three fine palaces at Venice, it would seem that she has pirouetted to some purpose. Ah, happy is the woman whose genius lodges in her throat, or settles in her heels! She may command success, wealth, power—she may attain to cottages *ornées* and palaces by the score—along her path sighs the homage of the world, and at her feet, all unregarded, lies more of man's love, such as it is, than ever rewarded the pure and faithful affection, the devotion unto death of all the women of mere intellect and soul that ever existed.

Como itself is a pleasant little city, very clean and airy, for an Italian town. It has fallen off somewhat in its manufactures and general prosperity, of late years, but there is still a pleasing appearance of industry and comfort among its people. It has no buildings of any importance, except the Cathedral, which is very fine but contains few objects of interest. In the gloomy old Church of *San Fedele*, which I have just visited, my guide pointed out to me a dark chapel, into which I looked through a black lattice. It was only lit by one low, flickering lamp, and I was some moments ere I could distinguish the objects it held—then I saw a ghastly figure of Christ on the Cross, surmounting a Calvary of skulls. A horrible sight, yet how immeasurably was the horror increased when I was told that these were all the skulls of murderers!

Bormeo, in the Alps, June 11th.

We left Como yesterday morning by steamer, for Colico, on the upper end of the lake, from whence we posted to Sondrio, and from Sondrio to this place. The summer seems really to have come at last, and the weather, for this region, is delicious. The water excursion of yesterday was incomparably delightful, with soft sunlight and sunset airs, the utmost richness of verdure and bloom, mountain, and rock, and cascade, and the lake itself, with its picturesque windings and infinite varieties and surprises of beauty, in its serene repose, as blue, profound and waveless as the heaven it imaged.

We had yesterday a flat drive of little interest, but to-day we have ascended somewhat, and have just entered upon the Stelvio, the grandest of all the Alpine passes. Bormeo is a quiet, quaint little village, very gray, and somewhat gloomy, almost completely shut in by mountains piney and ice-capped. The people seem poor, but not by any means miserably so; they have toward strangers a peculiarly cordial, yet respectful air, and they are usually fine-looking, though the throats of many of them are disfigured by the goitre. We find that the pass of the Stelvio, which is the highest on the continent, is but just opened, and that we shall be absolutely the pioneers.

To-morrow we are to make the ascent, and if we are not blocked up by the snow, or borne away by an avalanche ere we reach the summit, may have all our wildest imaginings of the grand and the terrific in scenery abundantly realized.

Landak, in the Tyrol, June 13th.

We left Bormeo yesterday morning at half-past six, in considerable state for so small a party, travelling with two carriages and a baggage wagon. Even at that early hour, all the villagers were out to see us off, and wish us a good journey. Some looked a little doubtful and apprehensive, but the greater part cheered us on. The ascent for the first two posts was gradual but continuous, and almost ere we were aware, we found ourselves in a new, strange world, bleak, and bare, and stern, and grand to absolute awfulness. Higher and higher we crept up the pass, above a black, winding gorge, whose bed was piled with the slides and avalanches of the winter and spring, and down whose sides leaped milky cascades, from immense masses of snow melting in a fervid sun, till we reached the region where all vegetation ceases, where, amid the rocks and ice, not even the pine can clench his hardy roots, and found ourselves breathing painfully in the rarified air of perpetual snow.

The road of the Stelvio is the most stupendous work I ever beheld, and all along, my wonder and admiration were divided between it and the sublime scenery through which it winds. It rounds perilous points, pierces great rocks, passes under and over torrents, leaps yawning chasms, and skirts the most appalling precipices. Over the portions most exposed to slides and avalanches, are constructed galleries of solid masonry, with slanting roofs, and it has sometimes happened that great masses of snow and earth have here passed over the traveller's head, and gone plunging and crashing into the gulf below. Miss W—— and myself, who travelled together in a little open carriage, expressed to one another, on setting out, a desire to be thundered over by a small avalanche in this manner—but no sooner did we find ourselves in one of the dark and ominous galleries, than we mutually confessed that such an experience would be a superfluity of the sublime, and our disinclination toward it deepened into something very like horror, as we came upon a gallery recently broken in by an avalanche, and on the outside of which we were obliged to pass by a newly-constructed bridge.

We dined at *Santa Maria*, the frontier post-house, before a roaring fire, in a snug little chamber which looked out over a vast sea of snowy mountain-tops. From this to the last post-house, *Franzenshöhe*, the highest habitation on the continent, nearly ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, the road was cut through fields of solid snow, which walled it on both sides, except when it ran along the edge of precipices, to the depth of eight, ten, and sometimes fifteen and twenty feet. This was rather terrific [illegible], but not until we had passed the summit and began the descent, did we perceive the utmost sublimity and the peril of the pass.

Before us towered the Ortler Spitz, in height the third mountain of the Alpine range, with his rough sides clad in a mail of glaciers, and avalanches impending on his awful front, while on every side, as far as the eye could reach, rose Alps on Alps, snow-capped and ice-sheathed, strange, dread, tremendous shapes, which seemed [illegible] up through the clouds to besiege heaven,—or rather are like the vast broken billows of a frozen hell. For the first mile or two of the descent, we found real dangers, to which not even the grandeur of the scene could render us wholly indifferent. There were many places where the railing had been torn away between the road and the precipice, and where a slip, or a swerve of our horses would have been our destruction, while, at any moment, we were liable to be overwhelmed by a slide of the melting masses of snow piled along our way, and to be swept down a thousand feet into the gorge below. At one time, we were obliged to wait while the workmen, of which there were a large number near the summit of the pass, cleared away a slide which had come down within the hour. But, thank God, we accomplished the descent without the slightest accident, and about four o'clock in the afternoon, stopped to take rest and refreshment at the first post-house on this side the Alps, in one of the wildest yet loveliest valleys of the Tyrol. It was completely walled round by snowy mountains, and coursed through by a swift and swollen stream, yet it was most luxuriant and peaceful, carpeted by the richest turf, enamelled with [illegible] "rolling stone" of what was before them on that pass of the Stelvio. Mark Tapley himself could never have desired fairer opportunities of being "jolly under creditable circumstances" than were enjoyed by those [illegible] adventurers.

At Mals I spent my first night in a Tyrolese inn. I do not say slept, for I found that the novel excitements and overwhelming emotions of the day had "murdered sleep," and I tossed in sublime recollections, [illegible] mountainous imaginations, and [illegible] torrents all night long. Perhaps my first experience of a German bed may have had something to do with my sleeplessness. I found myself very unsteadily posed on what seemed to be an overgrown bolster, laid lengthwise, between two mere strips of linen, which would [illegible] about me like bandages, upon a pillow of most disproportionate size, a sort of supplementary bed, indeed, and under a down coverlet, which wouldn't keep down in its place, but was constantly on the wing. Such a remarkable tendency had all the coverings to fall and fly off, so rounded and rolling was the couch itself, that I had a curious feeling that the whole affair revolved, and could never tell positively whether I was on the bed, or under. But the comfort, the cheerful brightness, and perfect cleanliness of a German inn after the [illegible], the darkness and filth of the ordinary Italian albergo, is more comforting and refreshing than I can tell. The people in attendance, though slower in wit and movement than Italian landlords and waiters, are more sure and satisfactory, and though they do not welcome the traveller with such a gracious show of hospitality, or take leave of him with such an affluent expression of good feeling, yet manifest as much cordiality as is reasonable and will pay, and at parting take their pipes out of their mouths long enough to address him a farewell sentence, which sounds somewhat too gruff and guttural to ears pampered by the delicious Tuscan, yet which, if he does not understand, he takes for granted is something very civil, and withal sincere.

To-day we have been posting from hamlet to hamlet, through some of the wildest and most beautiful valleys of the Tyrol.

During the morning, we suddenly plunged into the pass of the *Finstermunz*, the darkest, dreariest, most appalling gorge I ever beheld. I walked through it, some two miles, apart from my friends, that I might feel to the utmost the grandeur, the loneliness, the desolate horror of the scene. It did not seem like a natural pass, but a fearful chasm, where the rocks had been violently cleft asunder—a narrow gulf, black and profound, overhung by barren and icy mountains, and with an angry torrent roaring and raging hundreds of feet below the road, which wound along rocky ledges, close upon frightful precipices. The day was stormy, and the winds came shrieking and howling down the pass, like an invisible army of fiends, rattling down small slate stones upon us, and whirling us along in a tremendous cloud of dust. Yet whenever I reached a sheltered spot, where I could pause and look back, below, above, my very soul revelled in that stern, defiant desolation, in that black, embattled array of craggy steeps, in the hoarse roar of the torrent, even in the rush and surge of the winds, and the boding moan of the rising storm.

I cannot tell you with what a sense of exultation I heard away the experiences of the last two days. I have been with Nature in her most secret and solemn haunts. I have been with God upon the "everlasting hills," and the grand scenes there graved upon my soul, and the conceptions of the Infinite it there boldly grasped, are its eternal possession. I know that no wildest flood of sorrow, no utmost shock of misfortune can sweep away or destroy them now, and that they will help to lift me to that purer region where the passionate human heart is stilled, where the spirit lives, where the "mortal puts on immortality."

Yours ever,
GRACE GREENWOOD.

Miscellaneous.

A GENUINE FIGHT.

The Cincinnati Commercial, of the 18th, gives the particulars of a "free fight" which occurred at a respectable boarding-house in Covington:

A Southerner named Robben, who has "plenty of money and nothing to do," was a boarder at the house, and among his failings he would occasionally drink too much good brandy, and on such occasions, was ripe for any kind of warlike operations. A few evenings since he arrived at his boarding-house in what is politely called a "state of inebriation." He had a servant, a small negro boy, with whom for some trivial cause, he became angry and attempted to chastise him, but with the assistance of the landlady, the boy got out of his way, and hid in the kitchen, under the table; Robben pursued and commenced a search, and chancing to stumble over the stove, fancied it was his boy, knocked it over, and beat it furiously with a chair. Finding his mistake, he became infuriated, and returning to the landlady, struck her with his hand.

A young man named Taylor, who does business in Cincinnati, witnessed the blow and immediately attacked Robben, but the latter was armed with a cane, and knocked him down. Taylor rallied and returned to the charge, and was again floored. The blows were by no means comfortable, and he drew a knife with the idea of suddenly putting a period to his antagonist's demonstrations. But a better idea struck him, and he did not use the knife, but held it in his left hand, while he fought with his right. Presently he brought Robben down, and a long struggle ensued on the floor. Finally Robben got up, and as the room was by this time filling with people, he ran out and to the first turn of the stairs, taking with him a solid and heavy chair. Planting himself on the stairs he swore that there was not men enough in Kentucky to take him. The crowd increased rapidly, and the excitement was at a high pitch. At length it was resolved that the rascal should be taken, dead or alive, and a number of brave men started up stairs to make him a prisoner. He stood on his defence like a Spartan, and as the storming party could come at him but two abreast, he knocked them down as fast as they came within reach, until near a dozen had fallen badly bruised, when the assault ceased.

Several times was this scene enacted. Robben fought with the fury of a tiger, and so battered the men who rushed upon him that they became dismayed, and a temporary panic possessed them. But it would not do for one man to defy a hundred, and they renewed the attack with the utmost desperation. Stones were thrown in volleys at the desperado, who was fighting with a gallantry worthy of a better cause, yet all was in vain; he withstood the storm dauntlessly, beating back the crowd with a chair.

At last the lights were blown out, and two of the bravest of the throng, one a policeman and the other a true Kentucky "blood," ascended the perilous stairs, holding chairs over their heads. So tremendous were the blows that fell upon the policeman that he was knocked, chair and all, headlong down the stairs, but at the moment the "blood" grappled with Robben, and a terrible fight ensued. For several minutes the crowd stood at the foot of the stairs, listening with awe to the blows given, and the groans and curses that responded in the struggle going on above.

The "blood" was victorious, however, for when the people recovered their senses and went to his assistance, they found him uppermost. Robben was, in the heat of the moment, unmercifully beaten and then dragged to jail. His wife has punished him most severely by refusing to live with him, though she, like a true woman, waited on him while he was sick in jail. If he will go into business and quit drinking for one year, as an earnest of his intention to reform, she will live with him again, and on no other condition. He had better accede to her terms and become what a man should be. Any one who can make so valiant a defence against a multitude as he did, has something in him worth preserving. Fortunately and strangely, none of the persons who fell beneath his blows were dangerously injured.

☞ SCENE AT A DINNER-TABLE.—Lady of the house to waiter—"James, go to the kitchen, and get some of those fried oysters."

James goes out, and presently returns and whispers—"Missus, I couldn't get no more oysters; there ain't only just enough left for the kitchen."

SATURDAY
EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1853.

ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT THEREFORE IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TERMS, &c.

The terms of the POST are $2, if paid in advance—$3, if not paid in advance. For $5 in advance, one copy is sent three years. We continue the following low terms to Clubs, to be sent, in the city, to one address, and in the country to one Post Office:

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Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address, when they can do so conveniently.

A NEW ARRANGEMENT.—Our subscribers will take notice that we now have no collecting agents, out of this State. They will therefore please remit to us direct.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State, as well as of the town, in which they live. *All letters must be post-paid.*

Subscribers wishing their papers changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

We trust our old friends the Post Masters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the Mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show our Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so.

TO OUR READERS.

Feeling the necessity of a little recreation, we have laid down the laboring oar for awhile, and design spending a few weeks in a Northern tour. Our place will be filled during our absence by a gentleman well known in the literary world, whose fresh and vigorous mind will, we trust, add fresh interest to our columns.

THE EDITOR.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS—WHO IS TO BLAME?

A large outlay of popular and newspaper indignation follows every new catastrophe in which the travelling community are the sufferers, and numberless are the strictures, various the suggestions, which such an event calls forth—for a day or two. From the denunciatory resolutions of "a meeting of the passengers" to the breakfast-table animadversions of citizens at home, a round of abuse and reprehension is visited on the devoted "railroad companies" and their "reckless employees." But, *cui bono*? In what does public indignation end? How is travel thereby made more secure? Will there be no accidents in the future?

We incline to the opinion that, after all, railroad companies are not the positively delinquent parties; we conjecture that the skirts of our travelling public are not wholly clear of moral responsibility in the premises. Corporations, it is said, "have no souls," and it is therefore suggested that they sympathize very little with human souls or bodies; but it is a fact, likewise, that corporations have *pockets*, and that they bestow upon them at least as much attention as do individuals. Yet, according to the popular bruit, a "Railroad Company" is not only a "murderous Moloch," but a crazy monomaniac, scattering and ruining its own wealth, as well as the lives of its patrons. We are required to believe that these merciless corporations find a fiendish pleasure in destroying human existence—so much so, that the most stringent laws are requisite to restrain them—and that, moreover, they are willing to perpetrate this violence at *their own expense*, i. e. by blowing up their own steamboats, smashing their own cars, and laying themselves and property open to a thousand suits at law for heavy damages.

Now, with due deference to public opinion, we do not believe that railroad companies are such desperate gamesters as they are pictured, nor that their employees are so recklessly regardless of their own and other people's lives as they are said to be. We look deeper into the matter and behold the cause of nearly all our serious accidents in the culpable indifference of the travelling public to its own safety and welfare, in the wild demands which it continually makes upon railroads, steamboats, and every other mode of conveyance, for "speed, speed! more speed!" And the editors are not behind the community; for it is they who chronicle the "fast-lines," crow with delight over the "quickest Atlantic trip," boast of the "unprecedented time" made by this or that steamboat, and deprecate and condemn all "slow lines" which "delay the mails" and "disappoint the merchants."

We venture to say, that many passengers on the train from Philadelphia on the occasion of the late accident, were annoyed at the stoppages and slowness of that train, while, on the other hand, doubtless many in the New York train were congratulating themselves on "making time" a moment previous to the collision. We have seen passengers fret and fidget at every cautionary delay on a railroad, and heard them draw unfavorable comparisons regarding different lines, in which the adjective "fast," invariably qualified their favorite ones. These things are what in reality constitute public opinion, and not indignation nor passenger-meetings, subsequent to an accident. It is these continual demands and fault-findings on the part of travellers, which urge railroad and steamboat companies often into unwise and unwarrantable efforts to meet their requirements, by begetting dangerous competition on the score of speed.

So much for public responsibility; nevertheless, we are not disposed to relieve travel-contractors of their due share. They are bound to provide good and safe roads, faithful conductors, sober, competent engineers, and reliable brakemen, bridge-tenders, and signal-men. Whether or not they shall lay double tracks, is not a question for the public, because it mainly involves the convenience and interest of the companies, and because, moreover, it is yet a question whether a double-track is a safeguard against accidents. Certain it is, that by far the greater number of casualties heretofore chronicled have taken place upon double-track roads; and it is obvious, also, that double-tracks would be of little benefit, without strict rules to govern their use, and such strict rules, properly enforced, would render single ones quite as free from danger.

In considering, therefore, the amount of culpability to be charged upon a company on whose roads an accident transpires, we must be soberly governed by facts, as to the rules, restrictions and habits in force upon the line. In the case of the terrible Norwalk catastrophe, a positive regulation was proved, and an equal disregard thereof, removing from the company a large portion of the odium. Nevertheless, this sad accident proved that a more stringent rule, enjoining a *full stop*[*] before reaching the bridge, was necessary for the future safety of travel. On the occasion of a late accident on the Baltimore Railroad, it was shown, in evidence, that the mistake of a bewildered bridge-tender was the direct cause of the train being precipitated into the river. Here no foresight in the company could have guarded against the fatality. And now, in the case of the collision of Tuesday, of last week, on the Camden and Amboy road, we find that a "difference of watches," an unthinking desire on the part of a conductor to "make time," are given as the occasion of the accident—together with the fact that, in the locality of the collision, the track makes a sudden and dangerous curve. It is the existence of this curve alone which involves a responsibility on the part of the Camden and Amboy Company, regarding the misfortune of this, and we have taken the pains to inquire why such a drawback on safety is allowed to continue?

[illegible]

In the case of the curve whereon the accident of last week took place, we are furthermore informed, that several offers have been made for contiguous land possessed by a resident, but that the owner's high price, several times the worth of the property, has compelled the construction and maintenance of the fatal track. That it would have been cheaper for the company to have purchased, this land at the utmost sacrifice, and thus prevented the losses which this catastrophe must entail, is evident; but that railroad companies, any more than individuals, can be expected to submit to great extortions, is a question yet debatable.

In these remarks we are guided by our own ideas of justice and responsibility, and desire to screen no man nor act of man from deserved censure. Laws are necessary for the regulation of corporations and the prevention or punishment of criminal carelessness. We would be content to see the ancient law of *Deodand* revived and applied to the case of accidents, if that could prevent or remedy such things. And we would make it imperative upon all companies contracting to convey travellers, that they provide and maintain every requisite aid to the security of their freight in life or limb—even if such security involve the necessity of reduced rates of speed. But indiscriminate attacks on corporations, and violent meetings and editorials, cannot prevent purely adventitious occurrences; and the hanging of a conductor or engineer for carelessness which risked his own life, will not prevent some other conductor from neglecting his caution. The only security against railway and steamboat accidents, is the enactment of sensible laws regarding travel, the exercise of care by companies in the selection of employees, and the instruction and governance of such by the most positive regulations. With these provisions for security in travel, we must leave the result to a providence higher than human foresight.

A.

[*] Yet we are told this "full stop" now occasions much dissatisfaction on the part of impatient passengers.

THE TURKO-RUSSIAN QUESTION.

From the last foreign advices, it will be seen that the aspect of this affair remains as before, except, indeed, that so much it has progressed as to place what purports to be the ultimatum of Turkey before the decision of the Czar. Should the Russian Monarch decline to accept the proposition, whatever it may involve, of France and England, he must either accompany his rejection with a new proposition, or, it is understood, he must proceed in his aggressive measures. Already in occupancy of Servia, the bulk of whose inhabitants are Slavonian, professing the Greek faith, he will have nothing to do but advance to the borders of that country, in order to precipitate a war, and as many conjecture, a general rising. Much talk has been heard, of late years, concerning the jealousy of the Slavonian races regarding their national affinities, and it has been asserted that the various Sclavic people, inside what is termed the "Military Frontier" of Austria, have always been desirous of erecting their separate nationalities into a grand confederacy, called the Pan-Slavic Republic. As far back as the days of Maria Theresa, an effort was made, commencing in Bohemia, to detach all the Slavonian races from the Germans proper, and construct of them a separate empire; and at various periods since, the poets and theorists of Bohemia, Transylvania, Moravia, Gallicia, and in some instances of Hungary and Croatia, have sung and prophesied the future glories of Pan-Slavism. For a year or two preceding the general out-break of 1848, various risings occurred among the different Slavonic nations, before a single demonstration was made by the Magyars of Hungary. Indeed, the Croat chieftain, Ban Jellachich, was accused of instigating the first revolt against "legitimate" power, inasmuch as the Croatian people, in many parts of the country, rose furiously and massacred the German population resident among them; and moreover threatened to march forward, overrun Hungary, and even attack Vienna and the Austrian centralism. It was against this Ban Jellachich and his Croats that the first Maygar victories were gained, while he, the Ban, was yet a rebel, and the Maygars fought, as they supposed, on the side of Austria.

Now, it is known that the Slavonic races comprise the greater portion of the so-called German nation—Austria proper being a small central kingdom, or, as it was called a hundred years ago, a Grand Duchy. But having so many and various nations to rule, Austria has adopted a complete system of centralization. Thus in Vienna, we find bureaus or departments for each race or nation governed by the Emperor. We find the *Bohemian* Minister in his palace at Vienna, attending exclusively to the affairs of Bohemia; and through him the Bohemian home government is directed. We find in the *Italian* quarter, the palace of the Italian Minister; in the *Croat* quarter, the Croat Minister; in the *Hungarian* quarter, the Hungarian Minister; and so on, for every nation, Moravians, Bulgarians, Transylvanians, Zends, Polanders, and every other tribe of Sclaves, its appropriate minister can be found in Vienna, and he is responsible to the Emperor for the administration of such affairs as come under the head of his national wants.

This is one aspect of Austria's centralism—but it suggests all the rest of the vast machinery. Through these ministers she governs her immense possessions, as much as possible according to the spirit of each nation. Thus she allows Croatia a Diet—and in past times she has permitted Hungary to elect a separate King, independent of Austria, except in the payment of a certain revenue, and furnishing assistance in war. To Bohemia she gives certain privileges denied to Wallachia, and so on, according as she finds the spirit of a particular nation resisting or obeying her constant approaches toward absolutism.

Beyond the borders of Hungary and Croatia, and stretching to Servia, and other districts hitherto generally in possession of the Turks, Austria has established what is termed, her "Military Frontier." This district is settled principally by German soldiers, their wives and families. All German children born on this frontier serve in the army, and German emigration from Saxony, Austria proper, etc., is liberally encouraged. Thus, by establishing this "Military Frontier," ostensibly as a defence against Turkey, the central government has managed to surround the Slavonic nations with a cordon of professional soldiers, who are moreover attached to the soil, because of being born and bred upon it. This is another feature of that tremendous system which enables the House of Hapsburg to keep in check such a multitudinous army of subjects opposed to Austria in manners, language, and religion.

We say religion, because the Greek faith is almost universally prevalent among the Slavonic tribes. At least twenty millions of Greek church believers are comprised in Austria's subjects; and every one of these recognizes in the Emperor of *Russia* the head of his church. The Austrian's proper are Roman Catholics—five millions, or less of Magyars are Lutherans, but the great bulk of the empire is Greek in faith.

Now, supposing Russia, occupying Servia, whose inhabitants are of the Greek Church, should attack and seek to conquer the Turkish dominions—several interesting questions arise.

First, will the Servian Greeks exchange the rule of the Porte for that of the Czar, or will they endeavor to conquer their own nationality?

Second, would the war afford an opportunity for the long-talked of "Union" of the Slavonic races, against the German dominion?

Third, would the Slavonic nationality, or would the Slavonic religious faith, be the principal bond of union?

These queries suggest many events which the future may "open up." Want of space at present obliges us to discontinue the discussion, inasmuch as we designed merely to direct the reader's attention to the general prospect of affairs which may arise from this Turkish question. Certain it is, however, that a war upon the Turko-Russian frontier, involving, very likely the aid of Austria, will present opportunities of revolt among the southern tribes such as they have not before beheld; and will very probably settle the question as to the continuance of the Slavonic nations under Austrian domination.

A.

FROM HEAVEN.

On Monday last we enjoyed a cool North-East storm, as powerful as opportune.

"Fierce and fast
Came down the ponderous rain—a sheeted flood,
That slanted not before the baffled winds,
But with an arrowy and unwavering rush,
Dashed, hissing, earthward."

THE LOVER OF NATURE.

When the mercury at 90 degrees in the shade, long lines of red-hot brick buildings stretching from our window, the rattle-bang of [illegible] our every word, how shall we [illegible] paragraph, save only of the dull [illegible]?

Blessed be memory [illegible] and picturing [illegible] the dim past and uncertain [illegible] nooks in the green cathedral [illegible] cloistered aisles and grand old [illegible] with trembling leaves, and [illegible] pinnacles and lordly [illegible] and all adorned with blossoms [illegible] with each soft [illegible] many places. "God made the country, and man made the town," and thus it is that the [illegible] portion of divinity which tarryeth in the souls of all men prompts them evermore, in their aspirations and affections, to return to the holy bosom of nature, and to the nourishing manna of fresh earth and air. Even fashion, tyrant generally, must own the sway of nature, and periodically transfer her court and sovereignty to the sea-shore or rural retreat, where (in despite of rents and dictation) [illegible] that prerogative.

But to the true lover of Beauty, whether he be a student of books in the close city, or perchance a brain-worn editor, escaping in the dog-days from his tread-mill, who goes forth with yearning heart into the presence of Nature, to him she opens her sweet treasures of enjoyment, recognizing in him a lost one returning to the arms of his mother. From the first balmy kiss of enticing breeze that presses his brow, as he leaves the city's gate, to the loving embraces, and gentle [illegible] and musical voices that greet him on every hill-side and in every vale, throughout his journey, he is welcomed and cherished as one in whose heart slumbers the undying love of the beautiful in God's created things. He finds temples of quiet worship wherever he tarries—he knows that heaven bends lovingly over him, and that earth gratefully supports him, because he also loves; and so to him the country, like Prospero's enchanted isle, is—

"——— "full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not,"

and he inhales with every delicious breath, and drinks with every lingering glance, the aroma of true and spiritual worship. He climbs the great mountain, and acknowledges the almighty nearness of its Maker—he descends into the vale, and beholdeth the pervading Presence there. A

THE TERRIBLE HEAT.

In New York, last week, the mortality from effects of the heat, was most powerful. Two hundred and twenty deaths were reported in the New York Tribune, which speaks of the time as "a week of fire," and says: "The frightful heat of the last week seems to have culminated on Saturday in a degree of heat more fatal than any ever before known, at least so far as the mortality thereby occasioned shows. The number is entirely unparalleled, so far as we know, in the history of the world. It is perfectly horrible, and betrays not only unequalled heat but, in many cases, most unheard of carelessness on the part of the victims."

In Philadelphia, on Saturday last, there were five deaths. Many more were reported during the previous warm days. General John Bennett, who served through the Mexican war, died from the effects of the heat experienced while engaged in a very warm apartment of the Mint.

THE MAGNOLIA.

A Mississippi correspondent writes us enthusiastically concerning the appearance of this superb flower at the present season. He says: "The trees are now in bloom, and have been so since the last of May—and their bloom is magnificently beautiful. The large white flowers upon the dark green foliage appear at a great distance like huge silver goblets suspended among the branches. They are the cups in which the gods and goddesses of this fairy-land are wont to distil their choicest and richest perfumes."

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The "Sights" of Hamburg—Das Rauhe Haus—near Hamburg—A Most Excellent and Successful Benevolent Institution.

The industrious traveller may soon see all there is in Hamburg worth seeing. A day or two spent in its streets, and an evening or two in its pavilions and gardens, give the stranger and idea of all that is peculiar to this city. Commercially, it has more interest for the European than to the American. One who has been hurried about amid the bustle of New York, will hardly care to examine attentively the business of Hamburg. Every city, in the opinion of its residents, has some point of attraction which no traveller must overlook. In Hamburg, this is the view from the spire of St. Michael's Church. The spire is one of the highest in Europe (456 feet,) but except the steep roofed houses below, and the Tom-Thumb like beings that are bustling through the market-place, there is very little to repay one for the toil of winding his way up. You see a dull plain stretching all round you, with nothing to relieve its dullness but the snaky and muddy Elbe.

When I think of my stay in Hamburg, the impression which the grand and busy city makes upon my mind is faint, compared with that which the quiet and humble domain of the "Rauhe Haus" leaves. "*Das Rauhe Haus*" is a name given to an establishment, for the reformation of juvenile vagrants of both sexes, which lies about three miles from the city of Hamburg. The name, which signifies "The rough house," is neither expressive of the external appearance, nor the internal management of the institution; nor, as might be supposed, does it owe its origin to the character of the children whom it is designed to reform, but simply to the fact that the low, straggling straw-thatched house in which it was commenced, has been known time out of mind, among the Hamburgers, as "das Rauhe Haus."

It was in the Fall of 1833, that Dr. Wichern, then a young man, moved by that love of God that shows itself in love to man, conceived the project of rescuing some of the wretched children of Hamburg from the jaws of spiritual and physical famine. In his benevolent design he was aided by a philanthropic citizen, Mr. Lieveking, who offered him the "Rauhe Haus," and the little lot which surrounded it, as a foundation for his enterprise. The kindness of this good man was not spasmodic, but Wichern and his little colony had constant occasions to thank him for his benevolence, until the day of his death, before which he had seen the little seed which had been planted around the rough old house, expand into a broad, spreading tree, under which multitudes could sit down with none to make them afraid.

To this humble refuge the good Wichern took a handful of the young "savages of civilized life," whom he found in the dens of Hamburg. To them, accustomed to the street as the home, and the damp floors of cellars as their beds, the Rauhe Haus, humble as it was, must have seemed elegant; and the grassy lawn, and the grand, old chesnut, stretching abroad its protecting branches, must have been new pictures to minds used to contemplating crumbling houses and filthy streets. They found a greater wonder in their new found friend. He relied upon no locks and bolts to confine them; around his little farm he raised no thick-set hedges; the road to Hamburg and their old haunts was open and familiar, but they felt no wish to wander back. The magic of a love to which they had always been strangers, compelled them to stay. But Wichern was not alone in his holy enterprise. When was a good work ever begun without a woman's hand taking part in it? His mother went with him to be a mother to the children he had adopted. The old house wanted many a change before it would be suitable for the little family who had thus taken possession of it. The ground around refused to nourish them till they had watered it with their sweat, and at once father and children went to work, the latter to feel perhaps for the first time the reward of honest labor for a good object.

The following spring new members came into the family, and a new house must be built for them, and this, with the necessary field work, gave ample occupation for all. Year after year has it gone on in this way, and now, from the little nucleus, which is still looked upon with veneration and affection, the settlement has grown into a scattered village of twenty houses, and working fifty acres of land.

One of the most pleasing peculiarities of this institution, is the thorough family character which prevails everywhere. The hundred or more children here under instruction, are divided into seven families, each as distinct as you will find families in the world at large. With so many in one house, and the necessary attendants in addition, it would be impossible to preserve the feeling of home as it is felt here. Originally the institution was to allow no more than twelve in a family, but the necessity of taking more children, and the want of funds to build new houses, has caused some deviation from this intention. Each of the boy families is under the management of a young man who has entered the establishment, because he feels it his duty to work in the good work of reform. He stands to children in the relation of an "elder brother." In the families of girls, of which [illegible]

[illegible] "The Rauhe Haus." [illegible] [illegible] appears a paradise as one can see in this part of Germany.

Every thing that can add a healthy interest to the life of the [illegible] to win his love for his home and his protectors. Abundant facilities are offered upon the farm, in the carpenter and blacksmith shops, upon the tailor's or shoemaker's board, in the basket shop, at the printer's stand, and in the lithographic establishment, for them to indulge their various tastes. At some seasons of the year, all the available force must be upon the farm, for it is cultivated mostly with the spade. The girls are busily engaged within doors, and, contrary to the custom which prevails generally in Germany, having nothing to do with the work that belongs to the boys. The case is indeed reversed, for the boys are obliged to perform much household work, that is so commonly, household, falls to the share of the girls. The hours of work are agreeably relieved by their daily studies. About four hours are daily devoted to the school, of which at least two hours are spent in teaching, of what is here technically called "Religion," and two hours to what are, by us, called the elementary branches of knowledge; a division of time that does not seem to me very judicious. Fortunately, however, the teaching of "Religion" is not simply dogmatical and theoretical, but is, as all experimental science should be, accompanied by practical illustrations. Abundant time is allowed for play, and it is an interesting sight to see the happy children scattered over the grounds, some at ball, some with hoops or tops, many exercising as "Turners," and not a few so interested in their little private gardens, that they have no time for the sociable play.

Such is the ordinary daily routine, but very frequently in the course of the year, the little settlement is enlivened by the celebration of some festival, either such as the Reformed Church enjoins, or to which the history of the institution itself has given rise. One of the great secular festivals is the anniversary of the "Rauhe Haus." Then the venerable cottage is hung with wreaths, and in the evening blazes with light. The narrow compass of the house contains but a small part of the lively inhabitants of the establishment, but they stand in crowds outside, and from within and without their voices unite in songs of joy and thanksgiving. Christmas here, as in Germany generally, is the great day of the year. For weeks before, each child has been busy, in his otherwise leisure hours, in preparing presents for his companions, and for the poor of the neighborhood, who are invited to the house on Christmas Eve. But not only do the poor come to receive, but the rich come to give, and the children enjoy both the blessedness of giving and receiving. One who has seen the happy faces of a little family of German children, when they see the Christmas tree unveiled, can judge of the excitement in the long hall of "Das Rauhe Haus," when this annual festival is celebrated.

Though the "Rauhe Haus" was established for the purpose of saving outcasts among children, it has now a second aim, to preparation of missionaries, who go out into other neighborhoods, spreading the good word and work they have learned here. Drawn here at first by the love of humanity, they have that love strengthened, disciplined and directed by the wise and beneficent man at the head of this institution. By absence of Dr. Wichern, I was deprived of the pleasure of seeing him, but I thought I could discover his spirit in the young men who act as his assistants. While such good workers in the wide field of Philanthropy are being raised up, one has cause to rejoice, and not despair. Already in various parts of Germany many establishments upon the plan of this have been founded, and not a few are in the hands of gentlemen who have been educated under the care and example of Dr. Wichern.

C. G.

New Publications.

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD: COMPRISING A WINTER PASSAGE ACROSS THE ANDES TO CHILI; WITH A VISIT TO THE GOLD REGIONS OF CALIFORNIA AND AUSTRALIA, THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, JAVA, &c. By F. GERSTAECKER. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

This is a very readable book. The author exhibits a power of description, and habits of observation, which invest his subjects with much interest. He seasons his facts with spicy deductions and graphic illustrations of national physiognomies. Here is his opinion on our noted "Japan Expedition," now in experiment under Commodore Perry:

"By love and kindness neither America nor any other nation can expect to get anything out of the Japanese. I have not the least doubt that the Emperor will refuse to receive the Ambassadors, or, if he does grant them an interview, he will dismiss them again without even promises; and yet the Emperor of Japan is not so ignorant of affairs as people commonly suspect. He has all kinds and the best of them—of geographical and historical works translated into his language, and interpreters for nearly every country; and he is wide awake by this time as to what others are about, and what he is to expect. It is not likely that he should be ignorant of the power of his antagonist; still I do not think that he will be persuaded to anything; and then the question arises if other nations will take what they cannot get with free will: will it not be necessary to frame a new order of laws, stating the certain sum or amount of property where stealing ends and justifiable possession commences?

"It will not be such an easy war with the Japanese, though. The richest bees defend their hives the most fiercely, and the Japanese are far better soldiers than the Chinese; their coasts being guarded by cliffs and rocks, while the unsteady weather and sudden gales of those latitudes are also in their favor against an approaching or cruising enemy. The smaller islands may be taken, I have no doubt—at least cut off from connexion with the larger ones; but hostile nations will find the Japanese far better prepared for an attack than they now suspect. Another difficulty with the Japanese will be the impossibility of half measures. If the Americans do force an entrance at some point—and it is as likely as not that they may do so—and do not take the whole island, they will be walled in, in a very short time, and permitted to see little enough of their neighbors. Still the islands are too small to resist for any length of time renewed attacks; and his Majesty will have to yield first his country and then his crown, about as willingly as the California Indians, or Sikhs, or Australian blacks, or, in fact, all other nations that have seen their countries overrun by strangers and enemies."

A MEMORIAL OF HORATIO GREENOUGH consisting of a memoir selections from his writings and tributes to his genius By HENRY T TUCKERMAN New York: G. P. Putnam.

We give the title-page of the book, as it is printed, without punctuation, an affectation which argues little for the merit of the memoir. Nevertheless, the latter is written by a gentleman who enjoyed the acquaintanceship of the sculptor, and sympathized with the varied fortunes of his life. Several essays by Greenough are given, exhibiting the character and scope of his talents, both as artist and author. These selections will be welcomed by all the admirers of the lamented subject of the "Memorial."

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By MARY SOMERVILLE. A new American, from the third and revised London Edition. With Notes and a Glossary. By W. S. W. RUSCHENBERGER, M. D., U. S. N. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

This, as a comparative view of the physical features of the earth, is a book of much value. It gathers from the most reliable sources a map of useful knowledge, concerning the philosophy and phenomena of cosmography, and presents it to the reader in a condensed and simplified shape, that cannot fail to be attractive. Altogether, it is a much-needed text book, both for schools and general students.

THE PEDESTRIAN IN FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND. By GEORGE BARRELL, JR. New York: G. P. Putnam.

Another book of continental travel, by one who writes pleasingly, and has observed much. The author travelled, like Bayard Taylor, with knapsack and staff, and mingled everywhere with the common people. He relates what he saw and heard, without the effort to be flippant, witty, or wise; indulges in no common-place reflections, and eschews second-hand quotations from Guide-Books. So, happily, he manages to make a readable book, with here and there a piquant chapter.

YOUTH'S MANUAL OF GEOGRAPHY, COMBINED WITH HISTORY AND ASTRONOMY. Designed for the use of junior and intermediate classes, in public and private schools. By JAMES MONTEITH. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

A very good first book, with short, suggestive lessons, and illustrated with interesting pictures and maps. We like the plan of this Manual, because it is simple and progressive.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER AND RECORD OF MEDICAL SCIENCE. Edited by FRANCIS GURNEY SMITH and JOHN B. BIDDLE, M. D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

The number for August contains several valuable communications and able editorials.

THE HEAVENLY HOME; OR, THE EMPLOYMENTS AND ENJOYMENTS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN. By Rev. H. HARBAUGH, A. M. Second Edition. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

The topic of this book is a very interesting one, [illegible] to the sympathies of all human [illegible], and the author handles his subject in a [illegible] manner [illegible]

[illegible] Their love [illegible] down, while the love of myriads of hearts rises up to their high thrones. The holy influence of their love touches, [illegible] good, [illegible] friends, of which little children always have many! Think, too, that their memories speak [illegible] that point those left behind only to Heaven, and they point direct to Heaven. All know and believe that there is their home.

THE TEACHER AND THE PARENT: A Treatise upon Common School Education; Containing Practical Suggestions to Teachers and Parents. By CHARLES NORTHEND, A. M. Third Edition. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

The Messrs. Barnes have heretofore issued many excellent educational works, and by the present they will not lose their well-earned reputation for discrimination and taste. This treatise is concise and entertaining, portraying the duties and responsibilities of teachers and parents, in the matter of the education of youth—a subject ever fraught with interest.

SHAKSPEARE, (with the Text restored,) AND A HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

Part I. of this series is issued, price 25 cents, by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Miscellaneous.

A DOG STORY.

The following incident is said to have occurred many years ago, in the State of Virginia, West of the Blue Ridge, and bears a close comparison with the deeds of that wily and ferocious animal, the wolf:

A storekeeper, in a village in that part of the country, possessed a remarkably intelligent dog, of the mixed Poodle and Newfoundland stock. He was a service to his master in guarding his property, and had been taught to do many useful things, which had become the talk of the country side. He would convey parcels home to a customer, carry his master's boots to the shoemaker, search diligently for anything which had been lost in the fields or the roadside, patiently watch an article to which his attention had been directed, and really seemed to comprehend any command which was given him.

Having been well cared for, in spite of the cross, he had attained an extraordinary size, and was possessed of great activity for so heavy an animal. His coat was coarse and heavy; and, in allusion to his tawny color and something of magnanimity in his looks, he was called Lion. Of a mild, peaceful disposition, though brave as his royal namesake, he was a favorite with all visitors to the store, and only an object of terror and dislike to thieves and marauders. His master had refused large offers for him; and at the period to which we particularly refer, he was in the very prime of his days.

About five miles North-West of the village, and three from the main road, was a tract of hilly land, known in the township as the Hampton Farm—a large portion of which was devoted to the rearing of sheep.

The Hampton Farm had, at different periods, suffered, as was supposed, from depredations of wolves, which, though becoming scarce in the forests of the vicinity, were occasionally to be met with.

For more than a year not an individual had been shot in the township; nevertheless, sheep were still worried from time to time, and suspicion at last fell upon the dogs of the neighborhood. But the strictest scrutiny failed to detect a single plague-spot; and, accordingly, the whole corporation of curs was pronounced to be sound.

The charge then reverted to the wolves; but, though traps were set on the hills, and a watch continually kept, no signs of a wolf could be perceived.

A few nights after vigilance had been relaxed, a sheepcot was broken into, and a number of the flock either slain outright, or so mangled as to render it necessary to put the knife to their throats.

The grazier and his men were greatly enraged at this, and a price of twenty dollars—a large sum for the neighborhood—was forthwith set upon the depredator's head.

From the circumstance of there being no snow upon the ground at the time, it was, of course, impossible to track him; but a close inspection of the premises established the fact, that the animal was alone and of unusual size. From this the conclusion was arrived at that it was a wolf, which had its den at a distance, most probably in the mountains, at the foot of which the farm was located.

Several good hunters turned out with their dogs, but utterly failed to strike the trail, although the search was continued for several days. At last, however, it so chanced that as one of these men was crossing a piece of land between the sheep-hills and main road, an hour or two before dawn, he saw, by the waning light of the moon, an animal, which he immediately conjectured to be a wolf, rising an elevation on his left at a long, loping pace, making, it appeared, for a run, about two hundred yards distant.

The man stopped and cocked his rifle, but having no dog with him—his own having been worn out by the previous day's run—prudently forebore to fire so long as there existed a doubt of his being able to sight a mortal part. The creature passed him at full speed, directing its course for the run, whither the hunter cautiously followed. He soon perceived that it had broken the ice, and halted in the water, and under cover of inequalities in the ground, he was able to steal unperceived within good covering distance. Taking deliberate aim he pulled the trigger, and the brute leaping up with a loud yell, dropped dead on the bank. The hunter carefully reloaded his rifle, loosened his knife in its sheath, and with his finger at the guard of his piece, slowly advanced to the post; when lo! instead of a grey wolf, to his utter amazement he immediately recognized, even by the imperfect light, the lifeless but still quivering carcase of the storekeeper's favorite dog.

After his astonishment had a little subsided he took off the scalp, and leaving the body where it fell, made the best of his way to the grazier's house.

The body of the recreant, suspended by the neck in a wagon, was driven in triumph down to the village, and subsequent inquiries left not a lingering doubt that Lion, with all his remarkable qualities, was, after all, but a wolf in dog's habiliments.

It was remembered that at certain periods he had refused his food, and appeared sleepy and cross; and, upon comparing dates, the parties concerned discovered that these were the very days after the havoc had been committed.

He was actually engaged in washing the blood of six sheep from his body when the hunter shot him; and, upon being satisfied of this, the whole village, with the bereaved storekeeper at their head, while they could not help deploring the end of so fine an animal, sang *Te Deum* over the fall of so accomplished a villain.

The honest hunter received his reward, and was ever afterwards known by the soubriquet of "Sampson," inasmuch as it was he who slew the Lion.—*Krider's Sporting Anecdotes.*

A SINGULAR CASE.—The *Boston Traveller* mentions a rather singular case of incapacity, which has lately been brought to the attention of the Grammar School Committee. By a law of the Public Schools, all the pupils are required to engage in each and every study of the school. In one of our Grammar Schools is a young Miss, belonging to a most respectable family, and in every respect a bright, intelligent, and most active and energetic girl, who is wholly unable to learn arithmetic. Her present master has for three years been constant in his endeavors to instruct her in the science of figures, but all to no purpose, and she now is unable, without hesitancy, to add seven and four together, while multiplication and division are entirely beyond her power. She seems to be wholly devoid of mathematical powers, having not even any talent to be cultivated. In view of these facts, the School Committee has decided to permit this pupil to refrain from studying this branch, she being allowed to be promoted after having been kept down for months on account of her arithmetical knowledge.

We have a case in mind, adds the *Traveller*, where a family of four boys attended one of our Grammar Schools, and all were unable to learn to spell. The greatest pains were taken with them, and no trouble spared to instruct them in the art, and yet, after a course of study of six years' duration, one of the boys could not even spell his name correctly. And yet in every other branch the boys were most excellent scholars, and would have received medals but for their spelling.

Original Sketch.

TOBACCO MIGHTIER THAN LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY [illegible]

The ruddy blaze in the open grate cheered the heart of Frank [illegible] as he returned from the [illegible] had retired, for it [illegible]

"[illegible] like hers in the corner on purpose for my slippers," thought he. "They are always there, just three feet from my easy chair. What has she under that snowy napkin? Ah, a light biscuit and a glass of milk. She knew that my severe labor in the court-room would exhaust me. How marvellously my digestion has improved since I had a wife to correct my diet, and to prepare the delicate, plain dishes that suit me so well. And then such sweet bread and butter as Letta makes. By George! that boarding at a hotel, [illegible] grudge, [illegible] me.

"This," thought he, placing his feet on the fender, and rubbing his hands, "is a little pleasanter than going to boarding quarters, and pulling at an old [illegible] a sleepy servant, who thinks that you and the water and the coal and everything else you call for were in the moon. Nobody to anticipate your wants there, and, when the rubbing bread and the [illegible] your appearance at table, the tea and the toast come to your room with a [illegible]. What a fool I was to live a bachelor so long.

"I wish Letta had [illegible]. I am as happy as a [illegible]. But then she knew—bless her sensible little head!—that I ought not to have any more; just enough before retiring to [illegible]. Ah, Letta knows it all. I wonder if she didn't secretly study the Doctor-trade some time in her life! When I got sick last month, didn't her nursing act like a charm? How skilfully she applied the fomentations, and bandages, and draughts, all by her own advice, and how much more good they did me than all the pills and potions that I ever took.

"I wonder if Letta is as happy in me as I am in her? I must watch my pretty bird, and see that her pinions never droop. I must study her comfort and her happiness as she does mine, and as my means increase she shall indulge her fine taste. Should any rude breath of Heaven ever sweep around us, I will fold her to my bosom, that she may not feel it. She is a perfect gem; her *slightest* wish shall become to me a *law*."

The next evening Frank returned at an earlier hour. He threw himself upon the sofa and drew Letta into his arms.

"Do you know, dearest," said she, "that you have a habit that is very disagreeable to me, and one that I want you to abandon? It is a habit that is highly injurious to the mind and perfectly ruinous to the body—a habit from which much of your bad health originates."

"Why, no!" said Frank, opening his eyes in astonishment, "what is it? pray tell!"

"Your hair, your clothing, your whole person is now fumigated with an odious weed, and it is sometimes so offensive, that had I not feared that my conduct would be misunderstood, I should have left your presence."

Frank hung his head and bit his lip. The good resolutions of the evening before flashed over him like lightning. "Her *slightest* wish shall become to me a *law*." Ah, Mr. Frank, you had no idea that your real desire to serve and to please Letta would be tested so soon. You never expected to be called upon to perform your promise. You never thought the strength of your principles would be tried.

"If she had asked aught else," thought Frank, "I could have done it. Why, I would do anything to please her. I would go around the world on my hands and knees."

Mighty easy to promise, again, when you know full well that such a pilgrimage will never be required. But here is something you *can* do, and Letta is very anxious that you *shall do it*.

And do you think he did it, reader? No, he. He pinched her cheeks and kissed her lips, notwithstanding a richly-colored stream was rushing from either corner of his mouth. Then he pulled her up on the floor, and declared she should dance the polka, which she abhorred, as a penance for presuming to speak to him about his tobacco.

So much for the promises and good intentions of men. They are not to be trusted. They *will* indulge their own selfish desires and whims, and they have no sort of idea of making any sacrifice, or abandoning any wrong habit, to please either wife or sweetheart. So, girls, don't indulge any false hopes. Marry whom you choose, but remember that your husband always *will* do just as he pleases. If he chooses to smoke and chew, and convert your dwelling into one vast spittoon, he'll do it. Your well scrubbed floor will be deluged with the filthy contents of his mouth, your carpet will be stained, the shovel and tongs all bespattered, the stove will receive its full share, and send forth a stench more intolerable than that of the Stygian Lake.

And you need not fret or scold. 'Twill be as fruitless as to "bay the moon." You need not attempt to ridicule or laugh him out of it. You could as soon laugh a mountain into a mole-hill. Your dainty stomach needn't grow sick, for you've got to get used to it. You needn't trouble yourself about your delicate, embroidered slippers, or gather up the folds of your white muslin, as you pass around the post at his side, for they are fated—they can't escape the plague-spot. When you watch the poor besotted and enslaved being sitting before you, his jaws eternally grinding, looking about as dignified as other ruminating animals, you need not indulge the slightest feeling of contempt, for it will only increase your own unhappiness. If you take the man, you must take the tobacco, too. He wouldn't give up the weed for half-a-dozen such girls as you are. You may seek to render that dear little sitting room that is already hallowed by blissful associations, neat and tasteful, the air fresh and pure; you may fill your vases with flowers, which shall diffuse their fragrance; but the moment your walking smoke-house enters, a poisonous effluvia will pervade the apartment, which will render retreat desirable.

Your husband may call you an angel, the soother of his woes, the consoler in his sorrows; he may liken you to a beautiful bird, to a graceful vine, and to a thousand other beautiful and graceful things, that make very pretty material for poetical flourishes, and then in the sober, sad reality of the prose of every-day life, you will have to clean up the apartment he has defiled with his vile and nauseating habit. Even the words of love that he breathes into your ear, will have more of the odor of tobacco than the odor of affection.

Now, don't get out of humor. 'Twill be of no use. What can't be cured must be endured. You may think yourself well off if you get as good a husband as Letta had, for he fully appreciated her. He delighted in the perfect order that reigned throughout the house. The clear glass and the bright silver he never failed to notice. The farina so nicely prepared, the tomatoes seasoned so exactly to his taste, the cocoa, which was such a delicious beverage when made by her, were always accepted with gratitude. Then he understood the wants of her inner nature. Her tenderness, fidelity and love, were met and answered by corresponding virtues in his own bosom. When she glided noiselessly around his sick room, and ministered to his needs, when she showed herself ready for any sacrifice to promote his enjoyment, man as he was, his lip trembled, and his eyes filled, for he was touched with her tenderness and devotion. But to give up tobacco, or any other bad habit, was what Letta never got him to do. You need not expect your husband to be any better than Frank Storrs; for he was a paragon. Tobacco is paramount in nearly every man's affection, and if you ever reign there at all, it will be secondarily. Remember that.

"Frank," said Letta, "what would you say if *I* had some bad habit which impaired my health, benumbed my senses, made my home untidy and unattractive, by its disgusting indulgence, which made my person so repulsive that you could not approach me without nausea, and yet, notwithstanding all your remonstrances, I still persisted in this habit? What would you say?"

"I should say that you were a barbarian, a heathen, and I would apply for a divorce without delay."

"And that is what every man would do. Forbearance is a virtue that belongs not to that sex."

Then Frank clapped his hands and laughed outright at his ludicrous admission, and thus the impression Letta would have made, all passed off by evaporation, just like all other arguments brought to bear upon that subject.

☞ It is related of Lord Norbury that while passing sentence of death upon a man for stealing a watch, he said to the culprit: "My dear fellow, you made a grasp at time, but caught eternity."

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1853.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.—By the arrival of the Africa, we have later advices from Europe:

RUSSO-TURKISH AFFAIRS.—The Sultan has signed the agreement dictated by France, England and Austria, and would send an Ambassador to St. Petersburg. Beyond this, nothing further in regard to the settlement of the present difficulties has transpired. The Porte's protest against the occupation of the principalities by the Czar, is temperately written. The various Bourses appear to regard peace as secured, and the funds continue firm.

ANOTHER HUNGARIAN RESCUED FROM AUSTRIA.—Accounts from Smyrna give an interesting statement of the rescue of another Hungarian from the Austrian authorities. The Hungarian in question (his name is not given,) escaped from Beyrout, and at Smyrna went on board the Lloyds Austrian steamer, where he was recognized and arrested by the captain as an Austrian subject. He jumped overboard from the steamer, and getting on shore, applied to the American Consul for protection, who immediately demanded the release of the fugitive, and forced the captain of the steamer to deliver up the refugee, and also his wife and children, who, with the husband, had been arrested after the latter escaped from the steamer.

VIENNA, July 29.—The American Charge d'Affaires at Constantinople has written to this Government, that "Martin Koszta owes no allegiance to the Emperor of Austria," and that the imprisonment of that person after he had tendered a civil oath to the American Government, "is not only a very regrettable violation of international law, but an act of disrespect, which will not soon be forgotten."

THE INQUISITION AT ROME.—The prisons of the Inquisition in Rome were, as is well known, laid open to public gaze during the Republican epoch of 1849. The building itself having been subsequently occupied by the French, the Dominican monks, who still wield the sword of the holy office, as it is styled, have been obliged to keep their prisoners in their convent on the Piazza del la Minerva. They have now prepared a securer place of confinement in the monastery of Scalvetti monks, near the Porta Angelica, the malaria which prevails in that district during the Summer months forming no objection to the locality, and the prisoners, fourteen or fifteen in number, are to be transferred there forthwith.

THE POPE.—A letter from Rome, dated July 22, states that the health of the Pope is daily becoming more precarious. He is suffering from a severe attack of asthma and general debility. The Pope is 61 years of age.

Italy is in a feverish state of excitement, especially the Roman territories. The symptoms indicate an insurrection to be near. Riots have taken place at Bologna, Ravenna, Rimini, Forli and Ferrara, nominally on account of the high price of bread. Ravenna is reported to be in a state of siege. Numerous assassinations have taken place, among others, the Secretary of the Republic of San Marino. Rome is in a very excited state, and it is rumored that several patriot leaders were in the city. The police were actively engaged in an endeavor to discover their retreat. The export of breadstuffs from Ancona has been prohibited.

Despatches from Rome state that a great agitation is observable among the French soldiers. Numerous revolutionary pamphlets have been thrown among the population, and some soldiers and several political agents have been arrested, especially in the Romagna.

The French have about 8,000 men in Rome, excellently disciplined, and fully prepared for action, quite adequate to put down a much more formidable revolt than any that can take place there just now; the greater part of the Liberals and of the inhabitants in general being as hostile as the priests themselves to anything of the kind. There are also 3,000 papal soldiers in the capital.

THREATENED CONSPIRACY AT ROME.—The Roman correspondent of the London Daily News, writing on the 20th, says:

No one acquainted with the subterranean mysteries of Rome is ignorant that a second edition of the late Milanese tragedy has been for the last few weeks daily apprehended in the city. Both the French General and the police authorities receive daily reports of all that is going on, and if they have hitherto refrained from action, it is in the hope that some may be credulous enough to attempt some outbreaks which become the occasion of measures of tremendous rigor towards all who do not favor ecclesiastical principles of government. Twenty or thirty of the boldest agents of revolt have been introduced into the city by degrees during [illegible]

ARRIVAL OF THE HUMBOLDT.

[illegible]

NEWS ITEMS.

An official estimate gives the following as the mining population of Australia: 15,000 at Mount Alexander, 12,000 at Bendigo, 7,500 at Korong, 1,500 at Daisy Hill, 1,000 at Ballarat, and 3,000 at the Ovens, making 40,000 in the aggregate.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF AMOY.—NEW YORK, August 11.—A telegraphic despatch from London, received just prior to the sailing of the Africa, stated that intelligence had been received from China, of the capture of Amoy by the rebels after a severe fight, and that Canton was threatened. Shanghai was quiet.

RUFUS W. GRISWOLD, Esq., whose wife and daughter were badly injured by the late railroad disaster at Norwalk, has made a settlement with the railroad corporation. The sum paid was ten thousand dollars. Mr. Griswold is said to be dying of consumption. He is lying dangerously ill at the residence of his wife's kindred in Bangor, Maine; we are informed that his medical advisers pronounce his recovery impossible. The New York Post says, he had recently married; his wife had been presented with a beautiful house, worth between twenty and thirty thousand dollars.

THE INDIANS OF UTAH.—The Interior Department have advices from Brigham Young, saying that the Indians of Utah are quiet, and so far peaceably inclined. He remarks that they continue the habit of disposing of their children to the Mexicans as slaves, and that he has succeeded in nearly entirely putting an end to this "unchristian practice."

The late Austrian Consul at Smyrna arrived at Athens on the 15th ult. He had been dismissed on account of the late events at Smyrna.

The mails from the Great Salt Lake arrived at Sacramento on the 9th, bringing news from Deseret to June 19th. Hon. Chief Justice Reed arrived at Great Salt Lake City June 9th, and took the oath of office, administered by Brigham Young in person.

The Mormon settlement was prospering, and the agricultural affairs of the place looked promising.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.—Judge Edmonds, of New York, is out in a long article on the spirit rappings. He throws no new light upon the subject, but reiterates the writer's implicit belief that the rappings and table movings are the works of spirits, and repeats that he has had frequent communications from the dead. He professes to have sought earnestly for the motive of these manifestations, and to have found it out, but he reserves telling what it is until he publishes his book on the subject.

The marriage of Lola Montes to Patrick Purdy Hull, her fellow voyager to California, is confirmed. Hull was formerly of Ohio, but for the past four years has been engaged in the newspaper business in San Francisco. The nuptials were consummated at the Holy Church of the Mission Dolores, in presence of a select party, among whom were Beverly C. Saunders, Esq., Judge Wells, James E. Wainright, A. Bartol, Esq., Louis R. Lull, P. A. Brinsmade, and other prominent citizens. The bride and groom have since visited Sacramento, and are now in domestic retirement in San Francisco.

RAILROAD CATASTROPHES.

COLLISION ON THE CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD.—NEW BRUNSWICK, August 9.—A dreadful accident occurred this afternoon on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, which resulted in the loss of several lives, and the wounding of a number of passengers.

The two o'clock train from Philadelphia, just after passing the Old Bridge, about eight miles from Amboy, came in collision with the train from New York, owing to some cause yet to be explained. The effects of the collision were frightful. Both trains were rendered perfect wrecks. A gentleman just returned from the scene of the disaster, says that four persons were instantly killed, and three dangerously wounded. A great many were also slightly wounded.

The way car of the train from New York was forced, by the concussion, into the ladies' car, where those killed were sitting.

It is asserted that a difference in watches was the cause of the fatal collision; but the verdict of the Coroner's jury fixes blame upon the engineer and conductor of the train from Amboy, who, it is charged, disobeyed the regulations governing the speed and time of trains.

ACCIDENT ON THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.—Last night, about eleven o'clock, as the Boston Express train was proceeding on its way to New York, and had arrived to within half-a-mile of Port Chester, the engine came in contact with a piece of rock which had fallen from the stone cutting at that place, and lay directly across the track. After striking, the engine ran about two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards, and then fell over on the track. By the concussion, the engineer was instantly killed, and the fireman had both his legs broken, and his feet terribly crushed.

The passenger cars were not injured, and no passengers hurt.

It is remarkable that by the force of the concussion, the tender was thrown forward of the locomotive; in which position it lay upon the road when our informant left the scene of the disaster.

The bottom of the baggage car was broken [illegible]

THE FISHERIES.

[illegible]

POLITICAL NEWS.

RESULT OF ELECTIONS.

ALABAMA.—Mobile, Thursday, Aug. 4, 1853, P. M.—Col. Winston, Democrat, is undoubtedly elected Governor. There are four candidates running, viz.: Winston, Dem.; Richard W. Walker, and W. S. Earnest, Whigs, and Col. Nicks, Union Democrat. The vote for Congress in the first district is very close, and both parties claim the election of their candidate; the probabilities, however, are that Phillips, Democrat, is elected.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Baltimore, Aug. 11.—North Carolina is reported to have elected five Democratic Congressmen, including Clingman, and three Whigs, Rogers, Kerr, and Puryear. Aug. 12.—By the Southern mail this morning, we have further election returns from North Carolina. Craige (Dem.) beats Gilmore, in the seventh district, by about 300 votes. This leaves the election of four Democrats and three Whigs, with Clingman's district to hear from.

TENNESSEE.—Memphis, Aug. 11.—The majority for Andrew Johnson, Democrat, for Governor, will be between 2 and 3,000.

In the second Congressional district, Wm. M. Churchwell, Democrat, is thought to be elected over Horace Maynard, Whig.

In the third district, Saml. A. Smith, Democrat, is elected over Van Dyke, his competitor. Stephen V. Puratt, is elected to Congress in the seventh district, over Bugg, Whig. Thus far 2 Whigs and 3 Democrats are known to be elected. The contest is close in the other districts.

TEXAS.—New Orleans, Aug. 10.—Dates from Galveston to the 6th instant have been received. The election for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Legislature, two members of Congress and local officers, came off on the 1st inst.

The vote of eighteen counties in the Eastern part of the State is close between Pease, Democrat, for Governor, and Judge Ochiltree, Whig.

For Congress, in the first district, Smyth, Democrat, is elected. In the second district, Scurry, Democrat, has a majority. Cameron county, on the Rio Grande, has gone Democratic.

Crosby is elected Commissioner of the Land Office.

The Legislature will probably be Democratic.

IMPORTANT POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

On letters of the weight of half an ounce or under, by the United States and Bremen line of Steamers, hereafter to sail semi-monthly between New York and Bremen, to go into effect with the first out-going steamer after the 15th of August, 1853.

PRE-PAYMENT OPTIONAL.

	Cents.		Cents.
Bremen	10	Mecklenburgh Strelitz	22
Altona	21	Nassau	22
Austria, (Empire and Provinces of)	22	Oldenburg	12
Baden	22	Prussia (Kingdom and Provinces of)	21
Bavaria	22	Reuss	22
Cassel	15	Saxe Altenburgh	22
Coburg	22	Saxe Meiningen	22
Darmstadt	22	Saxe Weimar	22
Frankfort on the Main	22	Saxony, Kingdom of	22
Gotha	22	Schaumburg-Lippe	22
Hamburg	15	Schwartzburgh-Rudolstadt	22
Hanover	21	Schwartzburgh-Sondershausen	22
Hesse Homburg	21	Wurtemberg, (Kingdom of)	22
Kiel	22		
Lippe Detmold	22		
Lubec	22		
Mecklenburgh Schwerin	22		

A pre-payment of any sum less than the full rate is not admissible.

Newspapers sent from the United States must be pre-paid two cents each, and pamphlets and magazines one cent an ounce or fraction of an ounce. This is the United States postage only—the foreign postage having to be paid at the point of delivery. On all printed matter from the continent by the United States and Bremen line, the whole postage (United States and foreign) is to be pre-paid.

Unpaid letters, and newspapers and magazines pre-paid as above, for any of the following countries, may also be sent by the Bremen line, viz:

Alexandria,
Cairo,
Constantinople,
Denmark,
Greece,
Italy, (Eastern towns of)
Norway,
St. Petersburg, or Cronstadt,
Sweden, and
Switzerland.

The exact rates to these countries, as soon as ascertained, will be given by the Department, and optional pre-payment also extended to them.

All letters to and from foreign countries (the British North American provinces excepted) are to be charged with single rate of postage, if not exceeding the weight of half an ounce; double rates if exceeding half an ounce, but not exceeding an ounce; quadruple rate, if exceeding an ounce, but not exceeding two ounces, and so on, charging two rates for every ounce or fractional part of an ounce over the first ounce.

NOTE.—The "Table of Postage to Foreign Countries," of 25th May, 1853, remains unchanged, except in respect to Bremen, and that the postage on pamphlets and magazines to all foreign countries, with the exception of Great Britain, the British North American provinces, and the west coast of North America by what[illegible]

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Postmaster General.
POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Aug., 1853.

SOUTH AMERICA.

[illegible]

FRENCH ITEMS.

A young woman, about 21 years of age, made a balloon ascent from Mount Marsan last week, and after travelling nearly sixty miles through the air, fell out on making her descent, and was instantly killed.

A few nights since, a wood-cutter fell asleep by his fire, in Solbert Forest, and being awakened by the touch of something cold, found, to his horror, that his legs and arms were encircled by a whole colony of snakes, which had been attracted to the spot by the heat. The man had the courage to attack them so vigorously as soon as he got rid of them, and the next day he presented the bodies of fifty to the Mayor of his Commune. They were generally about three feet in length.

[illegible], the man condemned to death a few days since for the murder of the Mayor of [illegible], attempted last Sunday to commit suicide in the jail at Varenne. He cut his left breast badly with a piece of broken bottle, and attempted to open several of his veins. None of the wounds, however, were very serious. He is now under strict *surveillance*.

The *Court of Assizes*, at Fribourg, has commenced the trial of the leaders in the last insurrection at that place. M. Perrier, the ringleader, admits himself to have been at the head of the expedition, but denies that he organized it. He says it was organized by "*general discontent*."

A mechanic, who is building himself a small house near Paris, has just been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, for stealing his materials from the Palace of the Elysee.

A French paper states that the Emperor is on the point of according to a firm in Nantes the privilege of introducing into the Antilles, from the Coast of Africa, four thousand hired negroes.

A tailor, named Jolly, has been sentenced to three days' imprisonment and five francs fine, for practising medicine in his shop. He professed to be a scientific somnambulist.

The sword worn by Napoleon at the Battle of Marengo, and which was given as a souvenir to Chevalier de Sausee, one of his best officers, has been presented by the King of Sardinia, who received it from the family of De Sausee, to the royal arsenal of Turin.

Rossini, the composer, has left Bologna, and established himself in a handsome residence which he recently purchased in Florence. It is said, however, that he will pass the next winter in Paris.

Last Saturday, the neighborhood of Notre Dame was thrown into a state of excitement, by the mysterious appearance in front of the Cathedral, of a young woman about 30 years of age, with a tri-colored scarf about her waist, kneeling down in an attitude of fervent devotion. After remaining some moments in a state of ecstacy, she raised her hands to heaven, and cried out in a loud voice,—"Yes, the great work will at last be accomplished, and the enemies of mankind will be annihilated!" An immense crowd soon gathered about her, in which, of course, there was not wanting a Sergeant de Ville. The worthy officer, one of whose duties is to keep the people from assembling together, asked the devotee who she was. "Who am I?" exclaimed she, indignantly, "who am I?—ungrateful creature, that you are, have you forgotten me, then? I am Joan of Arc!" But despite her pretensions, she was requested to follow the Sergeant, who conducted her to the Prefecture of Police, whence she was sent to an Insane Hospital.

A still larger crowd assembled in front of a famous liquor shop, in the Rue St. Honore, a few days after, to witness a very different scene. The shop is richly decorated, and goes by the name of the "Silver Counter." Like most establishments of the kind, the *liqueurs* are dealt out by young women, who are selected for their personal charms. On the day in question, two young men entered the place to "refresh" themselves. After taking several glasses of brandy, one of them commenced chatting with the fair bar maids, and finally became offensive to them. He was accordingly ordered out, and after some resistance, was got into the street. Towards night, however, the young rowdies returned; the young fellow who had been so brutal, renewed his insults; one of the young women threatened to call for the police; the brute then struck her in the face, whereupon the head woman of the establishment interfered—a scuffle ensued—the woman was dragged by the two men into the street, thrown into the gutter and severely bruised. One of the rascals sought to excuse himself to the bystanders, by saying that "while people are dying of hunger, no one has a right to build a Silver Counter!" The sensitive young fellow and his companion, are in the hands of the police.

It is noticed that the Emperor is much stouter than he was, and this increase of bulk is attributed to a more voluminous coat of mail. I saw a curious occurrence at the Theatre Francois, the other night. Their Majesties were present at the performance of Bertrand et Raton. During the second act, a heavy jack-knife fell from the fourth tier directly upon the kettle drum, immediately under the President's box. The sound produced by the concussion was exceedingly sharp and explosive, and might easily have been taken for the discharge of a rather slightly wadded fire arm. The Emperor withdrew, with a movement of extreme precipitation into his box, and for a moment or two [illegible]

Clippings.

"Hast thou ever yet loved, Henrietta?" I sighed.
"I should rather imagine I had," she replied;
"Oh, did not my glances my feelings betray,
When you helped me the third time to pudding to-day?"

☞ The other day a small boy came tearing round a corner, with his tags fluttering in the wind, his face smeared with molasses, and a shingle [illegible] in his hand, while he was shouting to another boy, about the size of a [illegible], who stood nearly quarter of a mile down the street:—"Oh! Bill! Bill! get as many boys as ever you can, and as many shingles as ever you can, and come up the street, round the corner, as quick as ever you can, for there's a great big, large hogshead of 'lasses busted on the pavement—and all to smash!"

☞ A MONKEY DEVOURED BY A TIGER.—As a monkey was climbing up the iron bars on to the top of a cage in which was confined a tiger, in [illegible] animal exhibition, on the corner of Court and Walnut Streets, the tiger reached out one of his paws, and dragged the monkey into the cage. The tiger caught it up in his mouth and commenced eating it. The screams of the monkey soon brought the keeper to the spot, but it was too late, and the tiger soon devoured it.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

☞ The highest tax paid in New York is by Wm. B. Astor, whose tax this year is something over $60,000.

☞ Slander, at one time, was an offence punishable by statutory enactment in Massachusetts. A slanderer, a back-biter, or a mischief-maker was regarded as a pest to society, and laws provided for the exemplary punishment of all such offenders, as will be seen, in part, by the following extracts from the ancient records of Massachusetts: "*Thomas Petit for suspicion of slander*, idleness, and stubbornness, is sentenced to be severely whipped, and to be kept in hold." "*Captain Stone*, for abusing Mr. Ludlow, (a Justice of the Peace,) and calling him *Justass*, is fined £100, and prohibited coming within the patent, without the Governor's leave, on pain of death."

☞ Sing on, thou true-hearted, and be not discouraged. If a harp be in perfect tune, and a flute or other instrument of music be near it, and in perfect tune also, thou canst not play on one without awakening an answer from the other. Behold thou shalt hear its sweet echo in the air as if played on by the invisible. Even so shall other spirits vibrate to the harmony of thine. Utter what God giveth thee to say, and thou wilt wake a slumbering echo to be carried on forever through the universe.—*Mrs. Child.*

☞ A FEARFUL ACCOUNT.—Mr. Everett, late Secretary of State, is generally known as a gentleman of extensive information; one who will not "speak without book" on important subjects involving statistical facts. From a computation of his, it appears that the use of alcoholic beverages costs the United States directly, in ten years, $120,000,000; has burnt or otherwise destroyed $5,000,000 worth of property; has destroyed 300,000 lives; sent 250,000 to prison and 100,000 children to the poor house; caused 1,500 murders and 5,000 suicides; and has bequeathed to the country 1,000,000 orphan children.

☞ Among the innumerable anecdotes of John Randolph the following is not the worst: A young aspirant for Congressional fame saw fit, in his maiden speech, to give proof of his boldness and eloquence by a long and abusive attack upon the eccentric member from Virginia. At the conclusion of the young orator's voluminous address the young hero of Roanoke arose, and stretching his long nervous arm towards the seat of the complacent youth, with a half-inquiring, half-contemptuous look, thus replied: "Mr. Speaker, *whose that?*"

☞ BAD TREATMENT OF A POOR ORPHAN BOY.—The directors of the House of Industry, Boston, recovered of a master to whom they indentured a boy, $300, for bad treatment to him. A caution to hard masters, that even the friendless are entitled to humane treatment.

BEEN TO JERSEY.

Professor Julius Caesar Hannibal, of the New York Picayune, has been on a visit to New Jersey. He thus speaks of that country and its inhabitants:

When I went to Washington to see Massa Pierce angerated by the poletishuns, I was a little frightened wen I heerd dat I had to go fro Jersey, kase I dident see what might happen to me when once out ob de jury dicshun ob de United States ob Hail Columbia. I always understood dat it was a wild region, and de pepil only half sibilized; derefore, I tuk partickler 'tension ob de natifs, and I believe I've bin mose beautifully sucked in, for in all de towns I was jerked tru by de old he locomoker, I seed dem a stan in on de platforms ob de car house, chawin' terbacker, and inside I seed dem drinkin' rum; so you see dey am sibilized gis as well as you Yorkers. I specked to see de men dressed to deff in tree coats' worf ob de red paint and a tommyhawk, and de wimen in ear-rings, nose-rings, and a string ob beeds like de Ingin folks; but no! dey had five dollar suits on all 'round. It seemed from de way dere cloze fit dem, dat dat all muss sleep in one mighty big room, and all change cloze ebery mornin', for I didnt see one dat didnt look as if he wore his cloze fru compulshun, and not from choice. De boys all had on der daddy's coats, and der daddies all appeared to hab on de boy's trowserloons. I'm mongdified dat de mis-hunaries hab bin sent among dem, kase I heard one of de natibe sware, kase anudder gis happen to let a barrel ob pork roll on he foot and squash it a little.

I was berry anxious to find out all I cood 'bout de country, while I was in it, and once when de railroads stop, I struck my hedd out ob de depot, and I ax a feller in cow-skin boots, which boots was up to de middle ob de leg in mud, dese questions, and got dese answers:

"What kountry am dis?"

"Taint no country—it's Jersey."

"Wat's de producshun ob de sile?"

"Red mud, railroads, Ingin-rubber shoes, jackasses, and State prisons."

"Why, wat do you lib on?"

"Salt mackerel and orders on de store—sumtimes on clams at eighteen pence a hundred."

"Don't you hab no beef, nor no butter, no nuffin?"

"Yes, we git plenty ob de last artickle, and we git beef in hog-killin' time. We eat lard and salt for butter. Dat cussed New York taken all our butter. We supply it with Orange kount milk and butter, and grub 'long the bean [illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

[illegible]

Local News.

GEN. JOHN [illegible] died suddenly in this city on last Saturday afternoon. The deceased was engaged at the United States Mint, where he had been confined during the day in a very warm apartment. On his way home, after leaving the institution, he met his friend, Col. [illegible], to whom he complained of being unwell. At the suggestion of Col. [illegible], he went into the house of the latter, at the corner of Fifth and Chesnut Streets, where he washed himself with cold water and laid down upon a sofa, but being unable to rest, he started to go home, complaining much of the heat and of a pain in his head. When he arrived at Third Street, near Callowhill, he stopped at the [illegible] Reading Room and sat down. He did not speak to any one and several minutes elapsed before his condition attracted attention. It was then discovered that he was unable to speak, and appeared to be suffering. Mr. [illegible], proprietor of the Reading Room, went immediately for medical aid, and brought in Dr. Mann, who at once saw that remedies would be unavailing, as he was then dying. Dr. Mann recommended the calling in of another physician to satisfy the family of Gen. [illegible], and Dr. [illegible] was sent for. The latter gentleman arrived in a short time, and confirmed the statement of Dr. Mann. Still every effort was made by Mr. [illegible] and his family, and the physicians, to restore the sufferer, but in vain. He died at about 6 o'clock in the evening.

DEATH OF AN ARTIST.—Mr. Abraham Woodside, the artist, fell in Chesnut Street, below Fifth on Monday morning, from the effects of the heat. He was immediately carried into the room of Mr. [illegible], where he was medically attended by Drs. Z. King Jones and [illegible]; but their efforts proved unavailing, and he died in less than an hour from the time he was overcome. The deceased was a son of the late Mr. John A. Woodside, the painter, and in the 35th year of his age.

PHILADELPHIA is taking steps to place the City Proper and various district governments under one head, and a Consolidation Ticket to that effect has been formed. We find several of the principal lawyers leading the movement. In the year 1844 a similar effort was made without success, the lawyers voting it down. They have learned better since.—The public now appears ripe for placing the whole city, of some half million inhabitants, under one local government.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 259—Adults 90 and children 169.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots
Of DEXTER & BROTHER, *Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.*
Of HOTCHKISS & Co., *Boston, Mass.*
Of MILTON BOULLEMET, *Mobile, Ala.*
Of J. C. MORGAN, *New Orleans, La.*
Of W. & H. TAYLOR, *Baltimore, Md.*
Of F. HAGAN & Co., *Nashville, Tenn.*
Of S. W. PEASE, *28 West Sixth St., and 29 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.*

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

DR. M'LANE'S LIVER PILLS.

☞ This great American remedy for the cure of the most formidable ills that flesh is heir to, is now acknowledged to be superior to any medicine of the kind ever offered to the public. The action is easy, certain, and attendant with no unpleasant results.—It has never been tried without producing the most salutary effect. Compounded by one of the most eminent physicians in our country, it is the medicine which science, skill, and experience offer to human suffering. It is only necessary to give this medicine a trial to place it far above all medical agents of the kind ever offered to the public. Call and purchase at all the principal Drug Stores in the United States.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, August 17, 1853.

REMARKS—There has been but a moderate amount of business doing during the past week, and but few changes to notice in prices. Cotton is held firmly, but the demand has been limited. Breadstuffs are also held with more firmness, owing to the unfavorable tenor of the advices. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are in better request, but Corn is not so active. Groceries of all descriptions are very quiet, and the sales have been on a very restricted scale. Coal and Iron are in good demand at full rates. The supplies of the former from the Lehigh region have been temporarily suspended, in consequence of the break in the Delaware Division. Among the Dry Goods houses there is an active trade going forward.—Prices are firm for all descriptions, and a large number of Southern and Western merchants are purchasing their Fall supplies. In Provisions there is but a small trade doing, but prices are steadily maintained, except for Pork, which is lower. The stock of Bacon is gradually becoming reduced, and of Lard, it is nearly exhausted. Rice is unchanged. In Seeds no change. The Tobacco market has been very quiet. Wool meets a steady demand at full rates.—Freights remain without change.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The foreign advices received early in the week caused more firmness in the market, but the export demand has been limited, and prices at the close are 12½c per bbl lower. The inspections show a slight decrease as compared with those of the previous week. The sales for shipment amount to 8a9,000 bbls at $5,37½a5,50 per barrel for fresh ground, at $5,12½a5,25, closing at $5,37½ for sound old stock; $5,50 for old stock Western extra, and $4,62½a4,75 for sour, including 4a500 bbls extra (sour) at $5. There has been a steady demand for city consumption, within the range of $5,37½a5,75 for common and extra brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is more inquired after, and has advanced 6¼c per bbl. Sales of about 900 bbls at $3,68¾a3,80, closing at our highest quotation; and with a reduced stock. Corn Meal is held with more firmness; 1,500 barrels Pennsylvania sold at $3a3,12½, the latter for Phillip's brand, and 150 bbls Brandywine at $3,50.

GRAIN—There was an active inquiry early in the week for Wheat, and prices again advanced 2c per bushel, the supplies being inadequate to meet the demand. At the close, however, this demand has materially fallen off. The sales of the week amount to about 30,000 bushels at $1,16a1,20 for fair and prime new Southern and Pennsylvania red; $1,18 for a lot of old; $1,25a1,30 for new white, and $1,30 for old white, all afloat, including 2,000 bushels fair fair Maryland red at $1,12, in store. About 9,000 bushels new and old Rye sold within the range of 75a85 cts. Corn was in demand early in the week, but at the close there was less inquiry, and prices are 1c lower. Sales of 10a12,000 bushels yellow at 77c on Saturday, and since at 70a71c, afloat, including some white at 65c, and damaged at 67c. Oats remain without change. Sales of new Southern at 37a40c, and old Pennsylvania at 43a45c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Pork is but little inquired after. Sales of 4a500 bbls Mess in small lots at $16a16,37½ per bbl, and 100 bbls clear at $18. In Prime nothing doing. Beef sells for ship stores at $16a16,50 for city packed Mess. Bacon has been very quiet, but prices are firm. Sales of 400 tcs Hams at 11a11½c, Sides 8, and Shoulders at 7c per lb, 4 mos. A sale of Hams in salt at 8½c. The stock of Lard is nearly exhausted. Sales of 300 bbls at 11½a11½c, and kegs at 12c per lb, 4 mos. Prices of Butter and Cheese remain without change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is an active business doing both among the Jobbing and Commission Houses, and prices are firm for all descriptions.

BARK—The stock of Quercitron Bark is now materially reduced, and holders are firm; sales of 60 hhds No 1 at $30 per ton. But little Tanners' Bark arriving, and prices are unchanged.

[illegible]

and Yellow Pine Boards at $16a18, and Spruce Joist at $16 per M feet.

There were shipped by the Lehigh during the week ending 6th inst. feet 1,191,570
Previously [illegible]
Total this season [illegible]

MOLASSES—The market is inactive, and the only sales reported are small lots of Cuba at 20c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—About 900 barrels Rosin sold in small lots at $1,60a2,00 per bbl. In Tar and Pitch no change. Spirits of Turpentine is in better demand, and prices have advanced. Sales of 700 bbls at 65a70c, cash and on time.

OILS—Prices are steady for all descriptions of Fish Oils, and there is a fair inquiry for lots, from store. Sales of Linseed Oil in lots at 69a70c. Lard Oil remains without change. A sale of Winter at 90 cts.

The following are the total imports of Sperm and Whale Oil into the United States, for the week ending the 6th inst., and for the year thus far:

	Bbls. Sperm.	Bbls. Whale.
Total for the week	1,161	5,297
Previously	[illegible]	[illegible]
From Jan. 1 to date	[illegible]	[illegible]
Same time last year	[illegible]	72,784

PLASTER—Is in good demand. Two cargoes of Soft sold at $3 per ton.

RICE—The sales have been only in small lots at $4,25a4,37½, on time.

SALT—There have been no arrivals or sales this week.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is out of season. Timothy has been more inquired after, and 300 bushels sold, mostly to go out of the market at $2,50a3 per bushel. Flaxseed is worth $1,30a1,35.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

SPIRITS—A cargo of Brandy and Wine has just arrived from Charente, which has not yet commenced landing. Prices rule fully 20 per cent. higher now than a month ago. Prices of Gin remain without change. N. E. Rum sells in small lots at 30a31 cts. Whiskey—The market is bare of bbls. We quote at 28c. Sales of hhds at 28c, and Dredge at 28 cts.

SUGAR—The market has been exceedingly quiet since our last notice, and the demand limited. Prices, however, remain without change. Sales of 4a500 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico within the range of 4½a5¼c, and 1,100 bags white Brazil at 6¾a7c per lb, on time.

TALLOW—The sales have been limited at our last quotations.

TEAS—There has been an increased demand, and prices are firm for all descriptions.

TOBACCO—The market has been quiet, but prices are firm for both Leaf and Manufactured.

WINES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

WOOL—There has been a fair inquiry, and prices are steadily maintained. The week's sales amount to 120,000 lbs, mostly within the range of 45a60c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are firm at 3s 6d per bbl for Flour, and 9d per bushel for Grain. To the West Indies and Southern ports the rates are unchanged. Colliers are in fair request at $1,75 per ton to Boston; $1,30 to Rhode Island, and $1a1,10 to N. York.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.
No. 20 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's '56	106½	110	Southwark	66	70
" '62	115	—	Kensington	60	70
" '67	121½	121½	P Township	36	38
" '68	121½	122	Girard	13¼	13½
" 5s '53	100	—	Western	72	73
" '65	105	—	Manf Mechs	30½	31
July Interest off			Bk of Com	60	[illegible]
Philada 6s	103½	104	Camden N J	50½	60
" 5s	96½	97	Germantown	67	—
" [illegible]	106	106½	Trent Bk Co	[illegible]	—
County 5s	93	93½	Pitt'bg Bk	55½	56
Penna 6s	100	—	M & M Pitts	55	—
" 5s	93½	94	Exchange, Pitts	[illegible]	—
Kentucky 6s	100	—	Com, Cin	15	—
Tennessee 5s	94½	95	Louis, Ky	111	112
Illinois 6s	81½	—	Kentucky Bk	113	114
Cincinnati 6s	101	—	Northern	111	112
Texas T Notes	10	25	Union, Tenn	95	95½
" Bds 5s	65	70	Plant's, Tenn	96	97
Schuyl N 6s	79¼	79½	Vicksburg	15	15½
" Int	[illegible]	[illegible]	Com, Natchez	—	—
Lehigh N 6s	99½	100	N O Gas Bk	125	130
" Int Loan	95	96	Schuyl Nav	[illegible]	28
" Mort 6s	101½	—	" pref'd	[illegible]	31½
C & D C'l 6s	100	—	Lehigh Nav.	73½	74
C & Am R bds	99	99½	C & Del Cal	148	149
ReadMdw R 6s	91	91½	Morris Cl	17½	17½
Susqueh Cl 6s	65	66	Penn&Ohio Cl	—	[illegible]
Norris'n R 6s	100	101	Union Cl	15½	15½
Harris R 6s	100½	101	Camd&Am R	150	150½
Wil R 6s	84	84½	Penna R	47½	48
Read R 6s	87	88½	Rea Mdw R	[illegible]	[illegible]
" Mort 6s	95	95½	Lykens Val R	15	—
U S Bk Notes	[illegible]	—	North Am Cl	16½	17
U S Bk Shares	4	4½	Susqueh Cl	14½	15
N Amer Bk	150	151	Norristown R	57½	58
Penna Bk	[illegible]	125	Harrisburg R	51½	51½
Philadelphia	140	141	Wilmington R	[illegible]	[illegible]
Far & Mec	73	73½	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Commercial	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
N Liberty	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
Mechanics	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUG. 12.

[illegible]

BAD BREATH, A DISAGREEABLE TASTE IN THE MOUTH.

[illegible]

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY [illegible] & Co., BROKERS,
No. [illegible] South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, August 20, 1853.

[illegible]

ALMANAC.

Aug. 1853.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
20 Saturday,	5 18	6 42	[illegible]	
21 Sunday,	5 19	6 41	4 2	
22 Monday,	5 20	6 40	[illegible]	
23 Tuesday,	5 21	6 39	[illegible]	D. H. M.
24 Wednesday,	[illegible]	6 37	[illegible]	New 4 6 30
25 Thursday,	[illegible]	6 36	7 3	First 11 10 32
26 Friday,	[illegible]	6 35	7 47	Full 18 5 30
27 Saturday,	[illegible]	6 34	[illegible]	Last 26 10 34

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Jas. H. Kennard, Mr William L. Cochran, to Miss Ellen Taylor, both of Delaware county.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. James Pungrave, to Miss Eliza Graham, both of this city.

On the 19th of April last, at the Parsonage of the Sansom Street Baptist Church, by the Rev. J. Dowling, D. D., George R. Helmick, to Caroline Connelly, both of Spring Garden.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. John W. Morgan, to Miss Sophia Brainard.

On the 9th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, Joseph Jordan, to Miss Mary E. Lukens, daughter of Jos. Lukens, all of Philadelphia.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. William Tibbey, of Pittsburg, to Miss Almira Madden, of Millville, Cumberland county, N. J.

On the 4th of July, by the Rev. Mr Barlow, William Butley, to Miss Mary Greavner, all of this city.

On the 3d of Jan. by the Rev. John P. Hall, of Cape Island, Mr. Thomas S. Shoemaker, formerly of this city, to Miss Emma Edwards, of Dennisville, Cape May county, N. J.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Father Sheridan, of St. Michael's Church, Mr. William Jeeves, to Miss Elizabeth Heath, all of Kensington.

On the 9th inst. in the Arch Street Church, by the Rev. Mr. McClure, Mr. Julius Lee, to Miss Lizzie A. Walker, both of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. W. O. Johnstone, of Kensington, Mr. Robert Condie, to Miss Rachel Armstrong.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Smith, Mr. Charles Rodgers, to Miss Ann J. Hensborough, both of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. James Sewell, Mr. Thomas H. Stewart, to Miss Sarah D. McLean, all of this city.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. Philip Karcher, Jr. to Miss Margaret Hedley.

On the 15th of June, by the same, Captain James Smith, to Miss Mary A. Snyder.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Huckle, Mr. John E. Reynolds, of New York, to Miss Maria L. Downs, of Baltimore.

At Nantucket, Mass. on the 3d inst by the Rev. J. G. Forman, Charles F. Dunbar, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary C. daughter of Capt. Reuben Ray, of the former place.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. Isaac B. Hewitt, to Miss Fannie Fitzl.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Geneva, N. York, Henry T. Graves, aged 80 years.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Ann, wife of Mr. Joseph Buck, aged 31 years.

On the 10th inst. William H. Roberts, aged 45.

At Germantown, on the 9th instant, Nathaniel Jones, aged 36 years.

On the 10th inst. Mary A. Turpin, wife of Thos. Hammond, aged 29 years.

On the 10th inst. Ellen A. Darrach, aged 77.

In New York city, on the 9th inst William W. Davis, of this city, aged 38 years.

On the 10th inst. James Struble, aged 23 years.

On the 10th inst. Susanna, wife of Thomas McGlaughlin, aged 24 years.

On the 10th instant, Mary, wife of Peter Hogan, aged 26 years.

On the 10th inst. Mr. David Forsythe, aged 29.

On the 10th inst. in the city of New York, Alex. Sutcliffe.

On the 9th inst. William Hansell, aged 28.

On the 9th inst. Frederick Markley, of Roxborough, aged 53 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. Anne Stanhay, aged 41.

On the 9th inst. Mary Gourlay, aged 47 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Brooks, aged 67 years.

On the 9th inst. Mr. Gordon Arthur, aged 56.

On the 9th inst. John L. Varnick, aged 24 years.

On the 8th instant, Catharine, wife of Wm. A. Stockman, aged 28 years.

On the 8th inst. Charles Kelly, aged 73 years.

On the 7th inst. Mr. Henry Pryle, aged 53.

On the 8th inst. John Farnhurst, son of Jos. and Elizabeth Smith.

On the 9th inst. Francis Patrick, son of Dennis and Christiana Coughlin, aged 9 months.

On the 8th inst. Mary McCoy, aged 82 years.

On the 8th inst. Philip Whetston, aged 26.

On the 7th inst. Conrad, son of Andrew and Elizabeth Rost, aged 19 years.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. Rebecca Hough, aged 71.

On the 7th inst. Catharine De Prefontaine, aged 26 years.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Crockett, aged 72 years.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Bolier, aged 62 years.

On the 7th inst. Louisa Peters, aged 61 years.

On the 9th inst. John F. Deshler, aged 20 mos.

On the 8th instant, William, son of Peter H. and Mary J. Miller, aged 1 year.

On the 14th inst. Adam Beatty, aged 69 years.

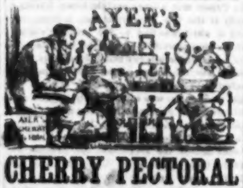
On the 13th inst. Josephine Regina, daughter of John D. and Elizabeth F. Myers.

REMOVAL.
MOORE, HENSZEY & CO.,
HARDWARE JOBBERS,
Have removed from 139 to No. 181 Market, between Fourth and Fifth Streets, where they will continue to keep a large assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &c. june 27-3m

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.
FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION.
THE NEXT COURSE OF LECTURES in this institution will commence on Saturday, Oct 1st, 1853, and continue *five months* (21 weeks), closing on the 25th of February, 1854.
FACULTY.
DAVID J. JOHNSON, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.
ELLWOOD HARVEY, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.
HILBERN DARLINGTON, M. D., Professor of Surgery.
ANN PRESTON, M. D., Professor of Physiology.
EDWIN FUSSELL, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.
MARK G. KERR, Professor of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.
MARTHA H. MOWRY, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
ALMIRA L. FOWLER, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Chemistry.
Persons wishing further information as to terms, regulations, &c., or desirous of receiving copies of the Announcement, will please apply, personally or by letter, to the Dean of the Faculty.
DAVID J. JOHNSON, M. D.
229 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

IRON SAFE WAREHOUSE!
34 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.
JOHN FARREL,

Dealer in all kinds of Iron Safes and Money Chests, and is the only person in this State authorized to manufacture or sell the genuine "HERRING'S WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM SAFES." Second hand Safes and Chests of other makers having been received in part pay for Herring's, for sale at less than one-half first cost.
N. B. MARBLEIZED IRON MANTELS, TABLE TOPS, &c., &c., from the works of the celebrated "SALAMANDER MARBLE Co." on hand in great variety.



CHERRY PECTORAL
For the rapid Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.
Is this, or is it not, a Medicine worthy of commendation? We are confident that it is deserving of its present reputation; confident from experimental acquaintance with its beneficial properties, confident from the accuracy and care with which these properties are combined, confident from the fact that so many, in the highest, as well as the humblest walks of society have borne cheerful testimony to its merit.
We are not, we think, blinded to the truth of any proposition by the glare of great names, arrayed upon one side, or the other. Personally speaking, we know that the CHERRY PECTORAL was entitled to all the commendations it has received. Of this we were assured, from the best of evidence, before we had contemplated introducing it so extensively to notice. Still we are none the less thankful for the encomiums paid from noted persons, since we know, from the constitution of society, that this simple circumstance will have an important influence in bringing this really valuable preparation within the circle of many families [illegible]

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS [illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.
One square (fourteen lines) one insertion, [illegible]
" " " [illegible] [illegible]
" " " six months, $25.00
" " " a year, [illegible]
Double-column Advertisements a price and a half.
☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.
NOTICE is hereby given, that ROBERT WILSON, of the Township of [illegible], in the county of Burlington, and State of New Jersey, hath this day made an assignment to the subscribers, of his estate, for the equal benefit of his creditors, and that the said creditors must exhibit their respective claims, under oath or affirmation, within the term of three months. Also, all persons indebted to said Robert Wilson, either on Bonds, Notes, Books of Account or otherwise, are desired to make immediate payment.
DANIEL WILLS,
HENRY BROWN,
Assignees.
aug13-3t*
Dated Vincent Town, 23d July, A.D. 1853.

IMPORTANT TO YOUNG MEN.
I OFFER for sale upwards of thirty different Receipts, many of which have been sold the past year for five dollars a piece, and the whole comprising so many different ways to make money. In the sale of one of the articles alone, I have known young men the past year to make from five to twelve dollars per day; and in the manufacture and sale of any one of the articles, no young man of energy and ability can fail to make money.
Address E. BOWMAN, [illegible], enclosing one dollar, and the whole number of Receipts will be forwarded by mail. No letters taken from the office unless prepaid.

500 AGENTS WANTED.
$1,000 A-YEAR.
WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY OF THE UNITED STATES, active and enterprising men, to engage in the sale of some of the best Books published in the country. To men of good address, possessing a small capital of from $25 to $100, such inducements will be offered as to enable them to make from $3 to $10 a day profit.
☞ The books published by us are all useful in their character, extremely popular, and command large sales wherever they are offered.
For further particulars address, (postage paid,)
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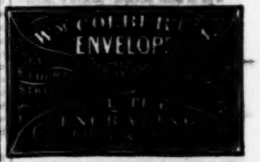

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Original Letters.

LETTERS FROM EUROPE.

[illegible] in the Clerk's Office of the District Court [illegible] of Pennsylvania.]

NO. XIII.

Varese, June [illegible]

[illegible] place, about thirty miles North-West of Milan, yesterday evening, travelling by vettura, through a rich, well cultivated, but rather uninteresting country. Varese is a city of little importance, and less beauty, but its environs are pleasant, and adorned with many fine villas belonging to wealthy Milanese. This morning we drove over to Laveno, on Lake Maggiore, where we took a row-boat, and visited the celebrated *Isola Bella*.

On our drive, we passed the small lake of Varese, an exquisite sheet of water, and from that point the scenery, which had all along been charming and varied, became grandly beautiful. In the distance loomed up the Alps—the higher range lifting their mighty heads above the clouds, and challenging the sun with their [illegible], while the lower range, clad in the [illegible], comforted the eye, struck back by the white radiance above. At their feet slept the lake, mirroring a sky of deepest azure, and clouds of silver, rose and [illegible] ing and [illegible], and brightening in beauty and [illegible] from that surprised delight, which utters itself in glowing exclamations, to the silence of a deep, almost reverential emotion.

I still [illegible] look to find the shores of the Lago Maggiore as wild as they are, or like those of one of our own small Western lakes, but thickly dotted with villas and hamlets, and bearing marks of the highest state of cultivation. Aside from the small town of Baveno, and the Borromean Islands, the view from Laveno struck me as almost desolate, as far as human life is concerned. Only here and there is to be seen a villa, a cottage, or a lonely chapel in a mountain gorge, while everywhere foliage, flowers, grasses, and even grain, seem growing in spontaneous luxuriance—Nature working her own sweet will, and having her own wild way, untrammeled by the prudent cares and staid proprieties of art.

In the midst of this primitive loneliness and loveliness, lies the *Isola Bella*, a quaint, elaborate, and wonderful creation of Art, for which Nature only furnished the bare foundation;—for this fairy island, this enchanted garden, luxuriant with all the fruits, and smiling with all the flowers, of the tropics; now rising terrace above terrace, crowned with statues, grottos, temples, and crowned by a noble palace, was once a black, barren rock, standing but a few feet out of the water, an unsightly blot on its blue expanse. A Count Borromeo, of the seventeenth century, was the creator of this somewhat [illegible] paradise, which, for the peculiar taste displayed in it, and the immense sums expended upon it, has been pronounced but a magnificent conceit and a gigantic extravagance. Every foot of earth was brought from a distance, and piled up, to make these terraces and gardens, while the trees, plants, and flowers, were gathered from almost every country and clime of the world. The descendants of the founder have added greatly to the beauty of the place by careful cultivation, and new varieties of trees and plants,—and as you look [illegible], [illegible], and flowering, and fruit-ripening, under the very ice-glance of the Alps, it is something marvellous and magical—a beautiful bewilderment.

It is so strange, when wandering among cypresses, palms, pomegranates, myrtles, oranges and lemons, to catch through the opening branches a glimpse of the eternal snow,—to feel yourself grow languid and half intoxicated in the oppressive sun and aromatic atmosphere of some sheltered spot, and the next moment, in turning some exposed corner, to be smitten on the cheek by a sharp wind from the glaciers. During the winter, all these gardens and terraces are boarded over and heated by stoves.

We were shown through the palace, which, for the situation, is of vast dimensions, but built in a curious, clumsy, grotesque style. It contains many bad and a few good pictures, all rapidly becoming equalized and confounded by ruinous damp and mould.

We were shown the room in which Napoleon slept while here, and in the garden, a large bay-tree, in the bark of which he carved the word "*battaglia*." I must confess I could not clearly make out a letter, but I had faith to believe they were all there. It was a short time before the battle of Marengo, that the great King-maker and un-maker, in a moment of brooding idleness, cut that word there—a word as significant of his future, as was his dying "*tête d'armée*" of his past.

The drive from the lake back to Varese, in the pleasant afternoon, hung some sunset pictures in my memory which must illuminate it forever. In that gallery hang many of the most glorious works of human genius, yet these can never be confounded with those bearing in every faintest outline, in every lightest shade, the unmistakable *Deus fecit* of the great master.

Como, June 1st.—This morning we set out early from Varese, to make the ascent to the Sanctuaries of the Virgin, from which we were assured by our universally-good friend, Murray, we should have unrivalled views of the plain of Lombardy and of the Alps, and could look down upon no less than six lakes. This holy mountain was consecrated to the Madonna by St. Ambrose, in 387, to commemorate a victory gained by him over the Arians. It is ascended by a steep, winding road, well paved, but suitable only for pedestrians and ponies—at different points along this way, stand fourteen chapels, representing the fourteen mysteries of the rosary. These are very picturesque objects, and so placed as to command charming views of valleys, mountains and lakes. At the summit is a church, a bell tower, and a Convent of Augustinian Nuns. We mounted our ponies at Robarello, with glowing anticipations of the feast of beauty to be spread before us when we should have scaled the holy heights; we would scarcely indulge ourselves in a glimpse from the various points of the ascent, for fear of taking the edge off our appetites. But, unluckily, on reaching the summit, we found a heavy mist settling there, rolling in great billows down the sides of the neighboring mountains, floating over the plain, and dimly veiling the distant Alps. Hoping that it would soon pass off, we went into the church, where we saw the statue of the Virgin, dating from the time of St. Ambrose, and the mummies of two female saints, who lie in glass coffins, dressed in rich robes, with their blackened skulls and their fleshless throats glittering with ornaments, and their skeleton fingers loaded with gaudy rings. Of course a considerable fee is asked for this hideous show—no doubtless these holy women have done better service to their church and convent as mummies, than as Lady-Abbesses—a sort of post-mortem patronage, too monstrous and revolting for any but this system of religion to enact. On coming out of the church, we found that it was all up with us, as far as the prospect was concerned. The mist had thickened into heavy clouds—there was a real storm below us at our right, the thunders of which seemed breaking and booming against the mountain.

There was a prospect of something new and grand for us, but I must confess that we all ingloriously fled before the prospect of the sublime [illegible], and were happy in reaching the inn, and our carriage in a tolerably dry condition. The rain was soon past, and we had a charming time for driving over to Como.

We caught not even a glimpse of the lake till we were just upon it, at our hotel, from which we have a beautiful, though rather circumscribed view. But since dinner we have taken an hour's row upon it in the sunset, and I have found that all the most glowing picturings of poets, all my own most delicious summer dreams have fallen far behind the varied and wondrous loveliness of the scene. The beauty of Lake Como and its shores is something so peculiar, so complete, so heavenly, it is almost as unimaginable as indescribable. It seems that Nature has prodigally exhausted here the treasury of her richest charms, and revelled in lavishing her utmost wealth of adornment, while art, in fond emulation, has wrought out all her most exquisite [illegible], her daintiest devices—[illegible] all her golden secrets of effect, and come down with all her choicest points. Certain it is, that with their united enchantments they overflow the soul with the very flood-tide of delight, and leave nothing more to be asked or imagined by the most delicate and luxurious sense of beauty.

June 3d.—We spent the whole of the morning yesterday on the lake, and in visiting some of the most celebrated villas along the shores. Our first landing was at the villa D'Este, owned and occupied for several years by Queen Caroline, of England. It is a charming place, and the gardens and grounds do much honor to the taste of the unhappy Princess who planned them. We passed the Villa Lenno, supposed to stand on the site of Pliny's Villa, and stopped at the Pliniana, so named for a curious natural fountain which the Elder Pliny described in a letter. This villa, which is gloriously situated for views up and down the lake, and whose grounds are most picturesque and wildly beautiful, is the property of Prince Belgioso, a gentleman distinguished throughout all the European courts, for his many elegant accomplishments, for beauty, talent, and especially for a fine musical genius. He has led for many years, the gay [illegible] the Austrian Government, [illegible] from every [illegible] and [illegible].

"The [illegible] And [illegible] of course."

Yet he is a [illegible] the first manly [illegible]. He [illegible] on English [illegible], and speaks our language very purely, with the slightest possible accent.

[illegible] villa is small and simple, [illegible] and surrounded by [illegible] gardens, and flanked by the most luxuriant grounds along the lake. [illegible] the building, planting and improvements, [illegible] ing, after the splendid triumphs and conscious [illegible] of her dramatic career, rest and happiness in such quiet and primitive pleasures. The most exquisite taste is shown in the laying out her grounds and gardens, which extend for more than a mile along the shore. Here we saw the grandest trees, the richest vines, the most wonderful profusion of flowers. There were gorgeous rose-trees growing from apparently inaccessible peaks, or twining about dark cypresses, [illegible] inconceivable, or hanging over the wall, showering their leaves upon the water—there were graceful willows that Undine-like bent lovingly to dip their limbs in the lake, and timid silver-leaved aspens, who stood back shivering—there were copper beeches and golden jasmin; oh, there was everything to form a paradise of beauty and repose, before whose gate my spirit sighed like the poor hopeless Peri she is. As we floated slowly past the most wooded part of these grounds, the favorite walk of Pasta, we heard the nightingales singing in the deepest shade under the hill—and far sweeter we fancied than elsewhere, as though they had been taught by her.

The cottage of Taglioni is also small, but ornate and fanciful, and the grounds, though very beautiful, display some pretty conceits and dainty caprices which strike you as in character with a sylph of the stage and a ballet queen. Madame Taglioni has two other cottages in these grounds—one, a charming little box, perched up against a rock, like a swallow's nest—the other, a Swiss chalet, yet unfinished, and it is said capriciously abandoned. By these and her three fine palaces at Venice, it would seem that she has pirouetted to some purpose. Ah, happy is the woman whose genius lodges in her throat, or settles in her heels! She may command success, wealth, power—she may attain to cottages *ornées* and palaces by the sea—along her path sighs the homage of the world, and at her feet, all unregarded, lies more of man's love, such as it is, than ever rewarded the pure and faithful affection, the devotion unto death of all the women of mere intellect and soul that ever existed.

Como itself is a pleasant little city, very clean and airy, for an Italian town. It has fallen off somewhat in its manufactures and general prosperity, of late years, but there is still a pleasing appearance of industry and comfort among its people. It has no buildings of any importance, except the Cathedral, which is very fine but contains few objects of interest. In the gloomy old Church of *San Fidele*, which I have just visited, my guide pointed out to me a dark chapel, into which I looked through a black lattice. It was only lit by one low, flickering lamp, and I was some moments ere I could distinguish the objects it held—then I saw a ghastly figure of Christ on the Cross, surmounting a Calvary of skulls. A horrible sight, yet how immeasurably was the horror increased when I was told that these were all the skulls of murderers!

Bormeo, in the Alps, June 11th.

We left Como yesterday morning by steamer, for Colico, on the upper end of the lake, from whence we posted to Sondrio, and from Sondrio to this place. The summer seems really to have come at last, and the weather, for this region, is delicious. The water excursion of yesterday was incomparably delightful, with soft sunlight and sunset airs, the utmost richness of verdure and bloom, mountain, and rock, and cascade, and the lake itself, with its picturesque windings and infinite varieties and surprises of beauty, in its serene repose, as blue, profound and waveless as the heaven it imaged.

We had yesterday a flat drive of little interest, but to-day we have ascended somewhat, and have just entered upon the Stelvio, the grandest of all the Alpine passes. Bormeo is a quiet, quaint little village, very gray, and somewhat gloomy, almost completely shut in by mountains piney and ice-capped. The people seem poor, but not by any means miserably so; they have toward strangers a peculiarly cordial, yet respectful air, and they are usually fine-looking, though the throats of many of them are disfigured by the goitre. We find that the pass of the Stelvio, which is the highest on the continent, is but just opened, and that we shall be absolutely the pioneers.

To-morrow we are to make the ascent, and if we are not blocked up by the snow, or borne away by an avalanche ere we reach the summit, may have all our wildest imaginings of the grand and the terrific in scenery abundantly realized.

Landeck, in the Tyrol, June 13th.

We left Bormeo yesterday morning at half-past six, in considerable state for so small a party, travelling with two carriages and a baggage wagon. Even at that early hour, all the villagers were out to see us off, and wish us a good journey. Some looked a little doubtful and apprehensive, but the greater part cheered us on. The ascent for the first two posts was gradual but continuous, and almost ere we were aware, we found ourselves in a new, strange world, bleak, and bare, and stern, and grand to absolute awfulness. Higher and higher we crept up the pass, above a black, winding gorge, whose bed was piled with the slides and avalanches of the winter and spring, and down whose sides leaped milky cascades, from immense masses of snow melting in a fervid sun, till we reached the region where all vegetation ceases, where, amid the rocks and ice, not even the pine can clench its hardy roots, and found ourselves breathing painfully in the rarified air of perpetual snow.

The road of the Stelvio is the most stupendous work I ever beheld, and all along, my wonder and admiration were divided between it and the sublime scenery through which it winds. It rounds perilous points, pierces great rocks, passes under and over torrents, leaps yawning chasms, and skirts the most appalling precipices. Over the portions most exposed to slides and avalanches, are constructed galleries of solid masonry, with slanting roofs, and it has sometimes happened that great masses of snow and earth have here passed over the traveller's head, and gone plunging and crashing into the gulf below. Miss W.—— and myself, who travelled together in a little open carriage, expressed to one another, on setting out, a desire to be thundered over by a small avalanche in this manner—but no sooner did we find ourselves in one of the dark and ominous galleries, than we mutually confessed that such an experience would be a superfluity of the sublime, and our disinclination toward it deepened into something very like horror, as we came upon a gallery recently broken in by an avalanche, and on the outside of which we were obliged to pass by a newly-constructed bridge.

We dined at *Santa Maria*, the frontier post-house, before a roaring fire, in a snug little chamber which looked out over a vast sea of snowy mountain-tops. From this to the last post-house, *Franzenshöhe*, the highest habitation on the continent, nearly ten thousand feet above the level of the sea, the road was cut through fields of solid snow, which walled it on both sides, except when it ran along the edge of precipices, to the depth of eight, ten, and sometimes fifteen and twenty feet. This was rather terrific surely, but not until we had passed the summit and began the descent, did we perceive the utmost sublimity and the peril of the pass.

Before us towered the Ortler Spitz, in height the third mountain of the Alpine range, with his rough sides clad in a mail of glaciers, and avalanches impending on his awful front, while on every side, as far as the eye could reach, rose Alps on Alps, snow-capped and ice-sheathed, strange, dread, tremendous shapes, which seem sternly battling up through the clouds to besiege heaven,—or rather are like the vast broken billows of a frozen hell. For the first mile or two of the descent, we faced real dangers, to which not even the grandeur of the scene could render us wholly indifferent. There were many places where the railing had been torn away between the road and the precipice, and where a slip, or a swerve of our horses would have been our destruction, while, at any moment, we were liable to be overwhelmed by a slide of the melting masses of snow piled along our way, and to be swept down a thousand feet into the gorge below. At one time, we were obliged to wait while the workmen, of which there were a large number near the summit of the pass, cleared away a slide which had come down within the hour. But, thank God, we accomplished the descent without the slightest accident, and about four o'clock in the afternoon, stopped to take rest and refreshment at the first post-house on this side the Alps, in one of the wildest yet loveliest vallies of the Tyrol. It was completely walled round by snowy mountains, and coursed through by a swift and swollen stream, yet it was most luxuriant and peaceful, carpeted by the richest turf, enamelled with [illegible] They [illegible] very merry, [illegible] I cannot believe they had a "realizing sense" of what was before them on that pass of the Stelvio. Mark Tapley himself could never have [illegible] opportunities of being "jolly under creditable circumstances" than were enjoyed by these connected adventurers [illegible].

At Mals I spent my first night in a Tyrolese [illegible]. I do not say slept, for I found that the novel excitements and overwhelming emotions of the day had "murdered sleep," and I tossed in sublime recollections, [illegible] mountainous imaginations, and [illegible] and torrents all night long. Perhaps my first experience of a German bed may have had something to do with my sleeplessness. I found myself very [illegible] posed on what seemed to be an overstuffed bolster, laid lengthwise, between two mere strips of linen, which wound about me like bandages, upon a pillow of most disproportionate size, a sort of supplementary bed, indeed, and under a down coverlet, which wouldn't keep down in its place, but was constantly on the wing. Such a remarkable tendency had all the coverings to fall and fly off, so rounded and rolling was the couch itself, that I had a curious feeling that the whole affair revolved, and could never tell positively whether I was on the bed, or under. But the comparison, the cheerful brightness, and perfect cleanliness of a German inn after the [illegible] vastness, the darkness and filth of the ordinary Italian albergo, is more comforting and refreshing than I can tell. The people in attendance, though slower in wit and movement than Italian landlords and waiters, are more sure and satisfactory, and though they do not welcome the traveller with such a gracious show of hospitality, or take leave of him with such an affluent expression of good feeling, yet manifest as much cordiality as is reasonable and will pay, and at parting take their pipes out of their mouths long enough to address him a farewell sentence, which sounds somewhat too gruff and guttural to ears pampered by the delicious Tuscan, yet which, if he does not understand, he takes for granted is something very civil, and withal sincere.

To-day we have been posting from hamlet to hamlet, through some of the wildest and most beautiful vallies of the Tyrol.

During the morning, we suddenly plunged into the pass of the *Finstermunz*, the darkest, dreariest, most appalling gorge I ever beheld. I walked through it, some two miles, apart from my friends, that I might feel to the utmost the grandeur, the loneliness, the desolate horror of the scene. It did not seem like a natural pass, but a fearful chasm, where the rocks had been violently cleft asunder—a narrow gulf, black and profound, overhung by barren and icy mountains, and with an angry torrent roaring and raging hundreds of feet below the road, which wound along rocky ledges, close upon frightful precipices. The day was stormy, and the winds came shrieking and howling down the pass, like an invisible army of fiends, rattling down small slate stones upon us, and whirling us along in a tremendous cloud of dust. Yet whenever I reached a sheltered spot, where I could pause and look back, below, above, my very soul revelled in that stern, defiant desolation, in that black, embattled array of craggy steeps, in the hoarse roar of the torrent, even in the rush and surge of the winds, and the boding moan of the rising storm.

I cannot tell you with what a sense of exultation I bear away the experiences of the last two days. I have been with Nature in her most secret and solemn haunts. I have been with God upon the "everlasting hills," and the grand scenes there graved upon my soul, and the conceptions of the infinite it there boldly grasped, are its eternal possessions. I know that no wildest flood of sorrow, no utmost shock of misfortune can sweep away or destroy them now, and that they will help to lift me to that purer region where the passionate human heart is stilled, where the spirit lives, where the "mortal puts on immortality."

Yours ever,
GRACE GREENWOOD.

Miscellaneous.

A GENUINE FIGHT.

The Cincinnati Commercial, of the 19th, gives the particulars of a "free fight" which occurred at a respectable boarding-house in Covington:

A Southerner named Robbon, who has "plenty of money and nothing to do," was a boarder at the house, and among his failings he would occasionally drink too much good brandy, and on such occasions, was ripe for any kind of warlike operations. A few evenings since he arrived at his boarding-house in what is politely called a "state of inebriation." He had a servant, a small negro boy, with whom for some trivial cause, he became angry and attempted to chastise him, but with the assistance of the landlady, the boy got out of his way, and hid in the kitchen, under the table; Robbon pursued and commenced a search, and chancing to stumble over the stove, fancied it was his boy, knocked it over, and beat it furiously with a chair. Finding his mistake, he became infuriated, and returning to the landlady, struck her with his hand.

A young man named Taylor, who does business in Cincinnati, witnessed the blow and immediately attacked Robbon, but the latter was armed with a cane, and knocked him down. Taylor rallied and returned to the charge, and was again floored. The blows were by no means comfortable, and he drew a knife with the idea of suddenly putting a period to his antagonist's demonstrations. But a better idea struck him, and he did not use the knife, but held it in his left hand, while he fought with his right. Presently he brought Robbon down, and a long struggle ensued on the floor. Finally Robbon got up, and as the room was by this time filling with people, he ran out and to the first turn of the stairs, taking with him a solid and heavy chair. Planting himself on the stairs he swore that there was not men enough in Kentucky to take him. The crowd increased rapidly, and the excitement was at a high pitch. At length it was resolved that the rascal should be taken, dead or alive, and a number of brave men started up stairs to make him a prisoner. He stood on his defence like a Spartan, and as the storming party could come at him but two abreast, he knocked them down as fast as they came within reach, until near a dozen had fallen badly bruised, when the assault ceased.

Several times was this scene enacted. Robbon fought with the fury of a tiger, and so battered the men who rushed upon him that they became dismayed, and a temporary panic possessed them. But it would not do for one man to defy a hundred, and they renewed the attack with the utmost desperation. Stones were thrown in volleys at the desperado, who was fighting with a gallantry worthy of a better cause, yet all was in vain; he withstood the storm dauntlessly, beating back the crowd with a chair.

At last the lights were blown out, and two of the bravest of the throng, one a policeman and the other a true Kentucky "blood," ascended the perilous stairs, holding chairs over their heads. So tremendous were the blows that fell upon the policeman that he was knocked, chair and all, headlong down the stairs, but at the moment the "blood" grappled with Robbon, and a terrible fight ensued. For several minutes the crowd stood at the foot of the stairs, listening with awe to the blows given, and the groans and curses that responded in the struggle going on above.

The "blood" was victorious, however, for when the people recovered their senses and went to his assistance, they found him uppermost. Robbon was, in the heat of the moment, unmercifully beaten and then dragged to jail. His wife has punished him most severely by refusing to live with him, though she, like a true woman, waited on him while he was sick in jail. If he will go into business and quit drinking for one year, as an earnest of his intention to reform, she will live with him again, and on no other condition. He had better accede to her terms and become what a man should be. Any one who can make so valiant a defence against a multitude as he did, has something in him worth preserving. Fortunately and strangely, none of the persons who fell beneath his blows were dangerously injured.

☞ SCENE AT A DINNER-TABLE.—Lady of the house to waiter—"James, go to the kitchen, and get some of those fried oysters."

James goes out, and presently returns and whispers—"Missus, I couldn't get no more oysters; there ain't only just enough left for the kitchen."

SATURDAY
EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1853.

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TO OUR READERS.

Feeling the necessity of a little recreation, we have laid down the laboring oar for awhile, and design spending a few weeks in a Northern tour. Our place will be filled during our absence by a gentleman well known in the literary world, whose fresh and vigorous mind will, we trust, add fresh interest to our columns.

THE EDITOR.

RAILROAD ACCIDENTS—WHO IS TO BLAME?

A large outlay of popular and newspaper indignation follows every new catastrophe in which the travelling community are the sufferers, and numberless are the strictures, various the suggestions, which such an event calls forth—for a day or two. From the denunciatory resolutions of "a meeting of the passengers" to the breakfast-table animadversions of citizens at home, a round of abuse and reprehension is visited on the devoted "railroad companies" and their "reckless employees." But, *cui bono?* In what does public indignation end? How is travel thereby made more secure? Will there be no accidents in the future?

We incline to the opinion that, after all, railroad companies are not the positively delinquent parties; we conjecture that the skirts of our travelling public are not wholly clear of moral responsibility in the premises. Corporations, it is said, "have no souls," and it is therefore suggested that they sympathise very little with human souls or bodies; but it is a fact, likewise, that corporations have *pockets*, and that they bestow upon them at least as much attention as do individuals. Yet, according to the popular bruit, a "Railroad Company" is not only a "murderous Moloch," but a crazy monomaniac, scattering and ruining its own wealth, as well as the lives of its patrons. We are required to believe that these merciless corporations find a fiendish pleasure in destroying human existence—so much so, that the most stringent laws are requisite to restrain them—and that, moreover, they are willing to perpetrate this violence *at their own expense*, i. e. by blowing up their own steamboats, smashing their own cars, and laying themselves and property open to a thousand suits at law for heavy damages.

Now, with due deference to public opinion, we do not believe that railroad companies are such desperate gamesters as they are pictured, nor that their employees are so recklessly regardless of their own and other people's lives as they are said to be. We look deeper into the matter and behold the cause of nearly all our serious accidents in the culpable indifference of the travelling public to its own safety and welfare, in the wild demands which it continually makes upon railroads, steamboats, and every other mode of conveyance, for "speed, speed! more speed!" And the editors are not behind the community; for it is they who chronicle the "fast-lines," crow with delight over the "quickest Atlantic trip," boast of the "unprecedented time" made by this or that steamboat, and deprecate and condemn all "slow lines" which "delay the mails" and "disappoint the merchants."

We venture to say, that many passengers on the train from Philadelphia on the occasion of the late accident, were annoyed at the stoppages and slowness of that train, while, on the other hand, doubtless many in the New York train were congratulating themselves on "making time" a moment previous to the collision. We have seen passengers fret and fidget at every cautionary delay on a railroad, and heard them draw unfavorable comparisons regarding different lines, in which the adjective "fast," invariably qualified their favorite ones. These things are what in reality constitute public opinion, and not indignation nor passenger-meetings, subsequent to an accident. It is these continual demands and fault-findings on the part of travellers, which urge railroad and steamboat companies often into unwise and unwarrantable efforts to meet their requirements, by begetting dangerous competition on the score of speed.

So much for public responsibility; nevertheless, we are not disposed to relieve travel-contractors of their due share. They are bound to provide good and safe roads, faithful conductors, sober, competent engineers, and reliable brakemen, bridge-tenders, and signal-men. Whether or not they shall lay double tracks, is not a question for the public, because it mainly involves the convenience and interest of the companies, and because, moreover, it is yet a question whether a double-track is a safeguard against accidents. Certain it is, that by far the greater number of casualties heretofore chronicled have taken place upon double-track roads; and it is obvious, also, that double-tracks would be of little benefit, without strict rules to govern their use, and such strict rules, properly enforced, would render single ones quite as free from danger.

In considering, therefore, the amount of culpability to be charged upon a company on whose roads an accident transpires, we must be soberly governed by facts, as to the rules, restrictions and habits in force upon the line. In the case of the terrible Norwalk catastrophe, a positive regulation was proved, and an equal disregard thereof, removing from the company a large portion of the odium. Nevertheless, this sad accident proved that a more stringent rule, enjoining a *full stop** before reaching the bridge, was necessary for the future safety of travel. On the occasion of a late accident on the Baltimore Railroad, it was shown, in evidence, that the mistake of a bewildered bridge-tender was the direct cause of the train being precipitated into the river. Here no foresight in the company could have guarded against the fatality. And now, in the case of the collision of Tuesday, of last week, on the Camden and Amboy road, we find that a "difference of watches," an unthinking desire on the part of a conductor to "make time," are given as the occasion of the accident—together with the fact that, in the locality of the collision, the track makes a sudden and dangerous curve. It is the existence of this curve alone which involves a responsibility on the part of the Camden and Amboy Company, regarding the unfortunate affair, and we have taken the pains to inquire why such a drawback on safety is allowed to continue?

We have been informed that the [illegible] curve which proved so [illegible] payment upon such points as required [illegible]. In consequence of which, many more than were actually needed were said to have been allowed by the contractors. Whether this be correct or not, it is certain that no more crooked road existed than was the Camden and Amboy some years back; but of late it has been straightened and improved, many portions, especially in the neighborhood of Jamesburg and Hightstown, being relieved of their tedious windings at great expense. This straightening process, we learn, has extended as far as possible, the [illegible] ing that no land should be appropriated without the consent and disposal of the owner thereof; and this clause, it is said, has subjected the company to exorbitant charges by landholders. In the case of the curve whereon the accident of last week took place, we are informed, that several offers have been made for contiguous land possessed by a resident, but that the owner's high price, several times the worth of the property, has compelled the construction and maintenance of the fatal track. That it would have been cheaper for the company to have purchased this land at the utmost sacrifice, and thus prevented the losses which this catastrophe must entail, is evident; but that railroad companies, any more than individuals, can be expected to submit to great extortions, is a question yet debateable.

In these remarks we are guided by our own ideas of justice and responsibility, and desire to screen no man nor set of men from deserved censure. Laws are necessary for the regulation of corporations and the prevention or punishment of criminal carelessness. We would be content to see the ancient law of Deodand revived and applied to the case of accidents, if that could prevent or remedy such things. And we would make it imperative upon all companies contracting to convey travellers, that they provide and maintain every requisite aid to the [illegible] of their freight in life or limb—even if such security involve the necessity of reduced rates of speed. But indiscriminate attacks on corporations, and violent meetings and editorials, cannot prevent purely adventitious occurrences; and the hanging of a conductor or engineer for carelessness which risked his own life, will not prevent some other conductor from neglecting his caution. The only security against railway and steamboat accidents, is the enactment of sensible laws regarding travel, the exercise of care by companies in the selection of employees, and the instruction and governance of such by the most positive regulations. With these provisions for security in travel, we must leave the result to a providence higher than human foresight. A.

THE TURKO-RUSSIAN QUESTION.

From the last foreign advices, it will be seen that the aspect of this affair remains as before, except, indeed, that so much it has progressed as to place what purports to be the ultimatum of Turkey before the decision of the Czar. Should the Russian Monarch decline to accept the proposition, whatever it may involve, of France and England, he must either accompany his rejection with a new proposition, or, it is understood, he must proceed in his aggressive measures. Already in occupancy of Servia, the bulk of whose inhabitants are Slavonian, professing the Greek faith, he will have nothing to do but advance to the borders of that country, in order to precipitate a war, and as many conjecture, a general rising. Much talk has been heard, of late years, concerning the jealousy of the Slavonian races regarding their national affinities, and it has been asserted that the various Sclavic people, inside what is termed the "Military Frontier" of Austria, have always been desirous of erecting their separate nationalities into a grand confederacy, called the Pan-Slavic Republic. As far back as the days of Maria Theresa, an effort was made, commencing in Bohemia, to detach all the Slavonian races from the Germans proper, and construct of them a separate empire; and at various periods since, the poets and theorists of Bohemia, Transylvania, Moravia, Gallicia, and in some instances of Hungary and Croatia, have sung and prophesied the future glories of Pan-Slavism. For a year or two preceding the general out-break of 1848, various risings occurred among the different Slavonic nations, before a single demonstration was made by the Magyars of Hungary. Indeed, the Croat chieftain, Ban Jellachich, was accused of instigating the first revolt against "legitimate" power, inasmuch as the Croatian people, in many parts of the country, rose furiously and massacred the German population resident among them; and moreover threatened to march forward, overrun Hungary, and even attack Vienna and the Austrian centralism. It was against this Ban Jellachich and his Croats that the first Magyar victories were gained, while he, the Ban, was yet a rebel, and the Magyars fought, as they supposed, on the side of Austria.

Now, it is known that the Slavonic races comprise the greater portion of the so-called German nation—Austria proper being a small central kingdom, or, as it was called a hundred years ago, a Grand Duchy. But having so many and various nations to rule, Austria has adopted a complete system of centralization. Thus in Vienna, we find bureaus or departments for each race or nation governed by the Emperor. We find the *Bohemian* Minister in his palace at Vienna, attending exclusively to the affairs of Bohemia; and through him the Bohemian home government is directed. We find in the *Italian* quarter, the palace of the Italian Minister; in the *Croat* quarter, the Croat Minister; in the *Hungarian* quarter, the Hungarian Minister; and so on, for every nation, Moravians, Bulgarians, Transylvanians, Zends, Polanders, and every other tribe of Sclaves, its appropriate minister can be found in Vienna, and he is responsible to the Emperor for the administration of such affairs as come under the head of his national wants.

This is one aspect of Austria's centralism—but it suggests all the rest of the vast machinery. Through these ministers she governs her immense possessions, as much as possible according to the spirit of each nation. Thus she allows Croatia a Diet—and in past times she has permitted Hungary to elect a separate King, independent of Austria, except in the payment of a certain revenue, and furnishing assistance in war. To Bohemia she gives certain privileges denied to Wallachia, and so on, according as she finds the spirit of a particular nation resisting or obeying her constant approaches toward absolutism.

Beyond the borders of Hungary and Croatia, and stretching to Servia, and other districts hitherto generally in possession of the Turks, Austria has established what is termed, her "Military Frontier." This district is settled principally by German soldiers, their wives and families. All German children born on this frontier serve in the army, and German emigration from Saxony, Austria proper, etc., is liberally encouraged. Thus, by establishing this "Military Frontier," ostensibly as a defence against Turkey, the central government has managed to surround the Slavonic nations with a cordon of professional soldiers, who are moreover attached to the soil, because of being born and bred upon it. This is another feature of that tremendous system which enables the House of Hapsburg to keep in check such a multitudinous array of subjects opposed to Austria in manners, language, and religion.

We say religion, because the Greek faith is almost universally prevalent among the Slavonic tribes. At least twenty millions of Greek church believers are comprised in Austria's subjects; and every one of these recognizes in the Emperor of *Russia* the head of his church. The Austrian's proper are Roman Catholics—five millions, or less of Magyars are Lutherans, but the great bulk of the empire is Greek in faith.

Now, supposing Russia, occupying Servia, whose inhabitants are of the Greek Church, should attack and seek to conquer the Turkish dominions—several interesting questions arise.

First, will the Servian Greeks exchange the rule of the Porte for that of the Czar, or will they endeavor to conquer their own nationality?

Second, would the war afford an opportunity for the long-talked of "Union" of the Slavonic races, against the German dominion?

Third, would the Slavonic nationality, or would the Slavonic religious faith, be the principal bond of union?

These queries suggest many events which the future may "open up." Want of space at present obliges us to discontinue the discussion, inasmuch as we designed merely to direct the reader's attention to the general prospect of affairs which may arise from this Turkish question. Certain it is, however, that a war upon the Turko-Russian frontier, involving, very likely the aid of Austria, will present opportunities of revolt among the southern tribes such as they have not before beheld; and will very probably settle the question as to the continuance of the Slavonic nations under Austrian domination. A.

FROM HEAVEN.

On Monday last we enjoyed a cool North-East storm, as powerful as opportune.

"Fierce and fast
Came down the ponderous rain—a sheeted flood,
That paused not before the baffled winds,
But with an arrowy and unwavering rush,
Dashed, hissing, earthward."

THE LOVER OF NATURE.

With the mercury at 90 degrees in the shade, long vistas of red-hot brick buildings stretching from our window, the rattle-bang of steam-presses [illegible] our every word, how shall we indite a paragraph, save only of the dull heat?

Blessed be memory [illegible] cool streams, and picturing [illegible] the dim past and uncertain future; of cloistered nooks in the green cathedrals of nature, of shadowed vales and grand old [illegible], garlanded with trembling leaves, and [illegible] and lordly [illegible] and old, garnished with blossoms, [illegible] waves with each soft [illegible]. "God made the country, and man made the town," and thus it is that the [illegible] portion of divinity which tarryeth in the souls of all men prompts them evermore, in their aspirations and affections, to return to the holy bosom of nature, and to the nourishing manna of fresh earth and air. Even fashion, tyrant generally, must own the sway of nature, and [illegible] sovereignty to the sea-shore or rural retreat, where (in despite of routs and flirtations) [illegible] their prerogative.

But to the true lover of Beauty, whether he be a student of books in the close city, or peradventure a brain-worn editor, escaping in the dog-days from his tread-mill, who goes forth with gushing heart into the presence of Nature, to him the [illegible] treasures of enjoyment, recognizing in him a lost one returning to the arms of his mother. From the first balmy kiss of enticing breeze that presses his brow, as he leaves the city's gate, to the loving embraces, and [illegible], and musical voices that greet him on every hill-side and in every vale, throughout his journey, he is welcomed and cherished as one in whose heart slumbers the undying love of the beautiful in God's created things. He finds temples of quiet worship wherever he tarries—he knows that heaven bends lovingly over him, and that earth gratefully supports him, because he also loves; and so to him the country, like Prospero's enchanted isle, is—

——— "full of noises,
Sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not,"

and he inhales with every delicious breath, and drinks with every lingering glance, the aroma of true and spiritual worship. He climbs the great mountain, and acknowledges the almighty nearness of its Maker—he descends into the vale, and beholdeth the pervading Presence there. A

THE TERRIBLE HEAT.

In New York, last week, the mortality from effects of the heat, was most powerful. Two hundred and twenty deaths were reported in the New York Tribune, which speaks of the time as "a week of fire," and says: "The frightful heat of the last week seems to have culminated on Saturday in a degree of heat more fatal than any ever before known, at least so far as the mortality thereby occasioned shows. The number is entirely unparalleled, so far as we know, in the history of the world. It is perfectly horrible, and betrays not only unequalled heat, but, in many cases, most unheard of carelessness on the part of the victims."

In Philadelphia, on Saturday last, there were five deaths. Many more were reported during the previous warm days. General John Bennett, who served through the Mexican war, died from the effects of the heat experienced while engaged in a very warm apartment of the Mint.

THE MAGNOLIA.

A Mississippi correspondent writes us enthusiastically concerning the appearance of this superb flower at the present season. He says: "The trees are now in bloom, and have been so since the last of May—and their bloom is magnificently beautiful. The large white flowers upon the dark green foliage appear at a great distance like huge silver goblets suspended among the branches. They are the cups in which the gods and goddesses of this fairy-land are wont to distil their choicest and richest perfumes."

Foreign Letter.

SKETCHES OF TRAVEL.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The "Sights" of Hamburg—Das Rauhe Haus—near Hamburg—A Most Excellent and Successful Benevolent Institution.

The industrious traveller may soon see all there is in Hamburg worth seeing. A day or two spent in its streets, and an evening or two in its pavilions and gardens, give the stranger and idea of all that is peculiar to this city. Commercially, it has more interest for the European than to the American. One who has been hurried about amid the bustle of New York, will hardly care to examine attentively the business of Hamburg. Every city, in the opinion of its residents, has some point of attraction which no traveller must overlook. In Hamburg, this is the view from the spire of St. Michael's Church. The spire is one of the highest in Europe (456 feet,) but except the steep roofed houses below, and the Tom-Thumb like beings that are bustling through the market-place, there is very little to repay one for the toil of winding his way up. You see a dull plain stretching all round you, with nothing to relieve its dullness but the snaky and muddy Elbe.

When I think of my stay in Hamburg, the impression which the grand and busy city makes upon my mind is faint, compared with that which the quiet and humble domain of the "Rauhe Haus" leaves. "Das Rauhe Haus" is a name given to an establishment, for the reformation of juvenile vagrants of both sexes, which lies about three miles from the city of Hamburg. The name, which signifies "The rough house," is neither expressive of the external appearance, nor the internal management of the institution; nor, as might be supposed, does it owe its origin to the character of the children whom it is designed to reform, but simply to the fact that the low, straggling straw-thatched house in which it was commenced, has been known time out of mind, among the Hamburgers, as "das Rauhe Haus."

It was in the Fall of 1833, that Dr. Wichern, then a young man, moved by that love of God that shows itself in love to man, conceived the project of rescuing some of the wretched children of Hamburg from the jaws of spiritual and physical famine. In his benevolent design he was aided by a philanthropic citizen, Mr. Lieveking, who offered him the "Rauhe Haus," and the little lot which surrounded it, as a foundation for his enterprise. The kindness of this good man was not spasmodic, but Wichern and his little colony had constant occasions to thank him for his benevolence, until the day of his death, before which he had seen the little seed which had been planted around the rough old house, expand into a broad, spreading tree, under which multitudes could sit down with none to make them afraid.

To this humble refuge the good Wichern took a handful of the young "savages of civilized life," whom he found in the dens of Hamburg. To them, accustomed to the street as the home, and the damp floors of cellars as their beds, the Rauhe Haus, humble as it was, must have seemed elegant; and the grassy lawn, and the grand, old chesnut, stretching abroad its protecting branches, must have been new pictures to minds used to contemplating crumbling houses and filthy streets. They found a greater wonder in their new found friend. He relied upon no locks and bolts to confine them; around his little farm he raised no thick-set hedges; the road to Hamburg and their old haunts was open and familiar, but they felt no wish to wander back. The magic of a love to which they had always been strangers, compelled them to stay. But Wichern was not alone in his holy enterprise. When was a good work ever begun without a woman's hand taking part in it? His mother went with him to be a mother to the children he had adopted. The old house wanted many a change before it would be suitable for the little family who had thus taken possession of it. The ground around refused to nourish them till they had watered it with their sweat, and at once father and children went to work, the latter to feel perhaps for the first time the reward of honest labor for a good object.

The following spring new members came into the family, and a new house must be built for them, and this, with the necessary field work, gave ample occupation for all. Year after year has it gone on in this way, and now, from the little nucleus, which is still looked upon with veneration and affection, the settlement has grown into a scattered village of twenty houses, and working fifty acres of land.

One of the most pleasing peculiarities of this institution, is the thorough family character which prevails everywhere. The hundred or more children here under instruction, are divided into seven families, each as distinct as you will find families in the world at large. With so many in one house, and the necessary attendants in addition, it would be impossible to preserve the feeling of home as it is felt here. Originally the institution was to allow no more than twelve in a family, but the necessity of taking more children, and the want of funds to build new houses, has caused some deviation from this intention. Each of the boy families is under the management of a young man who has entered the establishment, because he feels it his duty to work in the good work of reform. He stands to children in the relation of an "older brother." In the families of girls, of which there are but two, a [illegible] The [illegible] The "Bee-Hive," "The [illegible]," &c., "The Swallow's Nest," &c. These, with the church, the printing office, the workshop, and other buildings connected with the [illegible] of the concern, are placed [illegible] and the [illegible] agreeable a panorama as can one see in this part of Germany.

Every thing that can add a healthy interest to the life of the [illegible] to win his love for his home and his protectors. Abundant facilities are offered upon the farm, in the carpenter and blacksmith shops, upon the tailor's or shoemaker's board, in the basket shop, at the printer's stand, and in the lithographic establishment, for them to indulge their various tastes. At some seasons of the year, all the available force must be upon the farm, for it is cultivated mostly with the spade. The girls are busily engaged within doors, and, contrary to the custom which prevails generally in Germany, having nothing to do with the work that belongs to the boys. The case is indeed reversed, for the boys are obliged to perform much household work, that in an ordinary household, falls to the share of the girls. The hours of work are agreeably relieved by their daily studies. About four hours are daily devoted to the school, of which at least two hours are spent in teaching, of what is here technically called "Religion," and two hours to what are, by us, called the elementary branches of knowledge; a division of time that does not seem to me very judicious. Fortunately, however, the teaching of "Religion" is not simply dogmatical and theoretical, but is, as all experimental science should be, accompanied by practical illustrations. Abundant time is allowed for play, and it is an interesting sight to see the happy children scattered over the grounds, some at ball, some with hoops or tops, many exercising as "Turners," and not a few so interested in their little private gardens, that they have no time for the sociable play.

Such is the ordinary daily routine, but very frequently in the course of the year, the little settlement is enlivened by the celebration of some festival, either such as the Reformed Church enjoins, or to which the history of the institution itself has given rise. One of the great secular festivals is the anniversary of the "Rauhe Haus." Then the venerable cottage is hung with wreaths, and in the evening blazes with light. The narrow compass of the house contains but a small part of the lively inhabitants of the establishment, but they stand in crowds outside, and from within and without their voices unite in songs of joy and thanksgiving. Christmas here, as in Germany generally, is the great day of the year. For weeks before, each child has been busy, in his otherwise leisure hours, in preparing presents for his companions, and for the poor of the neighborhood, who are invited to the house on Christmas Eve. But not only do the poor come to receive, but the rich come to give, and the children enjoy both the blessedness of giving and receiving. One who has seen the happy faces of a little family of German children, when they see the Christmas tree unveiled, can judge of the excitement in the long hall of "Das Rauhe Haus," when this annual festival is celebrated.

Though the "Rauhe Haus" was established for the purpose of saving outcasts among children, it has now a second aim, the preparation of missionaries, who go out into other neighborhoods, spreading the good word and work they have learned here. Drawn here at first by the love of humanity, they have that love strengthened, disciplined and directed by the wise and beneficent man at the head of this institution. By absence of Dr. Wichern, I was deprived of the pleasure of seeing him, but I thought I could discover his spirit in the young men who act as his assistants. While such good workers in the wide field of Philanthropy are being raised up, one has cause to rejoice, and not despair. Already in various parts of Germany many establishments upon the plan of this have been founded, and not a few are in the hands of gentlemen who have been educated under the care and example of Dr. Wichern. C. G.

New Publications.

NARRATIVE OF A JOURNEY ROUND THE WORLD: COMPRISING A WINTER PASSAGE ACROSS THE ANDES TO CHILI; WITH A VISIT TO THE GOLD REGIONS OF CALIFORNIA AND AUSTRALIA, THE SOUTH SEA ISLANDS, JAVA &c. By F. GERSTAECKER. New York: Harper & Brothers. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

This is a very readable book. The author exhibits a power of description, and habits of observation, which invest his subjects with much interest. He seasons his facts with spicy deductions and graphic illustrations of national physiognomies. Here is his opinion on our noted "Japan Expedition," now in experiment under Commodore Perry:

"By love and kindness neither America nor any other nation can expect to get anything out of the Japanese. I have not the least doubt that the Emperor will refuse to receive the Ambassadors, or, if he does grant them an interview, he will dismiss them again without even promises; and yet the Emperor of Japan is not so ignorant of affairs as people commonly suspect. He has all kinds and the best of them—of geographical and historical works translated into his language, and interpreters for nearly every country; and he is wide awake by this time as to what others are about, and what he is to expect. It is not likely that he should be ignorant of the power of his antagonist; still I do not think that he will be persuaded to anything; and then the question arises if other nations will take what they cannot get with free will: will it not be necessary to frame a new order of laws, stating the certain sum or amount of property where stealing ends and justifiable possession commences?

"It will not be such an easy war with the Japanese, though. The richest bees defend their hives the most fiercely, and the Japanese are far better soldiers than the Chinese; their coasts being guarded by cliffs and rocks, while the unsteady weather and sudden gales of those latitudes are also in their favor against an approaching or cruising enemy. The smaller islands may be taken, I have no doubt—at least cut off from connexion with the larger ones; but hostile nations will find the Japanese far better prepared for an attack than they now suspect. Another difficulty with the Japanese will be the impossibility of half measures. If the Americans do force an entrance at some point—and it is as likely as not that they may do so—and do not take the whole island, they will be walled in, in a very short time, and permitted to see little enough of their neighbors. Still the islands are too small to resist for any length of time renewed attacks; and his Majesty will have to yield first his country and then his crown, about as willingly as the California Indians, or Sikhs, or Australian blacks, or, in fact, all other nations that have seen their countries overrun by strangers and enemies."

A MEMORIAL OF HORATIO GREENOUGH consisting of a memoir selections from his writings and tributes to his genius. By HENRY T. TUCKERMAN. New York: G. P. Putnam.

We give the title-page of the book, as it is printed, without punctuation, an affectation which argues little for the merit of the memoir. Nevertheless, the latter is written by a gentleman who enjoyed the acquaintanceship of the sculptor, and sympathized with the varied fortunes of his life. Several essays by Greenough are given, exhibiting the character and scope of his talents, both as artist and author. These selections will be welcomed by all the admirers of the lamented subject of the "Memorial."

PHYSICAL GEOGRAPHY. By MARY SOMERVILLE. A new American, from the third and revised London Edition. With Notes and a Glossary. By W. S. W. RUSCHENBERGER, M. D., U. S. N. Philadelphia: Blanchard & Lea.

This, as a comparative view of the physical features of the earth, is a book of much value. It gathers from the most reliable sources a map of useful knowledge, concerning the philosophy and phenomena of cosmography, and presents it to the reader in a condensed and simplified shape, that cannot fail to be attractive. Altogether, it is a much-needed text book, both for schools and general students.

THE PEDESTRIAN IN FRANCE AND SWITZERLAND. By GEORGE BARRELL, JR. New York: G. P. Putnam.

Another book of continental travel, by one who writes pleasingly, and has observed much. The author travelled, like Bayard Taylor, with knapsack and staff, and mingled everywhere with the common people. He relates what he saw and heard, without the effort to be flippant, witty, or wise; indulges in no common-place reflections, and eschews second-hand quotations from Guide-Books. So, happily, he manages to make a readable book, with here and there a piquant chapter.

YOUTH'S MANUAL OF GEOGRAPHY, COMBINED WITH HISTORY AND ASTRONOMY. Designed for the use of junior and intermediate classes, in public and private schools. By JAMES MONTEITH. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

A very good first book, with short, suggestive lessons, and illustrated with interesting pictures and maps. We like the plan of this Manual, because it is simple and progressive.

THE MEDICAL EXAMINER AND RECORD OF MEDICAL SCIENCE. Edited by FRANCIS GURNEY SMITH and JOHN B. BIDDLE, M. D. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

The number for August contains several valuable communications and able editorials.

THE HEAVENLY HOME; OR, THE EMPLOYMENTS AND ENJOYMENTS OF THE SAINTS IN HEAVEN. By Rev. H. HARBAUGH, A. M. Second Edition. Philadelphia: Lindsay & Blakiston.

The topic of this book is a very interesting one, attractive to the sympathies of all human hearts, and the author, handling his subject in a [illegible] manner, [illegible] the [illegible] after death. [illegible]

[illegible] power which [illegible] hold over the [illegible]! Like myriads of angels in the [illegible] this dark world. Think that the one half of our race die in infancy, and that, consequently, on an average, one half of every family are [illegible] in Heaven as infants! Their love draws down, while the love of myriads of hearts rises up to their high thrones. The holy influence of their love touches, not single hearts, but the hearts of parents, grand-parents, brothers, sisters, and other favorite friends, of which little children always have many! Think, too, that their memories speak [illegible] point those left behind only to Heaven, and they point direct to Heaven. All know and believe that there is their home.

THE TEACHER AND THE PARENT: A Treatise upon Common School Education; Containing Practical Suggestions to Teachers and Parents. By CHARLES NORTHEND, A. M. Third Edition. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co.

The Messrs. Barnes have heretofore issued many excellent educational works, and by the present they will not lose their well-earned reputation for discrimination and taste. This treatise is concise and entertaining, portraying the duties and responsibilities of teachers and parents, in the matter of the education of youth—a subject ever fraught with interest.

SHAKSPEARE. (with the Text restored,) AND A HISTORY OF THE STAGE.

Part I. of this serial is issued, price 25 cents, by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.

Miscellaneous.

A DOG STORY.

The following incident is said to have occurred many years ago, in the State of Virginia, West of the Blue Ridge, and bears a close comparison with the deeds of that wily and ferocious animal, the wolf:

A storekeeper, in a village in that part of the country, possessed a remarkably intelligent dog, of the mixed Poodle and Newfoundland stock. He was a service to his master in guarding his property, and had been taught to do many useful things, which had become the talk of the country side. He would convey parcels home to a customer, carry his master's boots to the shoemaker, search diligently for anything which had been lost in the fields or the roadside, patiently watch an article to which his attention had been directed, and really seemed to comprehend any command which was given him.

Having been well cared for, in spite of the cross, he had attained an extraordinary size, and was possessed of great activity for so heavy an animal. His coat was coarse and heavy; and, in allusion to his tawny color and something of magnanimity in his looks, he was called Lion. Of a mild, peaceful disposition, though brave as his royal namesake, he was a favorite with all visitors to the store, and only an object of terror and dislike to thieves and marauders. His master had refused large offers for him; and at the period to which we particularly refer, he was in the very prime of his days.

About five miles North-West of the village, and three from the main road, was a tract of hilly land, known in the township as the Hampton Farm—a large portion of which was devoted to the rearing of sheep.

The Hampton Farm had, at different periods, suffered, as was supposed, from depredations of wolves, which, though becoming scarce in the forests of the vicinity, were occasionally to be met with.

For more than a year not an individual had been shot in the township; nevertheless, sheep were still worried from time to time, and suspicion at last fell upon the dogs of the neighborhood. But the strictest scrutiny failed to detect a single plague-spot; and, accordingly, the whole corporation of curs was pronounced to be sound.

The charge then reverted to the wolves; but, though traps were set on the hills, and a watch continually kept, no signs of a wolf could be perceived.

A few nights after vigilance had been relaxed, a sheepcot was broken into, and a number of the flock either slain outright, or so mangled as to render it necessary to put the knife to their throats.

The grazier and his men were greatly enraged at this, and a price of twenty dollars—a large sum for the neighborhood—was forthwith set upon the depredator's head.

From the circumstance of there being *no snow* upon the ground at the time, it was, of course, impossible to track him; but a close inspection of the premises established the fact, that the animal was alone and of unusual size. From this the conclusion was arrived at that it was a wolf, which had its den at a distance, most probably in the mountains, at the foot of which the farm was located.

Several good hunters turned out with their dogs, but utterly failed to strike the trail, although the search was continued for several days. At last, however, it so chanced that as one of those men was crossing a piece of land between the sheep-hills and main road, an hour or two before dawn, he saw, by the waning light of the moon, an animal, which he immediately conjectured to be a wolf, rising an elevation on his left at a long, loping pace, making, it appeared, for a run, about two hundred yards distant.

The man stopped and cocked his rifle, but having no dog with him—his own having been worn out by the previous day's run—prudently forebore to fire so long as there existed a doubt of his being able to sight a mortal part. The creature passed him at full speed, directing its course for the run, whither the hunter cautiously followed. He soon perceived that it had broken the ice, and halted in the water, and under cover of inequalities in the ground, he was able to steal unperceived within good covering distance. Taking deliberate aim he pulled the trigger, and the brute leaping up with a loud yell, dropped dead on the bank. The hunter carefully reloaded his rifle, loosened his knife in its sheath, and with his finger at the guard of his piece, slowly advanced to the post; when lo! instead of a grey wolf, to his utter amazement he immediately recognized, even by the imperfect light, the lifeless but still quivering carcase of the storekeeper's favorite dog.

After his astonishment had a little subsided he took off the scalp, and leaving the body where it fell, made the best of his way to the grazier's house.

The body of the recreant, suspended by the neck in a wagon, was driven in triumph down to the village, and subsequent inquiries left not a lingering doubt that Lion, with all his remarkable qualities, was, after all, but a wolf in dog's habiliments.

It was remembered that at certain periods he had refused his food, and appeared sleepy and cross; and, upon comparing dates, the parties concerned discovered that these were the very days after the havoc had been committed.

He was actually engaged in washing the blood of six sheep from his body when the hunter shot him; and, upon being satisfied of this, the whole village, with the bereaved storekeeper at their head, while they could not help deploring the end of so fine an animal, sang *Te Deum* over the fall of so accomplished a villain.

The honest hunter received his reward, and was ever afterwards known by the soubriquet of "Sampson," inasmuch as it was he who slew the Lion.—*Krider's Sporting Anecdotes.*

A SINGULAR CASE.—The *Boston Traveller* mentions a rather singular case of incapacity, which has lately been brought to the attention of the Grammar School Committee. By a law of the Public Schools, all the pupils are required to engage in each and every study of the school. In one of our Grammar Schools is a young Miss, belonging to a most respectable family, and in every respect a bright, intelligent, and most active and energetic girl, who is wholly unable to learn arithmetic. Her present master has for three years been constant in his endeavors to instruct her in the science of figures, but all to no purpose, and she now is unable, without hesitancy, to add seven and four together, while multiplication and division are entirely beyond her power. She seems to be wholly devoid of mathematical powers, having not even any talent to be cultivated. In view of these facts, the School Committee has decided to permit this pupil to refrain from studying this branch, she being allowed to be promoted after having been kept down for months on account of her arithmetical knowledge.

We have a case in mind, adds the *Traveller*, where a family of four boys attended one of our Grammar Schools, and all were unable to learn to spell. The greatest pains were taken with them, and no trouble spared to instruct them in the art, and yet, after a course of study of six years' duration, one of the boys could not even spell his name correctly. And yet in every other branch the boys were most excellent scholars, and would have received medals but for their spelling.

Original Sketch.

TOBACCO MIGHTIER THAN LOVE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

BY [illegible]

The ruddy blaze in the open grate cheered the heart of Frank Storrs as he returned from his evening's labor. Letta had retired, for it was late.

"[illegible] that comfortable box in the corner on purpose for my slippers," thought he. "They are always there, just three feet from my easy chair. What has she under that snowy napkin? Ah, a light biscuit and a glass of milk. She knew that my severe labor in the court-room would exhaust me. How marvellously my digestion has improved since I had a wife to correct my diet, and to prepare the delicate, plain dishes that suit me so well. And then such sweet bread and butter as Letta makes. By George! the boarding at a hotel, and living on chops and grease, liked to have made a [illegible] of me.

"This," thought he, planting his feet on the fender, and rubbing his hands, "is a little pleasanter than going to bachelor quarters, and pulling at an old bell-rope half an hour to rouse a sleepy servant, who wishes that you and the water and the coal and everything else you call for were in the moon. Nobody to anticipate your wants there, and when the aching head and the trembling limbs forbid your appearance at table, the tea and the toast come to your room with a [illegible]. What a fool I was to live a bachelor so long.

"I wish Letta had left me another biscuit. I am as hungry as a bear still. But then she knew—bless her sensible little head!—that I ought not to have any more; just enough before retiring to allay the [illegible]. Ah, Letta knows it all. I wonder if she didn't secretly study the Doctor-trade some time in her life! When I got sick last month, didn't her nursing act like a charm? How skillfully she applied the fomentations, and bandages, and draughts, all by her own advice, and how much more good they did me than all the pills and potions that I ever took.

"I wonder if Letta is as happy in me as I am in her? I must watch my pretty bird, and see that her pinions never droop. I must study her comfort and her happiness as she does mine, and as my means increase she shall indulge her fine taste. Should any rude breath of Heaven ever sweep around us, I will fold her to my bosom, that she may not feel it. She is a perfect gem; her *slightest* wish shall become to me a *law*."

The next evening Frank returned at an earlier hour. He threw himself upon the sofa and drew Letta into his arms.

"Do you know, dearest," said she, "that you have a habit that is very disagreeable to me, and one that I want you to abandon? It is a habit that is highly injurious to the mind and perfectly ruinous to the body—a habit from which much of your bad health originates."

"Why, no!" said Frank, opening his eyes in astonishment, "what is it? pray tell!"

"Your hair, your clothing, your whole person is now fumigated with an odious weed, and it is sometimes so offensive, that had I not feared that my conduct would be misunderstood, I should have left your presence."

Frank hung his head and bit his lip. The good resolutions of the evening before flashed over him like lightning. "Her *slightest* wish shall become to me a *law*." Ah, Mr. Frank, you had no idea that your real desire to serve and to please Letta would be tested so soon. You never expected to be called upon to perform your promise. You never thought the strength of your principles would be tried.

"If she had asked aught else," thought Frank, "I could have done it. Why, I would do anything to please her. I would go around the world on my hands and knees."

Mighty easy to promise, again, when you know full well that such a pilgrimage will never be required. But here is something you can do, and Letta is very anxious that you *shall do it*.

And do you think he did it, reader? Not he. He pinched her cheeks and kissed her six times, notwithstanding a richly-colored stream was rushing from either corner of his mouth. Then he pulled her up on the floor, and declared she should dance the polka, which she abhorred, as a penance for presuming to speak to him about his tobacco.

So much for the promises and good intentions of men. They are not to be trusted. They *will* indulge their own selfish desires and whims, and they have no sort of idea of making a sacrifice, or abandoning any wrong habit, to please either wife or sweetheart. So, girls, don't indulge any false hopes. Marry whom you choose, but remember that your husband always *will* do just as he pleases. If he chooses to smoke and chew, and convert your dwelling into one vast spitoon, he'll do it. Your nicely scrubbed floor will be deluged with the filthy contents of his mouth, your carpet will be stained, the shovel and tongs all bespattered, the stove will receive its full share, and send forth a stench more intolerable than that of the Stygian Lake.

And you need not fret or scold. 'Twill be as fruitless as to "bay the moon." You need not attempt to ridicule or laugh him out of it. You could as soon laugh a mountain into a mole-hill. Your dainty stomach needn't grow sick, for you've got to get used to it. You needn't trouble yourself about your delicate, embroidered slippers, or gather up the folds of your white muslin, as you pass around the pot at his side, for they are fated—they can't escape the plague-spot. When you watch the poor besotted and enslaved being sitting before you, his jaws eternally grinding, looking about as dignified as other ruminating animals, you need not indulge the slightest feeling of contempt, for it will only increase your own unhappiness. If you take the man, you must take the tobacco, too. He wouldn't give up the weed for half-a-dozen such girls as you are. You may seek to render that dear little sitting room that is already hallowed by blissful associations, neat and tasteful, the air fresh and pure; you may fill your vases with flowers which shall diffuse their fragrance; but the moment your walking smoke-house enters, a poisonous effluvia will pervade the apartment which will render retreat desirable.

Your husband may call you an angel, the soother of his woes, the consoler in his sorrows; he may liken you to a beautiful bird, to a graceful vine, and to a thousand other beautiful and graceful things, that make very pretty material for poetical flourishes, and then in the sober, sad reality of the prose of every-day life, you will have to clean up the apartment he has defiled with his vile and nauseating habit. Even the words of love that he breathes into your ear, will have more of the odor of tobacco than the odor of affection.

Now, don't get out of humor. 'Twill be of no use. What can't be cured must be endured. You may think yourself well off if you get as good a husband as Letta had, for he fully appreciated her. He delighted in the perfect order that reigned throughout the house. The clear glass and the bright silver he never failed to notice. The farina so nicely prepared, the tomatoes seasoned so exactly to his taste, the cocoa, which was such a delicious beverage when made by her, were always accepted with gratitude. Then he understood the wants of her inner nature. Her truthfulness, fidelity and love, were met and answered by corresponding virtues in his own heart. When she glided noiselessly around his sick room, and ministered to his needs, when she showed herself ready for any sacrifice to promote his enjoyment, man as he was, his lip trembled, and his eyes filled, for he was touched with her tenderness and devotion. But to give up tobacco, or any other bad habit, was what Letta never got him to do. You need not expect your husband to be any better than Frank Storrs; for he was a paragon. Tobacco is paramount in nearly every man's affections, and if you ever reign there at all, it will be secondarily. Remember that.

"Frank," said Letta, "what would you say if I had some bad habit which impaired my health, benumbed my senses, made my home untidy and unattractive, by its disgusting indulgence, which made my person so repulsive that you could not approach me without nausea, and yet, notwithstanding all your remonstrances, I still persisted in this habit? What would you say?"

"I should say that you were a barbarian, a heathen, and I would apply for a divorce without delay."

"And that is what every man would do. Forbearance is a virtue that belongs not to their sex."

Then Frank clapped his hands and laughed outright at his ludicrous admission, and thus the impression Letta would have made, all passed off by evaporation, just like all other arguments brought to bear upon that subject.

☞ It is related of Lord Norbury that while passing sentence of death upon a man for stealing a watch, he said to the culprit: "My dear fellow, you made a grasp at time, but caught eternity."

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* Yet we are told this "full stop" now occasions much dissatisfaction on the part of impatient passengers.

SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1853.

General News.

FOREIGN NEWS.

EUROPE.—By the arrival of the Africa, we have later advices from Europe:

RUSSO-TURKISH AFFAIRS.—The Sultan has signed the agreement dictated by France, England and Austria, and would send an Ambassador to St. Petersburg. Beyond this, nothing further in regard to the settlement of the present difficulties has transpired. The Porte's protest against the occupation of the principalities by the Czar, is temporarily written. The various Powers appear to regard peace as secured, and the funds continue firm.

ANOTHER HUNGARIAN RESCUED FROM AUSTRIA.—Accounts from Smyrna give an interesting statement of the rescue of another Hungarian from the Austrian authorities. The Hungarian in question (his name is not given,) escaped from Beyrout, and at Smyrna went on board the Lloyds Austrian steamer, where he was recognized and arrested by the captain as an Austrian subject. He jumped overboard from the steamer, and getting on shore, applied to the American Consul for protection, who immediately demanded the release of the fugitive, and forced the captain of the steamer to deliver up the refugee, and also his wife and children, who, with the husband, had been arrested after the latter escaped from the steamer.

VIENNA, July 29.—The American Charge d'Affaires at Constantinople has written to this Government, that "Martin Koszta owes no allegiance to the Emperor of Austria," and that the imprisonment of that person after he had tendered a civil oath to the American Government, "is not only a very regrettable violation of international law, but an act of disrespect, which will not soon be forgotten."

THE INQUISITION AT ROME.—The prisons of the Inquisition in Rome were, as is well known, laid open to public gaze during the Republican epoch of 1849. The building itself having been subsequently occupied by the French, the Dominican monks, who still wield the sword of the holy office, as it is styled, have been obliged to keep their prisoners in their convent on the Piazza del la Minerva. They have now prepared a secure place of confinement in the monastery of Scalvetti monks, near the Porta Angelica, the malaria which prevails in that district during the Summer months forming no objection to the locality, and the prisoners, fourteen or fifteen in number, are to be transferred there forthwith.

THE POPE.—A letter from Rome, dated July 22, states that the health of the Pope is daily becoming more precarious. He is suffering from a severe attack of asthma and general debility. The Pope is 61 years of age.

Italy is in a feverish state of excitement, especially the Roman territories. The symptoms indicate an insurrection to be near. Riots have taken place at Bologna, Ravenna, Rimini, Fiali and Ferrara, nominally on account of the high price of bread. Ravenna is reported to be in a state of siege. Numerous assassinations have taken place, among others, the Secretary of the Republic of San Marino. Rome is in a very excited state, and it is rumored that several patriot leaders were in the city. The police were actively engaged in an endeavor to discover their retreat. The export of breadstuffs from Ancona has been prohibited.

Despatches from Rome state that a great agitation is observable among the French soldiers. Numerous revolutionary pamphlets have been thrown among the population, and some soldiers and several political agents have been arrested, especially in the Romagna.

The French have about 8,000 men in Rome, excellently disciplined, and fully prepared for action, quite adequate to put down a much more formidable revolt than any that can take place here just now; the greater part of the Liberals and of the inhabitants in general being as hostile as the priests themselves to anything of the kind. There are also 3,000 papal soldiers in the capital.

THREATENED CONSPIRACY AT ROME.—The Roman correspondent of the London Daily News, writing on the 20th, says:

No one acquainted with the subterranean mysteries of Rome is ignorant that a second edition of the late Milanese tragedy has been for the last few weeks daily apprehended in the city. Both the French General and the police authorities receive daily reports of all that is going on, and if they have hitherto refrained from action, it is in the hope that none may be needless enough to attempt some outbreak which become the occasion of measures of tremendous rigor towards all who do not favor ecclesiastical principles of government. Twenty or thirty of the boldest agents of revolt have been introduced into the city by degrees during the last month, arms have been ordered and secretly distributed, chiefly pikes and axes, for the hand-to-hand attacking of *corps de gardes*, and threats of assassination sent to the leading liberals, whether Republicans or Constitutionalists, who venture to disapprove of such headstrong and hopeless proceedings. Strange to say, the police itself has furnished information to several Liberals that their lives were in danger, the spy of government insinuating himself into even the most midnight meeting of the conspirators, and giving an account of their proceedings to the authorities with due regularity.

The French General has been apprised some time of the impending danger, and an *ordre du jour* was communicated nearly a month ago to the commanders of corps, informing them that a conspiracy existed, that an attack might be expected, and that the proper means were to be adopted for ensuring the safety of the garrison, and the tranquillity of the city. The order of the day detailed the steps to be taken for collecting the officers, the rendezvous of the various battalions, and the positions to be occupied on the discharge of a piece of cannon from the castle of St. Angelo; and it is well known that the acceleration of the Girandola fireworks, on St. Peter's night, by order of General de Montreal, was owing to a feeling of alarm lest that very night should have been fixed upon for the attack of the conspirators. The severity of the French with respect to any inquiries about their numbers, or the residence of their officers, has been sufficiently shown by their unceremonious arrest of Monsignor Talbot and Mr. Howard for having unwittingly committed that offence.

Since the positive assurance, on the part of more cautious Liberals, that they will not only abstain from taking any share in the revolt, but on the contrary, will do everything in their power to frustrate it, as a mad and culpable attempt, the appointed leaders of the outbreak are said to have decided not to engage in the hazardous undertaking at present, nor to inculcate terror at the point of the dagger, since the Liberals, besides declining conviction by such a mode of arguing, threaten to triple reprisals; and, therefore, the conspirators are eager to get their few fighting men, the barricade forlorn hope, safely out of Rome, where one can hardly wonder enough at their courage in even venturing in.

Whether the police, seeing that they do not mean to act, will let them off so easily, remains to be seen. Only two individuals of the band have been arrested as yet, one of whom is a Neapolitan from Rio Treddo, on the Abbruzzi frontier. Nardon, Colonel of the secret police, effected the capture in person on the night before last.

The Governor and the Gonfaloniere, of Faenza, has been fired at and stabbed, it is feared mortally, and an agent of the police, named Guecnecio, has been murdered at Imola. A surgeon, at Bologna, in an access of frenzy, it is supposed, killed his uncle, his servant, and finally himself, last week.

ARRIVAL OF THE HUMBOLDT.

Among the passengers by the Humboldt, is S. G. Goodrich, Esq., late U. S. Consul at Paris.

THE RUSSO-TURKISH QUESTION.—It was feared that the Emperor of Russia would decline to withdraw his forces from the Danubian Principalities, as stipulated in the propositions of the three Powers, and the English and French fleets would, in that case, be ordered to pass the Dardanelles, and thus the peaceful settlement of the difficulty be greatly retarded.

The Egyptian fleet, with 12,000 men arrived at Constantinople on the 19th.

There was a rumor prevalent at Vienna, of a secret treaty having been concluded between the United States and the Porte, and the probable cession of Marmarizza to the United States. Three American frigates were also said to be in the Bosphorus.

Another Ministerial crisis was feared at Constantinople.

The London Morning Chronicle re-affirms that the United States had offered the Porte money and active forces.

Great uneasiness was also caused by intelligence that a decree had been issued by the Czar, ordering a fresh levy of recruits through the Empire, which was interpreted as a war measure.

The Principality of Moldavia had declared their independence of the Porte, and refused to pay further tribute to Turkey. A similar movement was also expected to be made in Wallachia.

Orders had been sent to the Hospodars of Moldavia and Wallachia, commanding them to quit the Principalities and retire to the right bank of the Danube.

A Frenchman, named Edward Ragnaud, had been arrested at Southampton, on the charge of having conspired, with others, to murder the Emperor Napoleon. He was taken to London for examination.

SOCIETY ISLANDS.—Tahiti papers to the 24th of April, have been received here. The Empire was proclaimed on the 17th of April. In the evening there was a dinner given by the Governor. The Queen and her husband were present. Also, the Consuls of the United States and Great Britain.

Both the natives and French expect that Tahiti will be the regular stopping point between San Francisco and Australia, and are so strongly convinced of the advantages of the California trade that they have gone to work in earnest to cultivate the soil in the confident hope of a regular market.

EMIGRATION AT NEW YORK FOR JULY.—The number of alien passengers which have arrived at that port during the seven months of 1853, is 146,697, which is 30,000 less than the corresponding months last year. It is also 14,000 less than for the seven months of 1851. The number that arrived during the month of July was 22,000, a less number than upon the same month for three years. The number, for the month, from Ireland, was 9,000; Germany, 8,587; Great Britain, exclusive of Ireland, 2,000. The immigrants have generally arrived healthy and in good condition.

NEWS ITEMS.

An official estimate gives the following as the mining population of Australia: 15,000 at Mount Alexander, 12,000 at Bendigo, 1,500 at Kinvong, 1,500 at Daisy Hill, 1,000 at Ballarat, and 3,000 at the ovens, making 46,000 in the aggregate.

REPORTED CAPTURE OF AMOY.—NEW YORK, August 11.—A telegraphic despatch from London, received just prior to the sailing of the Africa, stated that intelligence had been received from China, of the capture of Amoy by the rebels after a severe fight, and that Canton was threatened. Shanghai was quiet.

Rufus W. Griswold, Esq., whose wife and daughter were badly injured by the late railroad disaster at Norwalk, has made a settlement with the railroad corporation. The sum paid was ten thousand dollars. Mr. Griswold is said to be dying of consumption. He is lying dangerously ill at the residence of his wife's kindred in Bangor, Maine, and we are informed that his medical advisers pronounce his recovery impossible. The New York Post says, he had recently married; his wife had been presented with a beautiful house, worth between twenty and thirty thousand dollars.

THE INDIANS OF UTAH.—The Interior Department have advices from Brigham Young, saying that the Indians of Utah are quiet, and so far peaceably inclined. He remarks that they continue the habit of disposing of their children to the Mexicans as slaves, and that he has succeeded in nearly entirely putting an end to this "unchristian practice."

The late Austrian Consul at Smyrna arrived at Athens on the 16th ult. He had been dismissed on account of the late events at Smyrna.

The mails from the Great Salt Lake arrived at Sacramento on the 9th, bringing news from Deseret to June 19th. Hon. Chief Justice Reed arrived at Great Salt Lake City June 8th, and took the oath of office, administered by Brigham Young in person.

The Mormon settlement was prospering, and the agricultural affairs of the place looked promising.

JUDGE EDMONDS ON SPIRITUAL RAPPINGS.—Judge Edmonds, of New York, is out in a long article on the spirit rappings. He throws no new light upon the subject, but reiterates the writer's implicit belief that the rappings and table movings are the works of spirits, and repeats that he has had frequent communications from the dead. He professes to have sought earnestly for the motive of these manifestations, and to have found it out, but he reserves telling what it is until he publishes his book on the subject.

The marriage of Lola Montez to Patrick Purdy Hull, her fellow voyager to California, is confirmed. Hull was formerly of Ohio, but for the past four years has been engaged in the newspaper business in San Francisco. The nuptials were consummated at the Holy Church of the Mission Dolores, in presence of a select party, among whom were Beverly C. Saunders, Esq., Judge Wells, James E. Wainright, A. Bartol, Esq., Louis R. Lull, P. A. Brinsmade, and other prominent citizens. The bride and groom have since visited Sacramento, and are now in domestic retirement in San Francisco.

RAILROAD CATASTROPHES.

COLLISION ON THE CAMDEN AND AMBOY RAILROAD.—NEW BRUNSWICK, August 9.—A dreadful accident occurred this afternoon on the Camden and Amboy Railroad, which resulted in the loss of several lives, and the wounding of a number of passengers.

The two o'clock train from Philadelphia, just after passing the Old Bridge, about eight miles from Amboy, came in collision with the train from New York, owing to some cause yet to be explained. The effects of the collision were frightful. Both trains were rendered perfect wrecks. A gentleman just returned from the scene of the disaster, says that four persons were instantly killed, and three dangerously wounded. A great many were also slightly wounded.

The way car of the train from New York was forced, by the concussion, into the ladies' car, where those killed were sitting.

It is asserted that a difference in watches was the cause of the fatal collision; but the verdict of the Coroner's jury fixes blame upon the engineer and conductor of the train from Amboy, who, it is charged, disobeyed the regulations governing the speed and time of trains.

ACCIDENT ON THE NEW HAVEN RAILROAD.—Last night, about eleven o'clock, as the Boston Express train was proceeding on its way to New York, and had arrived to within half-a-mile of Port Chester, the engine came in contact with a piece of rock which had fallen from the stone cutting at that place, and lay directly across the track. After striking, the engine ran about two hundred and fifty to three hundred yards, and then fell over on the track. By the concussion, the engineer was instantly killed, and the fireman had both his legs broken, and his foot terribly crushed.

The passenger cars were not injured, and no passengers hurt.

It is remarkable that by the force of the concussion, the tender was thrown forward of the locomotive; in which position it lay upon the road when our informant left the scene of the disaster.

The bottom of the baggage car was broken into fragments, and the front of the first passenger car was forced in by the force of the collision.

The locality of the disaster was at that part of the line situated between the two bridges, about half-a-mile East of Port Chester. A piece of rock had fallen on the road, it being in a deep cut, and was caught on the cow catcher and carried forward some fifteen or twenty rods, sliding it along on the inside of the same track, until at last it rolled off on the other track, when the engine was thrown off the track. No blame was attached to the engineer, who was killed, it being very dark, and the fragment of the rock on the track being just around a curve, was quite out of his sight until he was close upon the danger.

The tender was pitched entirely over the engine, beyond it, on the same track, while the baggage car, being turned to the left, was forced its whole length forward, and upon the other track, bringing it side by side with the disabled engine. The forward passenger car coming in, was dashed against the baggage car, smashing up the brakeman's platform, and giving the passengers a violent jolting, but doing them no further injury—this being the second fatal accident that has happened within a few weeks.

The jury, after hearing the testimony, and examining the scene of the accident, found "that no blame can be attached to the persons having charge of said train; but we find the New York and New Haven Railroad Company blameable for allowing such projections of rock to remain in their cuts, which are liable to fall on the tracks of their road."

ANOTHER RAILROAD ACCIDENT.—BALTIMORE, August 12.—A passenger train on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, while passing through the switch at Cameron, twenty-seven miles East of Wheeling, ran off the track. Three cars, containing over one hundred passengers, were upset, but no one killed or severely injured. Thirty or forty passengers were slightly bruised and scratched. The accident was caused by the turning of the switch. Two men, lately discharged from the service of the Company, are strongly suspected of having turned the switch, to throw the train off the track, for revenge. They will be arrested to-night. The passengers held a meeting immediately after, and acquitted the Company of all blame.

ANOTHER RAILROAD COLLISION.—PROVIDENCE, August 12.—This morning a collision took place on the Providence and Worcester Railroad, near the Boston junction, between the regular train, which left this city at 7½ A. M., and an excursion train, coming from Uxbridge, which left there at 6 30. The latter train consisted of eight first class passenger cars.

The collision occurred beyond Central Falls; the down train was behind time, and proceeded at the rate of 40 miles an hour to reach the switch, from which there is a double track to Providence.

In one minute the train would have reached the switch; the up-train waited the usual time at Pawtucket, and then, having the right to the road, proceeded at a slow rate around the curve.

The scene of the accident was at a curve where the embankment is 30 feet high. An old man, named E. B. Butts, of Millville, and his grandson, a lad 10 years of age, were thrown out of one of the shattered cars down the embankment, and yet escaped with but trifling injury.

The total number killed was 16, nearly all being factory hands. There are about 25 wounded—some very badly.

THE FISHERIES.

FROM THE PROVINCES.—BOSTON, August 9th.—The St. John's (N. B.) papers of the 8th, report great fires as raging in the woods on Prince Edward's Island. The farm houses, fences, barns, crops, and a great number of sheep in the neighborhood of the fire, have been destroyed. The extent of the damages is very great.

The Miramichi Gleaner says that Mackerel are abundant in that bay, and that the fisheries generally have been better than last year.

WASHINGTON, August 9.—Intelligence received here from the fishing ground, create some uneasiness. Some fifteen or twenty American vessels have arrived there from Gloucester, Mass., New Castle, New Hampshire, and Kittery, Maine, armed with muskets, boarding-pikes, cutlasses and swivels, determined to fight if interfered with. Heavy operators have laid up their vessels at the wharves, employed their men on shore, and invested money in the new movement. A collision is daily expected.

The Eastern people are said to be satisfied with reciprocity, but are all in arms against the proposed registry of English vessels to control the coasting trade. It seems that the fishermen are armed, reports to the contrary, notwithstanding.

FROM THE FISHERIES.—Boston, August 12.—Advices from Down East state that the schooner Aronah, of Kennebunk, was run into on the 28th of July, by the British steamship Devastation, near St. John's Island, causing considerable damage to the vessel. The captain entered a protest.

The U. S. steamship Princeton arrived at Halifax on the 6th inst.

The American Fishing Schooner has been seized by the Devastation and taken to Prince Edward's Island, but after an investigation, was released.

THE GARDINER CASE.—WASHINGTON, August 12.—The Grand Jury to-day brought in an indictment against John Charles Gardiner, for committing perjury, as a witness, at the trial of his brother, George A. Gardiner. After a protracted argument, his bail was set at $4,000. Mr. Bradley renewed his motion for a continuance of the former Gardiner case to the next term of the Court. The District Attorney objected, stating that intelligence had been received from the Government Commission, in Mexico, dated July 5th, saying that the exploration was partly completed, and would probably be finished soon. As the return of the Commission is therefore daily expected, the motion made was deferred until next week.

POLITICAL NEWS.

RESULT OF ELECTIONS.

ALABAMA.—Mobile, Thursday, Aug. 4, 1853, P. M.—Col. Winston, Democrat, is undoubtedly elected Governor. There are four candidates running, viz: Winston, Dem.; Richard W. Walker, and W. S. Earnest, Whigs, and Col. Nicks, Union Democrat. The vote for Congress in the first district is very close, and both parties claim the election of their candidate; the probabilities, however, are that Phillips, Democrat, is elected.

NORTH CAROLINA.—Baltimore, Aug. 11.—North Carolina is reported to have elected five Democratic Congressmen, including Clingman, and three Whigs, Rogers, Kerr, and Puryear. Aug. 12.—By the Southern mail this morning, we have further election returns from North Carolina. Craige (Dem.) beats Osborne, in the seventh district, by about 800 votes. This leaves the election of four Democrats and three Whigs, with Clingman's district to hear from.

TENNESSEE.—Memphis, Aug. 11.—The majority for Andrew Johnson, Democrat, for Governor, will be between 2 and 3,000.

In the second Congressional district, Wm. M. Churchwell, Democrat, is thought to be elected over Horace Maynard, Whig.

In the third district, Saml. A. Smith, Democrat, is elected over Van Dyke, his competitor. Stephen V. Pruett, is elected to Congress in the seventh district, over Bugg, Whig. Thus far 3 Whigs and 3 Democrats are known to be elected. The contest is close in the other districts.

TEXAS.—New Orleans, Aug. 10.—Dates from Galveston to the 6th instant have been received. The election for Governor, Lieutenant Governor, Legislature, two members of Congress and local officers, came off on the 1st inst.

The vote of eighteen counties in the Eastern part of the State is close between Pease, Democrat, for Governor, and Judge Ochiltree, Whig.

For Congress, in the first district, Smyth, Democrat, is elected. In the second district, Scurry, Democrat, has a majority. Cameron county, on the Rio Grande, has gone Democratic.

Crosby is elected Commissioner of the Land Office.

The Legislature will probably be Democratic.

IMPORTANT POSTAL ARRANGEMENTS.

RATES OF POSTAGE.

On letters of the weight of half an ounce or under, by the United States and Bremen line of Steamers, hereafter to sail semi-monthly between New York and Bremen, to go into effect with the first out-going steamer after the 15th of August, 1853.

PRE-PAYMENT OPTIONAL.

	Cents		Cents
Bremen	10	Mecklenburg Strelitz	22
Altona	21	Nassau	22
Austria, (Empire and Provinces of)	22	Oldenburg	12
Baden	22	Prussia, (Kingdom and Provinces of)	22
Bavaria	22	Reuss	22
Cassel	22	Saxe Altenburgh	22
Coburg	22	Saxe Meiningen	22
Darmstadt	22	Saxe Weimar	22
Frankfort on the Main	22	Saxony, Kingdom of	22
Gotha	22	Schaumburg-Lippe	22
Hamburg	15	Schwartzburgh Rudolstadt	22
Hanover	21	Schwartzburgh-Sondershausen	22
Hesse Hamburg	22	Wurtemberg, (Kingdom of)	22
Kiel	22		
Lippe Detmold	22		
Lubec	22		
Mecklenburgh Schwerin	22		

A pre-payment of any sum less than the full rate is not admissible.

Newspapers sent from the United States must be pre-paid two cents each, and pamphlets and magazines one cent an ounce or fraction of an ounce. This is the United States postage only—the foreign postage having to be paid at the point of delivery. On all printed matter from the continent by the United States and Bremen line, the whole postage (United States and foreign) is to be pre-paid.

Unpaid letters, and newspapers and magazines pre-paid as above, for any of the following countries, may also be sent by the Bremen line, viz:

Alexandria,
Cairo,
Constantinople,
Denmark,
Greece,
Italy, (Eastern towns of)
Norway,
St. Petersburg, or Cronstadt,
Sweden, and
Switzerland.

The exact rates to those countries, as soon as ascertained, will be given by the Department, and optional pre-payment also extended to them.

All letters to and from foreign countries (the British North American provinces excepted) are to be charged with single rate of postage, if not exceeding the weight of half an ounce; double rates if exceeding half an ounce, but not exceeding an ounce; quadruple rate, if exceeding an ounce, but not exceeding two ounces, and so on, charging two rates for every ounce or fractional part of an ounce over the first ounce.

NOTE.—The "Table of Postage to Foreign Countries," of 25th May, 1853, remains unchanged, except in respect to Bremen, and that the postage on pamphlets and magazines to all foreign countries, with the exception of Great Britain, the British North American provinces, and the west coast of North America by whatever line is now one cent an ounce or fraction of an ounce, instead of two cents.

JAMES CAMPBELL,
Postmaster General.
POST-OFFICE DEPARTMENT, Aug., 1853.

SOUTH AMERICA.

VENEZUELA.—The disturbances still continue. The province or Cumana and the Island of Margarita, in the East, have declared against the government of Gen. Monagas, and forces, both by land and sea, are directed against them, but with what success remains to be seen. For several weeks the government have been using every effort to fit out a naval expedition against Cumana, and have purchased a number of vessels; among them, the American barque "El Dorado," of Baltimore, and the steamer "Bertha Harrasowitz." A portion of these vessels have already departed from this and Laguayra with troops, destined to act against the insurgents. Communication with Cumana being cut off, we are limited almost entirely to the information of the Government. It is reported that the insurgents have four or five thousand men in arms, and that in one or two partial actions they have defeated the Government forces and marched into the capital of the adjoining province of Barcelona, of which they hold possession.

There was a report that the city of Cumana had been almost entirely destroyed by an earthquake on the 15th ult. Two or three hundred of the troops and citizens were also killed by the falling houses. There is some doubt, however, about this news. If the opponents of the Government have four or five thousand men, as rumored, they will, I am inclined to the belief, give much trouble, and perhaps change the whole aspect of affairs. A few days will decide the matter one way or the other.

GOLD IN CENTRAL AMERICA.—A letter to the Herald from San Juan del Sur, dated July 20, says:

There have been immense gold fields discovered in a region near here. There is a great excitement. Sales of one thousand dollars being made by one individual in one night, are current. I can assure you there is foundation for all that has been reported. In a few days we explore again, and you may expect to hear of the success.

CUBA.—Ex-Captain General Concha, has written an exposure of the mal-administration of the Government of Cuba, and asks permission of the Spanish Government to publish it.

Peru and Bolivia still maintain a belligerent attitude. The friends of General Sebastian Agreda, a Bolivian, had issued a manifesto denouncing Belzu, the President of Bolivia, and nominating Agreda for the head of the Government. A proclamation had been transmitted to the Peruvian Admiral occupying Cobija, who had acknowledged the authority of the Revolutionary Government, directing the troops to remain there as friends.

COL. W. W. S. BLISS.—The death of this distinguished officer, is announced. He fell a victim to the yellow fever, at East Pascagoula, on Friday week.

Few men, without occupying a civil post of distinction, or acquiring celebrity for brilliant military achievements, have been more generally known and esteemed than Col. Bliss. His association with Gen. Taylor, throughout his Mexican campaigns, as Aid-de-Camp, and afterward, during the truncated Presidential term of that gentleman, in the capacity of Private Secretary, accounts for much of his notoriety. But there were other characteristics which commended him to universal regard. His fine literary abilities, the dignified modesty of his carriage under circumstances justifying some display of vanity—as in the case where the military and political dispatches of Gen. Taylor were, by common consent, attributed to his masterly pen; the uniform amiability and urbanity of his deportment towards those who were so fortunate as to enjoy his society; these were traits that won him friends by multitudes. His departure will be profoundly lamented in the army, where he was regarded with that cordial *esprit du corps* which appreciates the credit obtained from the prominent merits of individuals.

Col. Bliss was a native of New Hampshire. His education for the Army was received at West Point; and after graduation he was attached to the Staff of the South Western Division, where he was admitted to the intimacy and house of the future General Taylor. The intimacy resulted in his marriage with the second daughter of his commander. Throughout the Mexican War, Col. Bliss followed the fortunes of the General; and at the end, enjoyed, as we have just noted, some portion of the reward. Since the death of Gen. Taylor, in 1850, he has resided chiefly in Louisiana, on the estate of his father-in-law. His age had scarcely attained the meridian.—*New York Times.*

The death of Col. W. S. Bliss, of the Army, promotes Major McCall, Capt. Grant, and Lieut. Bonnycastle.

LATE FROM THE RIO GRANDE.—We have received the Brownsville Flag of the 6th and 13th ult. There is very little news.

The Grand Jury of the U. S. District Court has found bills of indictment, for violation of the neutrality laws, against the following persons, viz.: Ovid F. Johnson, Elisha Basse, Francis J. Parker, Robert Wheat, Edward J. McLane, Andrew J. Mason, Robert C. Trimple, Jose Maria J. Carvajal, Alfred Norton, Warren Adams, Joseph Moses, Peter Dowd, Voltaire Roundtree, Papa Gonzales, John H. Allen, Jos. Howell, Juan Trevino. The grand jury also found bills against fourteen other persons, but in all these last mentioned cases the U. S. District Attorney entered a *nolle prosequi*.

Information had been received at Brownsville that a party of Tonkaqua Indians and Mexicans had been committing depredations at Mr. Wm. Neale's place, some thirty miles above Brownsville, on the river. They had killed a man named Frank, and had carried off the horses and cattle in the neighborhood. They had also visited the Salt Lake, and it is supposed they burnt the houses there, as smoke was plainly seen in that direction.

FRENCH ITEMS.

A young woman, about 21 years of age, made a balloon ascent from Mount Marsan last week, and after travelling nearly sixty miles through the air, fell out on making her descent, and was instantly killed.

A few nights since, a wood-ranger fell asleep by his fire, in Soibert Forest, and being awakened by the touch of something cold, found, to his horror, that his legs and arms were encircled by a whole colony of snakes, which had been attracted to the spot by the heat. The man had the courage to attack them so vigorously as soon to get rid of them, and the next day he presented the bodies of fifty to the Mayor of the Commune. They were generally about three feet in length.

Mazet, the man condemned to death a few days since for the murder of the Mayor of Uzes, attempted last Sunday to commit suicide in the jail at Varanes. He cut his left breast badly with a piece of broken bottle, and attempted to open several of his veins. None of the wounds, however, were very serious. He is now under strict *surveillance.*

The *Court of Amiens*, at Fribourg, has commenced the trial of the leaders in the last insurrection at that place. M. Perrier, the ringleader, admits himself to have been at the head of the expedition, but denies that he organized it. He says it was organized by "*general discontent.*"

A mechanic, who is building himself a small house near Paris, has just been sentenced to six months' imprisonment, for stealing his materials from the Palace of the Elysee.

A French paper states that the Emperor is on the point of according to a firm in Nantes the privilege of introducing into the Antilles, from the Coast of Africa, four thousand hired negroes.

A tailor, named Joly, has been sentenced to three days' imprisonment and five francs fine, for practising medicine in his shop. He professed to be a miracle commandant.

The sword worn by Napoleon at the Battle of Marengo, and which was given as a souvenir to Chevalier de Sanbez, one of his best officers, has been presented by the King of Sardinia, who received it from the family of De Sanbez, to the royal arsenal of Turin.

Rossini, the composer, has left Bologna, and established himself in a handsome residence which he recently purchased in Florence. It is said, however, that he will pass the next winter in Paris.

Last Saturday, the neighborhood of Notre Dame was thrown into a state of excitement, by the mysterious appearance in front of the Cathedral, of a young woman about 20 years of age, with a tri-colored scarf about her waist, kneeling down in an attitude of fervent devotion. After remaining some moments in a state of ecstacy, she raised her hands to heaven, and cried out in a loud voice,—"Yes, the great work will at last be accomplished, and the enemies of mankind will be annihilated!" An immense crowd soon gathered about her, in which, of course, there was not wanting a Sergeant de Ville. The worthy officer, one of whose duties is to keep the people from assembling together, asked the devotee who she was. "Who am I?" exclaimed she, indignantly, "who am I?—ungrateful creature, that you are, have you forgotten me, then? I am Joan of Arc!" But despite her protestations, she was requested to follow the Sergeant, who conducted her to the Prefecture of Police, whence she was sent to an Insane Hospital.

A still larger crowd assembled in front of a famous liquor shop, in the Rue St. Honore, a few days after, to witness a very different scene. The shop is richly decorated, and goes by the name of the "Silver Counter." Like most establishments of the kind, the *liqueurs* are dealt out by young women, who are selected for their personal charms. On the day in question, two young men entered the place to "refresh" themselves. After taking several glasses of brandy, one of them commenced chatting with the fair bar-maids, and finally became offensive to them. He was accordingly ordered out, and after some resistance, was got into the street. Towards night, however, the young rowdies returned; the young fellow who had been so brutal, renewed his insults; one of the young women threatened to call for the police; the brute then struck her in the face, whereupon the head woman of the establishment interfered—a scuffle ensued—the woman was dragged by the two men into the street, thrown into the gutter and severely bruised. One of the rascals sought to excuse himself to the bystanders, by saying that "while people are dying of hunger, no one has a right to build a Silver Counter!" The sensitive young fellow and his companion, are in the hands of the police.

It is noticed that the Emperor is much stouter than he was, and this increase of bulk is attributed to a more voluminous coat of mail. I saw a curious occurrence at the Theatre Francois, the other night. Their Majesties were present at the performance of Bertrand et Raton. During the second act, a heavy jack-knife fell from the fourth tier directly upon the kettle drum, immediately under the President's box. The sound produced by the concussion was exceedingly sharp and explosive, and might easily have been taken for the discharge of a rather slightly wadded fire arm. The Emperor withdrew, with a movement of extreme precipitation into his box, and for a moment or two was visibly moved. It was subsequently discovered that the dropping of the jack-knife was an accident, for its owner (in a blouse) presented himself at the orchestra to reclaim it. My neighbor insisted that it was done on purpose, and that the kettle-drum was aimed at, to startle the Emperor.

THE FRANKLIN EXPEDITION.—Information of a very interesting character has been received by Government, which, if correct, and it has every appearance of authenticity, may turn out to be of great importance as bearing on the fate of the missing Arctic Expedition under Sir John Franklin. It is to the effect that intelligence has been conveyed to the Russian Government at St. Petersburgh, that several of what are called glass balls have been found by the natives at the mouth of the river Obi, which falls into the Arctic basin at the seventieth parallel of latitude. The Russian authorities transmitted this information without delay to our Foreign Office; and a request has been despatched that some of the so called "glass balls," more probably bottles, may be, if possible, secured and transmitted to England. The locality where these balls or bottles are said to have been found, is precisely that to which they would probably have drifted had they been thrown overboard or otherwise detached from Franklin's ships, in case the latter had attained a high Northern latitude; for the current of the Arctic Ocean sets along the Siberian towards the European coast, as is evidenced by the great quantity of drift wood, &c., found on the shore. It would, of course, be premature to arrive at the conclusion that these glass balls are relics of Franklin's Expedition; but the information, crude though it be, is of too important and curious a nature to be summarily dismissed as unworthy of attention.

EMIGRATION.—The Southern and Western journals state that emigration has received an additional impetus recently. The Galway Mercury says: "Emigration seems to be on the increase of late in this part of Ireland. Amongst the large numbers who have left by the trains daily during the present week, was a batch of Claddagh fishermen." The Limerick Examiner writes: "The rage of emigration is not only not abated in this port, but seems on the increase; every other day ships are departing, with their fullest complement of passengers, and many are disappointed for want of shipping accommodation. There are about half-a-dozen fine emigrant ships now in port rapidly filling, most of which will sail next week full freighted with human burden." Londonderry, Cork, Sligo, and Waterford are sending out vessels with emigrants to America. The high wages which the peasantry have been receiving since spring have enabled them to raise a sufficiency of money to pay their passages to America. Those who are remaining in the country declare that, after harvest, they will follow the train of so many of their countrymen.

WASHINGTON, Monday, Aug. 8, 1853.—M. Bodisco is growing prodigiously; he waited upon Mr. Marcy early on Sunday morning, bitterly complaining of an article in the "Union," on Koszta and the Smyrna affair. He furiously blazed out against Koszta, calling him a felon, and charging him with having stolen the crown and regalia of Hungary. Mr. Marcy courteously listened to the ravings of the Russian Envoy against Koszta and the "Union," and then he smiled serenely and spoke in terms of approval of the tone of the article in question. The President and Cabinet of course laugh at the idea of the Russian Minister muzzling our Republican presses. A bystander remarked that he would readily agree that the freedom of Hungary should be decided on the spot by a personal pugilistic encounter between Count Bodisco and Gen Armstrong. M. Bodisco discontinued his "Union" some ten days ago, but early on Sunday morning he availed himself of a neighbor's copy.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

PREVENTION OF FORGERY AND COUNTERFEITING.—It has already been stated that a paper, with a novel kind of water-mark, has been produced in England, which will effectually prevent the forgery and counterfeiting of private bonds, checks and bills, bank notes, &c. It was invented by an officer of the Bank of England, and we believe it, or something like it, has been used for the issues of that Bank. The London Times states that the invention, after much labor and pains, has been perfected, and that paper so marked has been adopted by several public companies in England and on the continent. It is said likewise, to be adapted to ornamental as well as practical purposes. Portraits, landscapes, or any other subjects, may be given as is stated, with the same effect as in the German porcelain pictures, the graduated thickness of the paper, at the various parts of the design, creating, when it is held to the light, the requisite effects of light and shade.

FACTS REVEALED BY THE CENSUS.—One of the most striking revelations made by the last United States Census, relates to the foreign elements in the population. We have stated, in former articles, that of the whole free population of the country, eighty-eight 94-100 per cent. were natives, and but eleven 06-100 per cent. were foreigners. Of the 2,210,839 foreigners in the United States, there are but four countries from which the number exceeds 100,000. The natives of Ireland number less than a million. The Germans come next, having 573,225. England has 278,675. British America has 147,700. Scotland has 70,550. France has 54,069. Wales has 29,868, and all other countries combined 95,022. It will be seen that 66 per cent. of the whole foreign population in the country hails from the dominions of Queen Victoria.

☞ DROGGING SAILORS.—It is said that a regular system of drugging sailors, for the purpose of getting them on board ships and taking them to sea, is carried on about the wharves in San Francisco. Old Jack is asked to take a drink in some bar-room, and, ere he is aware, is carried off.

Clippings.

"HAST thou ever yet loved, Henrietta?" I sighed,
"I should rather imagine I had," she replied;
"Oh, did not my glances my feelings betray,
When you helped me the third time to pudding to-day?"

☞ The other day a small boy came tearing round a corner, with his rags fluttering in the wind, his face smeared with molasses, and a shingle flourishing in his hand, while he was shouting to another boy, about the size of a pepper-box, who stood nearly quarter of a mile down the street—"Oh! Bill! Bill! git as many boys as ever you can, and as many shingles as ever you can, and come up the street, round the corner, as soon as ever you can, for there's a great big, large hogshead of 'lasses busted on the pavement—all to smash!"

☞ A MONKEY DEVOURED BY A TIGER.—As a monkey was climbing up the iron bars on to the top of a cage in which was confined a tiger, in Nixon's animal exhibition, on the corner of Court and Walnut Streets, the tiger reached out one of his paws, and dragged the monkey into the cage. The tiger caught it up in his mouth and commenced eating it. The screams of the monkey soon brought the keeper to the spot, but it was too late, and the tiger soon devoured it.—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

☞ The highest tax paid in New York is by Wm. B. Astor, whose tax this year is something over $40,000.

☞ Slander, at one time, was an offence punishable by corporeal punishment in Massachusetts. A slanderer, a back-biter, or a mischief-maker was regarded as a pest to society, and laws provided for the exemplary punishment of all such offenders, as will be seen, in part, by the following extracts from the ancient records of Massachusetts: "*Thomas Petit for suspicion of slander, idleness, and stubbornness, is sentenced to be severely whipped, and to be kept in hold.*" "*Captain Stone, for abusing Mr. Ludlow, (a Justice of the Peace,) and calling him Justass, is fined £100, and prohibited coming within the patent, without the Governor's leave, on pain of death.*"

☞ Sing on, thou true-hearted, and be not discouraged. If a harp be in perfect tune, and a flute or other instrument of music be near it, and in perfect tune also, thou canst not play on one without awakening an answer from the other. Behold thou shalt hear its sweet echo in the air as if played on by the invisible. Even so shall other spirits vibrate to the harmony of thine. Utter what God giveth thee to say, and thou wilt wake a slumbering echo to be carried on forever through the universe.—*Mrs. Child.*

☞ A FEARFUL ACCOUNT.—Mr. Everett, late Secretary of State, is generally known as a gentleman of extensive information; one who will not "speak without book" on important subjects involving statistical facts. From a computation of his, it appears that the use of alcoholic beverages costs the United States directly, in ten years, $120,000,000; has burnt or otherwise destroyed $5,000,000 worth of property; has destroyed 300,000 lives; sent 250,000 to prison and 100,000 children to the poor house; caused 1,500 murders and 5,000 suicides; and has bequeathed to the country 1,000,000 orphan children.

☞ Among the innumerable anecdotes of John Randolph the following is not the worst: A young aspirant for Congressional fame saw fit, in his maiden speech, to give proof of his boldness and eloquence by a long and abusive attack upon the eccentric member from Virginia. At the conclusion of the young orator's voluminous address the young hero of Roanoke arose, and stretching his long nervous arm towards the seat of the complacent youth, with a half-inquiring, half-contemptuous look, thus replied: "Mr. Speaker, *whose that?*"

☞ BAD TREATMENT OF A POOR ORPHAN BOY.—The directors of the House of Industry, Boston, recovered of a master to whom they indentured a boy, $300, for bad treatment to him. A caution to hard masters, that even the friendless are entitled to humane treatment.

BEEN TO JERSEY.

Professor Julius Cæsar Hannibal, of the New York Picayune, has been on a visit to New Jersey. He thus speaks of that country and its inhabitants:

When I went to Washington to see Mass Pierce augerated by the poletishuns, I was a little frightened wen I heerd dat I had to go fro Jersey, kase I didant noe what might happen to me when once out ob de jury dicshun ob de United States ob Hail Columbia. I always understood dat it was a wild region, and de pepil only half cibilized; derefore, I tuk particklar 'tension ob de natifs, and I believe I've bin mose beautifully sucked in, for in all de towns I was jurked tru by de old he locomoker, I seed dem a stan in on de platforms ob de car house, chawin' terbacker, and inside I seed dem drinkin' rum; so you see dey am cibilized gis as well as you Yorkers. I specked to see de men dressed to deff in tree coats' worf ob de red paint and a tommyhawk, and de wimen in ear-rings, nose-rings, and a string ob beeds like de Ingin folks; but no! dey had five dollar suits on all 'round. It seemed from de way dere close fit dem, dat det all muss sleep in one mighty big room, and all change close ebery mornin', for I dident see one dat didant look as if he wore his close fru cumpulshun, and not from choice. De boys all had on der daddy's coats, and der daddies all appeared to hab on de boy's trowserloons. I'm assagified dat de mis-hunaries hab bin sent among dem, kase I heard one of de natibe sware, kase anudder gis happen to let a barrel ob pork roll on he foot and squash it a little.

I was berry anxious to find out all I cood 'bout de country, while I was in it, and once when de railroade stop, I struck my heab out ob de depot, and I ax a feller in cow-skin boots, which boots was up to de middle ob de leg in mud, dese questions, and got dese answers:

"What kountry am dis?"
"Taint no country—it's Jersey."
"Wat's de producshun ob de sile?"
"Red mud, railroads, Ingin-rubber shoes, jackasses, and State prisons."
"Why, wat do you lib on?"
"Salt mackerel and orders on de store—sumtimes on clams at eighteen pence a hundred."
"Don't you hab no beef, nor no butter, no noffin?"
"Yes, we git plenty ob de last artickle, and we git beef in hog-killin' time. We eat lard and salt for butter. Dat wanted New York taken all our butter. We supply it with Orange kount milk and butter, and grub 'long the bess way we kin."
"Well, don't you raise noffin in de ground?"
"Oh, yes! pavin' stones, ledder chips, and clam shells."
"Oh, you muss hab udder tings besides dese, or else you coodent lib. Can't you think ob noffin else you raise here?"
"Oh, yes, plenty. Feber and ager, patent medicines, consumpshun, bad colds, malisha trainings, and now and then a fite!"
"Don't de folks neber marry here?"
"Oh, yes, seberl married lass year, and two poor-houses bin bilt this season."

I was gis gwan to ax him his name, when de old iron hoss gub a snort and set us a flyin', but I seed a row ob yeller teef a grinnin' at me as far as I cood see de man.

Notwithstandin' all dis, my frens, I think Jersey a fust-rate place fur a poor man to die in. Dat feller was a sour cuss, and I heerd afterwards, from one ob the nabors, who got in de car while I was spoken to him out ob de winder, dat he was so sour dat de folks sent fur him fur miles 'round, to cum and look in der pickle barrel, as his expreshun wood act on dem better den winegar. He was christened wid winegar, fed on green grapes and crab-apples, drank noffin but lemon-juice and sour cider all his life, and nebber cum near enny body widout gibbin dem stumjack ake.

HOW MUCH DID HE LEAVE?—The question is asked concerning the property of every rich man that dies, and it was answered very happily by Cleote, who was executor upon the estate of the late Mr. Snodgrass. His neighbor, Mr. Nailrod, was an exceedingly inquisitive man, and it was his pride that he knew as much, almost of the affairs of people of his neighborhood, as they did themselves. But Mr. Snodgrass had never been communicative, and all that he could glean of his circumstances was from the guesses and speculations of outsiders. The day after his neighbor had been put into the earth, Nailrod visited Cleote, and with an expecting face, began to question him. Says he, "Mr. Cleote, if it is not improper—I wouldn't wish to ask the question if it is the least improper nor expect you to answer it—will you tell me how much my friend Snodgrass left?" "Certainly," said Cleote, "I don't see the least impropriety in your asking, and am perfectly willing to answer it. He left every cent he was worth in the world, and didn't take a copper with him." Nailrod felt as small as a pump tack, and went out.—*Boston Post.*

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, August 15.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were about 1,000 head. Beeves are selling from $7,50 to 8,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs—Are selling from $7 to 7,25 per 100 lbs. Cows—There were about 100 in market at prices ranging from $19 to 45. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2,50 to 5,00, the latter from $1,50 to 3,00, according to quality.

Local News.

GEN. JOHN BURNETT died suddenly in this city on last [illegible]. The deceased was engaged at the [illegible] Hotel, where he had been confined during the day in a very warm apartment. On his way home, after leaving the institution, he met his friend, Col. Wenst, to whom he complained of being unwell. At the suggestion of Col. Wenst, he went into the house of the latter, at the corner of Fifth and Chesnut Streets, where he washed himself with cold water and laid down upon a sofa, but being unable to rest, he started to go home, complaining much of the heat and of a pain in his head. When he arrived in Third Street, near Callowhill, he stopped at the [illegible] Reading Room and sat down. He did not speak to any one, and [illegible] of the [illegible]. It was then observed that he was unable to speak, and appeared to be suffering. Mr. James B. [illegible], the proprietor of the Reading Room, went immediately for medical aid, and brought in Dr. Moss, who at once saw that a remedy would be unavailing, as he was then dying. Dr. Moss recommended the calling in of another physician to satisfy the family of Gen. Burnett, and Dr. [illegible] was sent for. The latter gentleman arrived in a short time, and confirmed the statement of Dr. Moss. Still every effort was made by Mr. [illegible] and his family, and the physicians, to restore the sufferer, but in vain. He died at about 6 o'clock in the evening.

DEATH OF AN ARTIST.—Mr. Abraham Woodside, the artist, fell in Chesnut Street, below Fifth on Monday morning, from the effects of the heat. He was immediately carried into the room of Mr. [illegible], where he was medically attended by Drs. Z. King [illegible] and [illegible]; but their efforts proved unavailing, and he died in less than an hour from the time he was overcome. The deceased was a son of the late Mr. John A. Woodside, the painter, and in the 52nd year of his age.

PHILADELPHIA is taking means to place the City Proper and various district governments under one head, and a Consolidation Ticket to that effect has been formed. We find several of the principal lawyers leading the movement. In the year 1844 a similar effort was made without success, the lawyers voting it down. They have learned better since.—The public now appears ripe for placing the whole city, of some half million inhabitants, under one local government.

BOARD OF HEALTH.—The number of deaths during the past week in this city was 259—Adults 99 and children 160.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST MAY be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots

Of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
Of HOTCHKISS & Co., Boston, Mass.
Of MILTON BOULLEMET, Mobile, Ala.
Of J. C. MORGAN, New Orleans, La.
Of W. & H. TAYLOR, Baltimore, Md.
Of F. HAGAN & Co., Nashville, Tenn.
Of S. W. PEASE, 28 West Sixth St., and 29 East Fourth St., Cincinnati, Ohio.

Subscriptions will be received at either of the above mentioned Depots. But the proprietors of the Post hold themselves responsible only for money received directly by themselves, or through their authorized travelling agents.

DR. M'LANE'S LIVER PILLS.

☞ This great American remedy for the cure of the most formidable ills that flesh is heir to, is now acknowledged to be superior to any medicine of the kind ever offered to the public. The action is easy, certain, and attendant with no unpleasant results.—It has never been tried without producing the most salutary effect. Compounded by one of the most eminent physicians in our country, it is the medicine which science, skill, and experience offers to human suffering. It is only necessary to give this medicine a trial to place it far above all medical agents of the kind ever offered to the public. Call and purchase at all the principal Drug Stores in the United States.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, August 13, 1853.

REMARKS—There has been but a moderate amount of business doing during the past week, and but few changes to notice in prices. Cotton is held firmly, but the demand has been limited. Breadstuffs are also held with more firmness, owing to the unfavorable tenor of the advices. Rye Flour and Corn Meal are in better request, but Corn is not so active. Groceries of all descriptions are very quiet, and the sales have been on a very restricted scale. Coal and Iron are in good demand at full rates. The supplies of the former from the Lehigh region have been temporarily suspended, in consequence of the break in the Delaware Division. Among the Dry Goods houses there is an active trade going forward.—Prices are firm for all descriptions, and a large number of Southern and Western merchants are purchasing their Fall supplies. In Provisions there is but a small trade doing, but prices are steadily maintained, except for Pork, which is lower. The stock of Bacon is gradually becoming reduced, and of Lard, it is nearly exhausted. Rice is unchanged. In Seeds no change. The Tobacco market has been very quiet. Wool meets a steady demand at full rates.—Freights remain without change.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The foreign advices received early in the week caused more firmness in the market, but the export demand has been limited, and prices at the close are 12½c per bbl lower. The inspections show a slight decrease as compared with those of the previous week. The sales for shipment amount to 9a9,000 bbls at $5,37½a5,50 per barrel for fresh ground, at $5,12½a5,25, closing at $5,37½ for sound old stock; $5,50 for old stock Western extra, and $6,00a6,75 for new, including 4a500 bbls extra (sour) at $5. There has been a steady demand for city consumption, within the range of $5,37½a5,75 for common and extra brands, according to quality. Rye Flour is more inquired after, and has advanced 6¼c per bbl. Sales of about 800 bbls at $3,68¾a3,69¾, closing at our highest quotation; and with a reduced stock. Corn Meal is held with more firmness; 1,500 barrels Pennsylvania sold at $3a3,12½, the latter for Phillip's brand, and 150 bbls Brandywine at $3,50.

GRAIN—There was an active inquiry early in the week for Wheat, and prices again advanced 2c per bushel, the supplies being inadequate to meet the demand. At the close, however, this demand has materially fallen off. The sales of the week amount to about 30,000 bushels at $1,16a1,20 for fair and prime new Southern and Pennsylvania red; $1,18½ for a lot of old; $1,25a1,28 for new white, and $1,30 for old white, all afloat, including 2,000 bushels for fair Maryland red at $1,12, in store. About 2,000 bushels new and old Rye sold within the range of 75a85 cts. Corn was in demand early in the week, but at the close there was less inquiry, and prices are 1c lower. Sales of 10a12,000 bushels yellow at 73c on Saturday, and since at 73a71c, afloat, including some white at 65c, and damaged at 67c. Oats remain without change. Sales of new Southern at 37a40c, and old Pennsylvania at 43a45c per bushel.

PROVISIONS—Pork is but little inquired after. Sales of 4a500 bbls Mess in small lots at $16a16,37½ per bbl, and 100 bbls clear at $18. In Prime nothing doing. Beef sells for ship stores at $16a16,50 for city packed Mess. Bacon has been very quiet, but prices are firm. Sales of 400 tcs Hams at 11a11½c, Sides 8, and Shoulders at 7c per lb, 4 mos. A sale of Hams in salt at 8½c. The stock of Lard is nearly exhausted. Sales of 300 bbls at 11½a11½c, and kegs at 11c per lb, 4 mos. Prices of Butter and Cheese remain without change.

AMERICAN FABRICS—There is an active business doing both among the Jobbing and Commission Houses, and prices are firm for all descriptions.

BARK—The stock of Quercitron Bark is now materially reduced, and holders are firm; sales of 60 hhds No 1 at $35 per ton. But little Tanners' Bark arriving, and prices are unchanged.

BEESWAX—Is in demand. Sales of good yellow at 28a29c per lb, cash.

CANDLES—The demand has been limited, and the sales of both Sperm and Tallow have been only in small lots at our last quotations. 300 boxes Adamantine sold at 20c, and some Hydraulic at 24 cts, 4 months.

COAL—The demand continues active, and prices have an upward tendency. Colliers are in fair supply, and large shipments are making to the Eastward. The receipts from the Lehigh have been temporarily suspended, in consequence of another break in the Delaware Division. Bituminous Coal is plenty and dull; sales at 10c per bushel.

COFFEE—There has been no arrivals this week, and the market has been very quiet. Sales of 600 bags Rio at 9¼a9½c, and some Laguayra at 9½c per lb, 4 mos.

COPPER—Is dull at our last quotations, and the sales have been only in small lots.

COTTON—The late foreign advices have had little or no effect upon the market. The market has been firm, but there has been very little inquiry, and only about 900 bales have been disposed of at 10½a12 cts per lb for Upland, and 11a12½c for New Orleans.

DRUGS AND DYES—The transactions have been limited. Among them we notice some Soda Ash at 2¼a2½c; Sal Soda at 1¼c; and Turkey Opium at $4 per lb.

FEATHERS—There are few or none arriving.—Prices range from 45a50 cts per lb for ordinary and prime quality.

FISH—There has been a good demand for Mackerel from store, and prices are fully maintained. Sales of large No 1 at $15,50a16 per bbl, No 2 at $13,50; and large No 3 at $8,75a9. There are but few arriving, and no sales from the wharf have been reported. In Cod Fish and Herring no change.

FRUIT—The market has been exceedingly dull, and the only transactions reported are Bahama Pine Apples at $3a5 per 100. Dried Fruit, of all descriptions, are dull.

GINSENG—There is no Crude here, and no sales have transpired.

GUANO—Prices are steady at $45a46 per ton for Peruvian, and $45 for Bolivian. There is no Patagonian here.

HEMP—Is held firmly. The last sale of Dew Rotted were at $140 per ton, on time.

HIDES—An import of 10,000 California have arrived since our last notice, part of which were sold on private terms. A lot of Laguayra sold at 14½c.

HOPS—Are scarce. Small sales of first sort at 30 cts per lb.

INDIGO—Is in better demand. A few cases Bengal sold at $1,30 per lb, 6 mos.

IRON—The market has been very quiet during the past week, and prices are firm. The stock of Pig Metal is light, and the sales only amount to 500 tons at $36, 35 and 34 per ton, 6 mos, for the three numbers. Scotch Pig is held at $35a36, 6 months. Prices of Bar and Boiler Iron remain without change and there is a steady inquiry.

LEAD—The demand has been limited, and the only sales reported is 1,200 pigs Galena at $5,70—equal to cash.

LEATHER—There is a good demand for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter Leather, and prices have an upward tendency.

LUMBER—There is a steady business doing, without change in prices. Sales of Laths at $2 per M, and Yellow Pine Boards at $14a16, and Spruce Joist at $16 per M feet.

These were [illegible] the week ending 6th inst. [illegible] feet 1,161,575

Previously 27,352,202

Total this [illegible] 28,673,775

MOLASSES—The market is inactive, and the only sales reported are small lots of Cuba at 25c, on time.

NAVAL STORES—About 700 barrels Rosin sold in small lots at $1,50a2,50 per bbl. In Tar and Pitch no change. Spirits of Turpentine is in better demand, and prices have advanced. Sales of 300 bbls at 58a59c, cash and on time.

OILS—Prices are steady for all descriptions of Fish Oils, and there is a fair inquiry for lots, from store. Sales of Linseed Oil in lots at 68a70c. Lard Oil remains without change. A sale of Winter at 90 cts.

The following are the total imports of Sperm and Whale Oil into the United States, for the week ending the 9th inst., and for the year thus far:

	Bbls. Sperm.	Bbls. Whale.
Total for the week	1,161	3,287
Previously	63,776	253,393
From Jan. 1 to date	65,877	240,680
Same time last year	4?,387	72,784

PLASTER—Is in good demand. Two cargoes of Soft sold at $3 per ton.

RICE—The sales have been only in small lots at $4,25a4,37½, on time.

SALT—There have been no arrivals or sales this week.

SEEDS—Cloverseed is out of season. Timothy has been more inquired after, and 300 barrels sold, mostly to go out of the market at $2,50a3 per bushel. Flaxseed is worth $1,30a1,35.

SPICES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

SPIRITS—A cargo of Brandy and Wine has just arrived from Charente, which has not yet commenced landing. Prices rule fully 20 per cent. higher now than a month ago. Prices of Gin remain without change. N. E. Rum sells in small lots at 28a31 cts. Whiskey—The market is bare of bbls. We quote at 26c. Sales of hhds at 25c, and Drudge at 26 cts.

SUGAR—The market has been exceedingly quiet since our last notice, and the demand limited. Prices, however, remain without change. Sales of 4a500 hhds Cuba and Porto Rico within the range of 4½a5¾c, and 1,100 bags white Brazil at 6½a7c per lb, on time.

TALLOW—The sales have been limited at our last quotations.

TEAS—There has been an increased demand, and prices are firm for all descriptions.

TOBACCO—The market has been quiet, but prices are firm for both Leaf and Manufactured.

WINES—No sales worthy of notice have transpired.

WOOL—There has been a fair inquiry, and prices are steadily maintained. The week's sales amount to 190,000 lbs, mostly within the range of 45a60c per lb, 6 mos.

FREIGHTS—To Liverpool are firm at 2s 6d per bbl for Flour, and 8d per bushel for Grain. To the West Indies and Southern ports the rates are unchanged. Colliers are in fair request at $1,75 per ton to Boston; $1,30 to Rhode Island, and $1a1,10 to N. York.—*Inquirer.*

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 26 South Third Street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing firm:

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6's '56	108¼	119	Southwark	66	70
" '62	115	—	Kensington	66½	70
" '67	121½	121¾	P Township	34	35
" '68	121¼	122	Girard	13¼	13½
" 5s '53	103	—	Western	72	73
July Interest off			Manuf Mechs	30	31
Phila 6s	[illegible]	104	Bk of Com	55	56
" 5s	[illegible]	97	Camden N J	[illegible]	60
" 5s Gas	102	102½	Germantown	67	—
County 5s	[illegible]	[illegible]	Trust Bk Co	[illegible]	16
Penna 5s	[illegible]	[illegible]	Pitts Bk	[illegible]	56
" 5s	[illegible]	94	M & M Pitts	55	—
Kentucky 6s	103	—	Exchange, Pitts	55	—
Tennessee 6s	104½	[illegible]	Com, Ohio	35	—
Illinois 6s	[illegible]	—	Louis, Ky	111	112
Cincinnati 6s	[illegible]	—	Kentucky Bk	113	114
Texas T Notes	50	55	Northern	111	113
" Bds 8s	65	70	Union, Tenn	95	96
Schuyl N 6s	79	79½	Plant's, Tenn	96	97
" Int	53½	55	Vicksburg	15	15½
Lehigh N 6s	99½	100	Com, Natchez	—	—
" Int Loan	95	96	N O Gas Bk	125	126
" Mort 6s	101½	—	Schuyl Nav	27½	28
C & D C'l 6s	104	—	" pref'd	31	31½
C & Am R bds	102	105	Lehigh Nav	73½	74
ReaMdw R 6s	91	91½	C & Del Cal	146	147
Susqueh Cl 6s	65	66	Morris Cl	17½	17½
Norrist'n R 6s	100	101	Penn&Ohio Cl	—	20
Harris R 6s	100½	101	Union Cl	15½	15½
Wil R 6s	84	84½	Cam&Am R	152	152½
Read R 6s	87	87½	Penna R	47½	48
" Mort 6s	96	98	Rea Mdw R	38	38½
U S Bk Notes	20	—	Lykens Val R	15	—
U S Bk Shares	4	4½	North Am Cl	16½	17
N Amer Bk	150	151	Susqueh Cl	14½	15
Penna Bk	124	125	Norristown R	57½	58
Philadelphia	140	141	Harrisburg R	51½	51½
Far & Mec	73	73½	Wilmington R	36½	37
Commercial	66	67	Reading R	41½	42
N Liberty	54	—	Minehill R	71½	71½
Mechanics	33	33½	N Liberty Gas	32	—
			N W Mls Co	—	30

NEW YORK MARKETS, AUG. 13.

ASHES—Prices unchanged. Sales of 40 barrels at $4,81½ for Pots, and $5,18¾ for Pearls.

COTTON—Dull and drooping. Only 200 bales were reported sold.

FLOUR, &c.—The transactions in the Flour market are to a moderate extent, and prices are without material change. Sales of 10,000 bbls at $5,06a5,12½ for common to straight State, and $5,12a5,25 for mixed to fancy Michigan and Indiana, and common to good Ohio. Canadian is steady, with sales of 600 bbls at $5,18¾. A moderate demand of Southern Flour, with sales of 600 bbls at $5,44a5,62½. Rye Flour and Corn Meal quiet.

GRAIN—There is rather more doing in Wheat, but the market is rather easier. Sales of 1,300 bushels new Genesee at $1,40, 6,000 new white Southern at $1,27a1,30; 3,000 Canadian white at $1,26; 2,000 damaged Western at 95c; 3,800 Upper Lake at 98c; 2,700 white Michigan at $1,30; and 2,000 red Southern at $1,25, an outside price. Rye is nominal at 85c. Corn is less firm. Sales of 19,000 bushels at 71a73c for unsound; 73a74c for yellow Southern.—Oats in moderate request at 45a47 cts for State and Western.

PROVISIONS—The Pork market is firmer, with sales of 700 bbls at $15,25a15,50 for Mess, and $12.75 a12,87½ for Prime. Beef heavy; sales of 140 bbls at previous prices. Cut Meats are selling slowly at previous prices. Lard dull, sales of 150 barrels at 10½a10¾c. Butter and Cheese without change to notice.

WHISKEY—A fair demand, with sales of 700 bbls at 26 for Western, and 26½a26½c for Ohio.

BAD BREATH, A DISAGREEABLE TASTE IN THE MOUTH,

And other unpleasant symptoms, are the result of indigestion. When the food, instead of being properly dissolved, remains in the stomach until it becomes in a manner putrified, a deleterious fluid, called Septic Acid, is generated, which, mixing with the fluid of the mouth, is certain not only to give a bad breath, but is also the true cause of wasting of the gums, a deposit of tartar, and decayed teeth.

Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills not only cleanse the stomach and bowels of all bilious and putrid humors, and purify the blood, but they also restore the digestive organs to a healthy tone; and are therefore certain to remove a bad breath, and prevent a premature decay of the teeth.

Beware of Counterfeits!—Country storekeepers would do well to exercise care in buying from pedlars. We understand that a man by the name of HIESTAND, and another by the name of SINES, are offering what purports to be Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. These persons are not authorized agents for this medicine, and the article offered cannot be guaranteed as genuine.

The genuine is for sale by agents in all parts of the United States.

Principal Office 169 RACE Street, Philadelphia.

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY I. CRAVEN & Co., BROKERS, No. 33½ South Third Street.

PHILADELPHIA, August 20, 1853.

PENNSYLVANIA.		CONNECTICUT.	
Philadelphia Banks	par	All solvent banks	1 dis
U S Bank notes	18 dis	Bk of Ann Seymour	[illegible]
Harrisburg	¼ dis	East Hd West Kill	[illegible]
Chambersburg	¼ dis	Woodbury bk	20 dis
York	¼ dis	MASSACHUSETTS.	
Gettysburg	¼ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Carlisle	¼ dis	Dorchester and Milton	
Middletown	¼ dis	union notes	no sale
Brownsville	¼ dis	RHODE ISLAND.	
Pittsburg	¼ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Washington co	¼ dis	Phenix b'k, Westerly,	
Honesdale	¼ dis	stolen notes	no sale
Waynesburg	¼ dis	CANADA.	
Erie	¼ dis	Montreal	1½ dis
All other solv't B'ks	par	VIRGINIA.	
Relief notes	¼a1 dis	Bk of Va & brch's	[illegible]
NEW JERSEY.		Far Bk & brch's	[illegible]
Trenton, M't Holly,		Valley Bk & brch's	[illegible]
Burlington, Mechanics		Ex Bk & brch's	[illegible]
and Salem Bridgeton, Camd'n, Prin'ton, Newark		Wheeling	[illegible]
Bk Co par		NORTH CAROLINA.	
Plainfield	[illegible]	All solvent banks	[illegible]
State Bk Morris	[illegible]	Small notes	[illegible]
Coml Bk Perth Amboy	do	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Peoples Bk Paterson	do	All solvent banks	[illegible]
S Mope Del Bridge Co	do	Small notes	[illegible]
Yardleyville	10 dis	GEORGIA.	
New Brunswick	[illegible]	All solvent banks	[illegible]
Newark	[illegible]	Bk St Mary's	[illegible]
Morris co	[illegible]	Small notes	[illegible]
Middletown Point	[illegible]	ALABAMA.	
Orange	[illegible]	Bk of Mobile	1 dis
Belvidere	[illegible]	Country banks	3 dis
Rahway	[illegible]	MISSISSIPPI.	
Dover	[illegible]	All banks	uncertain
All New Jersey secured by stocks	[illegible]	LOUISIANA.	
DELAWARE.		All solvent banks	1 dis
All solvent banks	¼ dis	OHIO.	
Under 5's	½ dis	Bk of Wooster	50 dis
MARYLAND.		Bk of Norwalk	30 dis
Baltimore banks	[illegible]	All solvent banks	1 dis
Mineral Bk	[illegible]	Small notes	1 dis
Cecil co	[illegible]	KENTUCKY.	
Frederick co	[illegible]	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Cumberland	[illegible]	Small notes	1½ dis
Washington co	[illegible]	INDIANA.	
Hagerstown	[illegible]	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Salisbury	[illegible]	Small notes	1½ dis
Havre de Grace } Far & Millers	failed	ILLINOIS.	
DIS. OF COLUMBIA.		Bk of Illinois	50 dis
All solvent banks	[illegible]	State Bk do	70 dis
NEW YORK.		Good Free bks	1a2 dis
City banks	par	MISSOURI.	
Solvent co bks	¼ dis	All solvent banks	2 dis
James bk	20 dis	TENNESSEE.	
New Rochelle	20 dis	All solvent banks	2 dis
Far bk Onondaga	20 dis	Small notes	2 dis
MAINE.		East Tennessee	15 dis
Mercan bk Bangor	15 dis	MICHIGAN.	
All other solv't bks	½ dis	Gov't Stock bk	10 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE.		All solvent banks	1 dis
All solvent bks	½ dis	ARKANSAS.	
VERMONT.		All banks	no sale
Bank of St Albans	1 dis	WISCONSIN.	
All solvent banks	½ dis	All banks	uncertain
		TEXAS.	
		Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	[illegible]

Issues of 1, 2 and 3 dollar bills dated at Washington City, and resembling New York City and State issues, should be refused by the public—as a number of them have failed and are worthless.

ALMANAC.

Aug., 1853.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER.	MOON'S PHASES.
20 Saturday,	5 18	6 43	3 32	
21 Sunday,	5 19	6 41	4 3	
22 Monday,	5 20	6 40	4 54	
23 Tuesday,	5 21	6 39	5 26	
24 Wedn'day,	5 22	6 37	6 21	New 4 6 28
25 Thursday,	5 23	6 35	7 3	First 11 10 32
26 Friday,	5 24	6 34	7 47	Full 18 5 30
27 Saturday,	5 25	6 32	8 33	Last 26 10 24

Marriages.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. Jas. H. Kennard, Mr. WILLIAM L. COCHRAN, to Miss ELLEN TAYLOR, both of Delaware county.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. W. Blackwood, Mr. JAMES FORGRAVE, to Miss ELIZA GRAHAM, both of this city.

On the 17th of April last, at the Parsonage of the Sansom Street Baptist Church, by the Rev. J. Dowling, D. D., GEORGE R. HELMICH, to CAROLINE CONNELLY, both of Spring Garden.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. JOHN W. MORGAN, to Miss SOPHIA BRAINARD.

On the 9th instant, by Friends' Ceremony, JOSEPH JOHNSON, to Miss MARY E. LUKENS, daughter of Jos. Lukens, all of Philadelphia.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. WILLIAM TERRY, of Pittsburg, to Miss ALMIRA MADDEN, of Millville, Cumberland county, N. J.

On the 4th of July, by the Rev. Mr. Barlow, WILLIAM OFFLEY, to Miss MARY GREAVIER, all of this city.

On the 3d of Jan. by the Rev. John P. Hall, of Cape Island, Mr. THOMAS S. SHOEMAKER, formerly of this city, to Miss EMMA EDWARDS, of Dennisville, Cape May county, N. J.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Father Sheridan, of St. Michael's Church, Mr. WILLIAM JERVIS, to Miss ELIZABETH BEATH, all of Kensington.

On the 9th inst. in the Arch Street Church, by the Rev. Mr. McClure, Mr. JULIUS LEE, to Miss LIZZIE A. WALKER, both of this city.

On the 29th ult. by the Rev. W. O. Johnstone, of Kensington, Mr. ROBERT CONDIE, to Miss RACHEL ARMSTRONG.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Smith, Mr. CHARLES RODGERS, to Miss ANN J. HESSBOROUGH, both of this city.

On the 7th inst. by the Rev. James Sewell, Mr. THOMAS H. STEWART, to Miss SARAH D. McLEAN, all of this city.

On the 9th inst. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. PHILIP KERCHER, Jr. to Miss MARGARET HESLEY.

On the 15th of June, by the same, Captain JAMES SMITH, to Miss MARY A. SNYDER.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. Mr. Huckle, Mr. JOHN R. REYNOLDS, of New York, to Miss MARIA L. DOWNS, of Baltimore.

At Nantucket, Mass. on the 3d inst by the Rev. J. G. Forman, CHARLES F. BURGIN, of Philadelphia, to Miss MARY C. daughter of Capt. Reuben Ray, of the former place.

On the 1st inst. by the Rev. Geo. Chandler, Mr. ISAAC B. HEWITT, to Miss FANNIE FIELD.

Deaths.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

At Geneva, N. York, HENRY T. CHAPIN, aged 29 years.

On the 10th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH AGE, wife of Mr. Joseph Buck, aged 37 years.

On the 10th inst. WILLIAM N. ROBERTS, aged 45.

At Germantown, on the 9th instant, NATHANIEL JONES, aged 38 years.

On the 10th inst. MARY A. TURPIN, wife of Thos. Hammond, aged 29 years.

On the 10th inst. ELLEN A. DARRACH, aged 77.

In New York city, on the 9th inst. WILLIAM W. DAVIS, of this city, aged 38 years.

On the 10th inst. JAMES SPROLE, aged 23 years.

On the 10th inst. SUSANNA, wife of Thomas McGlaughlin, aged 24 years.

On the 10th instant, MARY, wife of Peter Hogan, aged 28 years.

On the 10th inst. Mr. DAVID FORSYTHE, aged 58.

On the 10th inst. in the city of New York, ALEX. SHIRTLIFF.

On the 9th inst. WILLIAM HANSELL, aged 28.

On the 9th inst. FREDERICK MARKLEY, of Roxborough, aged 53 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. ANNE STARRAT, aged 41.

On the 9th inst. MARY GOURLAY, aged 47 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH BROOKES, aged 67 years.

On the 9th inst. Mr. GORDON ARTHUR, aged 56.

On the 9th inst. JOHN L. VARNICK, aged 24 years.

On the 9th instant, CATHARINE, wife of Wm. A. Steelman, aged 28 years.

On the 9th inst. CHARLES KELLY, aged 73 years.

On the 7th inst. Mr. HENRY PHYLE, aged 53.

On the 8th inst. JOHN FAIRWEATHER, son of Jos. and Elizabeth Smith.

On the 8th inst. FRANCIS PATRICK, son of Dennis and Christiana Conguin, aged 9 months.

On the 8th inst. MARY McHOY, aged 37 years.

On the 8th inst. PHILIP WHEATON, aged 26.

On the 7th inst. CONRAD, son of Andrew and Elizabeth Rees, aged 19 years.

On the 6th inst. Mrs. REBECCA HOOD, aged 71.

On the 7th inst. CATHARINE DE PREFONTAINE, aged 26 years.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH CROCKETT, aged 72 years.

On the 7th inst. Mrs. ELIZABETH BOLIER, aged 61 years.

On the 7th inst. LOUISA PETERS, aged 81 years.

On the 9th inst. JOHN F. DEVILVER, aged 20 mos.

On the 8th instant, WILLIAM, son of Peter H. and Mary J. Miller, aged 1 year.

On the 14th inst. ADAM BEATTY, aged 69 years.

On the 13th inst. JOSEPHINE REGINA, daughter of John D. and Elizabeth E. Myers.

REMOVAL.

MOORE, HENSZEY & CO.,
HARDWARE JOBBERS,

Have removed from 139 to No. 181 Market, between Fourth and Fifth Streets, where they will continue to keep a large assortment of HARDWARE, CUTLERY, GUNS, &c. june 27-3m

FEMALE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF PENNSYLVANIA.

FOURTH ANNUAL SESSION.

THE NEXT COURSE OF LECTURES in this institution will commence on Saturday, Oct 1st, 1853, and continue five months (21 weeks), closing on the 25th of February, 1854.

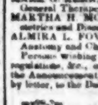
FACULTY.

DAVID J. JOHNSON, M. D., Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.
ELLWOOD HARVEY, M. D., Professor of the Principles and Practice of Medicine.
HILBERN DARLINGTON, M. D., Professor of Surgery.
ANN PRESTON, M. D., Professor of Physiology.
EDWIN FUSSELL, M. D., Professor of Anatomy.
MARK G. KERR, Professor of Materia Medica and General Therapeutics.
MARTHA H. MOWRY, M. D., Professor of Obstetrics and Diseases of Women and Children.
ALMIRA L. FOWLER, M. D., Demonstrator of Anatomy and Chemistry.

Persons wishing further information as to terms, regulations, &c., or desirous of receiving copies of the Announcement, will please apply, personally or by letter, to the Dean of the Faculty.

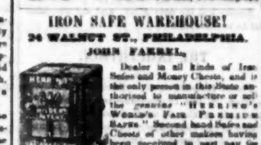
DAVID J. JOHNSON, M. D.
229 Arch Street, Philadelphia.
aug13-2m

IRON SAFE WAREHOUSE!
24 WALNUT ST., PHILADELPHIA.
JOHN FARREL,



Dealer in all kinds of Iron Safes and Money Chests, and is the only person in this State authorized to manufacture or sell the genuine "HERRING'S WORLD'S FAIR PREMIUM SAFES." Second hand Safes and Chests of other makers having been received in part pay for HERRING'S, for sale at less than one-half first cost.

N. B. MARBLEIZED IRON MANTELS, TABLE TOPS, &c., &c., from the works of the celebrated "SALAMANDER MARBLE Co." on hand in great variety. feb19-tf



CHERRY PECTORAL

For the rapid Cure of
COUGHS, COLDS, HOARSENESS, BRONCHITIS, WHOOPING-COUGH, CROUP, ASTHMA, AND CONSUMPTION.

Is this, or is it not, a Medicine worthy of commendation? We are confident that it is deserving of its present reputation; confident from experienced acquaintance with its beneficial properties, confident from the accuracy and care with which those properties are combined, confident from the fact that so many, in the highest, as well as the humblest walks of society have borne cheerful testimony to its merit.

We are not, we think, blinded to the truth of any proposition by the glare of great names, arrayed upon one side, or the other. Personally speaking, we know that the CHERRY PECTORAL was entitled to all the commendations it has received. Of this we were assured, from the best of evidence. Unless we had complained intending it as extravagant to notice, still we are none the less thankful for the uncommon aid from noted persons, since we know, from the evidence of society, that the simple circumstance will have an important influence in bringing this really valuable preparation within the circle of many families, who might have otherwise neglected to use it. Hearthstones will now be made glad, which might else have been desolate.

We ask only a candid consideration of the evidence submitted to the public in Ayer's American Almanac (which may be had gratis of almost all Druggists,) and then leave the afflicted to judge for themselves whether this Remedy does not offer them the best possible chance of relief which medical skill has yet afforded.

Prepared by JAMES C. AYER,
Practical and Analytical Chemist, Lowell, Mass.

And sold by Fred. Brown, Phila.; W. H. Mehaffey, Harrisburg, Pa.; C. A. Morris & Co., York, do.; R. P. Hunter & Co., Reading, do.; B. A. Fahnestock & Co., Pittsburg, do.; E. Buskirk, Jr., Cincinnati, Ohio; Mahaney & Co., Balt., Md.; N. A. Bibber & Son, Norfolk, Va.; Purcell, Ladd & Co., Richmond, do.; Z. D. Gilman, Washington, D. C.; J. Cook & Co., Alexandria, Va.; Moore & Lyon, Petersburg, do.; Dr. P. M. Cohen & Co., Charleston, S. C.; T. W. Turner & Co., Savannah, Ga.; Joseph Tucker, Mobile, Ala.; J. Wright & Co., New Orleans, La.; Francis, Walton & Warren, St. Louis, Mo.; Sutcliffe & Hughes, Louisville, Ky.; W. W. Berry, Nashville, Tenn.; S. B. Strong, Knoxville, Ky.; Haviland, Risley & Co., Augusta, Ga.; Booth & Guthrie, Memphis, Tenn.; and by all Druggists everywhere. jy23-eow3m

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS FOR THE CURE OF WEAK DIGESTION, DISORDERED STOMACHS, AND DEBILITATED CONSTITUTIONS.—The strengthening and invigorating properties of these astonishing Pills are so great, that all persons of low or nervous habits, or whose digestive organs are impaired, should give them a trial, as the most debilitated constitutions have been renovated by their use, after every other medicine had been tried in vain. Officers in the Army and others that have resided for some time in warm climates, when suffering from bilious affections or liver complaints, have invariably been cured by the use of Holloway's Pills.

Sold by all the vendors of medicine throughout the British Empire and United States, in pots and boxes, at 37½ cts., 87½ cts., and $1 50 each. Wholesale by C. D. KNIGHT, 7 South Sixth St., Philadelphia, and by the proprietor, 244 Strand, London. [illegible]

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square (fourteen lines) one insertion, $0.50
" " " three insertions, $1.00
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" " " a year, $20.00

Double column Advertisements a price and a half.

☞ Payment is required in advance.

☞ Persons purchasing articles advertised in our columns, will confer a favor by mentioning that they saw the advertisement in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post.

NOTICE OF ASSIGNMENT.

NOTICE is hereby given, that ROBERT WILSON, of the Township of Shamong, in the county of Burlington and State of New Jersey, hath this day made an assignment to the subscribers, of his estate, for the equal benefit of his creditors, and that the said creditors must exhibit their respective claims, under oath or affirmation, within the term of three months. Also, all persons indebted to said Robert Wilson, either on Bonds, Notes, Books of Account or otherwise, are desired to make immediate payment.

DANIEL WILLS,
HENRY BROWN,
Assignees.
aug13-3t*
Dated Vincent Town, 23d July, A.D., 1853.

IMPORTANT TO YOUNG MEN.

I OFFER for sale upwards of thirty different Receipts, many of which have been sold the past year for five dollars a piece, and the whole collection are so many different ways to make money. In the sale of one of the articles alone, I have known young men the past year to make from five to twelve dollars per day; and in the manufacture and sale of any one of the articles, no young man of energy and ability can fail to make money.

Address E. BOWMAN, Boston, Mass., enclosing one dollar, and the whole number of Receipts will be forwarded by mail. No letter taken from the office unless prepaid. jy23-4t

500 AGENTS WANTED.

$1,000 A-YEAR.

WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY OF THE UNITED STATES, active and enterprising men, to engage in the sale of some of the best Books published in the country. To men of good address, possessing a small capital of from $25 to $100, such inducements will be offered as to enable them to make from $3 to $10 a day profit.

☞ The books published by us are all useful in their character, extremely popular and command large sales wherever they are offered.

For further particulars, address, (postage paid,)
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ROOT'S DAGUERREOTYPES AND THE WORLD'S FAIR.—The most enduring mementos of the Great Exhibition of this summer, will be the thousands of beautiful DAGUERREOTYPES taken in ROOT'S unrivalled style, and secured by visitors all over the world. ROOT'S process is perfect, and his work unrivalled, as SIXTEEN FIRST PREMIUMS, GOLD AND SILVER MEDALS, from the first institutions of the country attest. Pictures taken in any weather, rain or shine. Rooms very easy of access. Portraits, Miniatures, &c., copied. The Exquisite Crayon taken only by Root. Gallery of rare Pictures open to all, and always free, at No. 140 CHESNUT STREET, where TALBOTYPES, CRYSTOLOTYPES, STEREOSCOPIC DAGUERREOTYPES, and several other beautiful styles, can be examined and obtained at short notice.

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W. W. COLBERT'S
ENVELOPE
[illegible]
LETTER
ENGRAVING

ENVELOPES OF EVERY QUALITY, size and description, wholesale and retail, viz: Government Patent, Plain and Legal, samples of which will be sent by mail, free of charge. Also, Embossing, Engraving, Printing, and the product of Business Cards for Envelopes, Bill-Heads, Cards, Circulars, &c., all of which are furnished at very low rates.

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1,000 BOOK AGENTS WANTED
TO SELL PICTORIAL AND USEFUL WORKS FOR THE YEAR 1853.

1,000 DOLLARS A YEAR!

WANTED IN EVERY COUNTY OF THE UNITED STATES, active and enterprising men, to engage in the sale of some of the best Books published in the country. To men of good address, possessing a small capital of from $25 to $100, such inducements will be offered as to enable them to make from $3 to $5 a day profit.

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For further particulars, address, (postage paid,)
ROBERT SEARS, Publisher,
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SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.—IN QUART BOTTLES.
FOR PURIFYING THE BLOOD, AND FOR THE CURE OF SCROFULA, MERCURIAL DISEASES, RHEUMATISM, CUTANEOUS ERUPTIONS, STUBBORN ULCERS, LIVER COMPLAINT, DYSPEPSIA, BRONCHITIS, SALT RHEUM, CONSUMPTION, FEVER SORES, FEMALE COMPLAINTS, ERYSIPELAS, LOSS OF APPETITE, PIMPLES, BILES, GENERAL DEBILITY, &c., &c., &c., &c., &c.

The value of this medicine is now widely known, and every day the field of its usefulness is extending. It has been so fully tested, not only by patients themselves, but also by physicians, that it has received their unqualified commendations and the approbation of the public; and has established on its own merits a reputation for value and efficacy far superior to the various compounds bearing the name of Sarsaparilla. The following testimonial is selected from among the multitude of those we are daily receiving, and for further confirmation, the reader is referred to the Family Recipe and Medical Almanac, furnished gratuitously by all our agents:

ASTONISHING CURE.

NEW ORLEANS, LA., SEPT. 22, 1852.—Messrs. A. B. & D. Sands: Gentlemen,—Having received very much benefit from the use of your Sarsaparilla, I cannot refrain from adding my testimonial to those you have already received. For about six years I suffered much from Disease of the Lungs, which at times was so severe, that it was with difficulty that I could cough or expectorate. I was attended by one of the most celebrated physicians of New Orleans, who finally declared my case hopeless, and that I had only to wait for death. After this, one of my friends, who had used your invaluable Sarsaparilla, advised me to try it. I procured six bottles from your agent in this city, which I took with decided benefit, and after using it for three months, I was radically cured. I remain yours, very truly,

[illegible]

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists and Chemists, 100 Fulton Street, corner of William, New York. Sold also by Druggists generally throughout the United States and Canadas. Price, $1 per bottle, 6 bottles for $5.

Sold also by S. W. Fowle, Boston; Dyott & Sons, Philada.; Canby & Hatch, Baltimore; Purcell, Ladd & Co., Richmond; Haviland, Harral & Co., Charleston; J. Tucker, Mobile; Sickles & Co., N. Orleans; F. H. McIlraw, Natchez; H. Blakesley, St. Louis; J. B. Wilder & Co., Louisville; and E. H. Hastings, Cincinnati. [illegible]

FITS! FITS! FITS!

THE VEGETABLE EXTRACT PILLS,
FOR THE CURE OF
FITS, SPASMS, CRAMPS, AND ALL NERVOUS AND CONSTITUTIONAL DISEASES!

Persons who are laboring under this distressing malady, will find the VEGETABLE EPILEPTIC PILLS to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY,
or
FALLING FITS.

These Pills possess a specific action on the nervous system, and although they are prepared especially for the purpose of curing FITS, they will be found of especial benefit for all persons afflicted with weak nerves, or whose nervous system has been prostrated or shattered from any cause whatever; in fact, it is almost impossible to convey an adequate idea of the speedy and almost miraculous results which these Pills effect in the diseased, broken down, and shattered nervous systems. Persons who were all lassitude, weakness and debility before their use, at once become robust and full of energy. No matter whether the constitution has been broken down by excess, weak by nature, or debilitated by sickness; their effect on the unstrung and shattered nervous organization is equally certain and apparent. In cases of neuralgia, headache, vertigo, pain in the nerves of the face, and the various train of Nervous Affections, palpitation of the heart, periodical headaches, cold and clammy state of the frame, frequent fits of abstraction, total inability, dislike to society, melancholy, nervous excitement, tremors and flushes of the face on the slightest occasion, a desire that existence might terminate; they will produce a cure in an astonishingly short period of time, and they will also remove depression, excitement, a tendency to blush, restlessness, sleeplessness, incapacity for study or business, loss of memory, confusion, giddiness, blood to the head, mental debility, hysteria, indecision, wretchedness, thoughts of self-destruction, fear of insanity, &c. They will increase and restore the appetite, strengthen the emaciated, renew the health of those who have destroyed it by excesses, and induce contentment, cheerfulness and equanimity of spirits, and prolong life.

Persons of pale complexion and consumptive habits, are restored by the use of a box or two, to bloom and vigor, changing the skin from a pale, yellow, sickly color, to a beautiful florid complexion.

We assure the reader that the utmost reliance may be placed in these Pills, in the cure of the maladies mentioned above, and also of those which follow, viz: Loss of muscular energy, and general prostration, irritability, and all Nervous Affections, indigestion, sluggishness of the liver, weakness, &c., or any of the consequences of indiscretion, or indulgence, renders them the most valuable remedy ever discovered. In fact, as a remedy for the above complaints, these Pills stand unrivalled and alone. There is no other reliable remedy, or any that has authoritatively received the sanction of the medical faculty.

In contradistinction between the action of these Pills is not less happy and decided. Numerous instances might be mentioned, in which persons had inherited dreadful maladies from their infancy, and had endured years of misery and suffering, spent hundreds of dollars, and finally been cured by the use of the Vegetable Extract Pills.

☞ As these Pills are composed of some of the most expensive materials in the Materia Medica, it will be impossible to leave them around the country on agency, as common Patent Medicines usually are. But in order to let the afflicted in the most remote parts of the country have a chance to obtain them, they will be sent by mail, franked, free of postage, to any part of the United States, or any country with which the United States has postal arrangements, on the receipt of a remittance.

PRICES—Vegetable Extract Epileptic Pills, $3 per box, or two boxes for $5.

☞ All Orders must be addressed, post paid, to
SETH S. HANCE,
108 Baltimore Street, Baltimore, Md.

☞ Unpaid Letters not taken from the office. [illegible]

Selected Poetry.

THE NEW ORDER OF NOBILITY.

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Go questioned—to rank as "The Good."

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
Shall give to each its better birth.
Those paths, that part the good and ill,
The vile and worthy—false and true—
The noble and ignoble—still
Two classes only place in view:
And better lead, dishonor there,
[illegible]

[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

For more it imports now to know,
To feel, to prove each other's worth,
[illegible]
To which the past has given birth;
Call forth the living spirit's powers,
[illegible]

And let the good be termed "The Good;"
"The noble," "The True;" the brave, "The Brave;"—
Titles not bought and sold for blood,
[illegible]
[illegible] "The Just,"
No man shall know wherein they trust.

Look on our noble ones again,—
Nor nobler guard the ranks of old.
[illegible]
He bathes not for fame nor gold;
But with an earnest, loving heart,
He counsels still, and plays his part.

No painted badge, no tinsel star,
[illegible]
[illegible]
Youth's light stands in his eyes confest;
And round the broad brow proudly plays,
That glows and brightens to its blaze!

This brave, high homage, spirit-paid,
Shall vindicate the worth of woman too,
Fitly smiling with old trust,
"The Meek," "The Tender," or "The True."
And she whose brow shall beauty wear
May yet well greet the name she bears.

Is this a dream? No!—by the past,
With its dense darkness—pierced at length—
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]
[illegible]

Selected Sketch.

FAITHFUL FOREVER.

It is a dear delight for the soul to have trust in the faith of another. It makes a pillow of softness for the cheek which is burning with care and the touch of pain. It pours a balm in to the very source of sorrow. It is a hope undeferred, a flowery seclusion into which the mind, when weary of sadness, may retreat for a season of constant love; a warmth in the clasp of friendship forever lingering on the hand; a consoling voice that dwells on with an eternal echo on the ear; a dew of mercy falling on the bruised and troubled hearts of this world. Bereavements and wishes long withheld descend sometimes [illegible] upon our nature; but there is no solace to the bitterness of broken faith.

Jennie was the morning star of my life. Long before I trod the many wide deserts of the world, I pledged my hope to her. She was so young that my affection came fresh as dew upon her heart. She was gentle to me, and tender, and fond, and sometimes I thought that she loved me less for my own sake than for the sake of love. So I watched the opening bloom of her mind. I wondered what springs of truth were bursting there to make her a joy and a blessing on the earth. I knew that every pulse was warm with a sacred love; but it was not then that I learned all the deep and abounding faith that had its home in the heart of my Jennie.

Jennie was slim and graceful, with a light step and a gentle dignity of demeanor, which, with her joyful ways, was like the freshness of shade near a sunny place. Her face was fair, with sometimes a pensive expression; it was a good, loving face, with soft, blue, floating eyes, full of beauty and tender thought. A smile always played on the lips—not forever of gladness, but of charity, and content, and trust in the future to which her hope was turned. And often a song poured through those lips, as though some happy bird were nestled in her bosom, and sang with her breath its hymns of delight in the joys of life.

All this did Jennie seem to me, and more than this she was; and she loved me, and I was confident in her affection. For I was then young, and my heart was warm, and my hope was strong. I was buoyant as the breeze, and my life was for years a perpetual summer's day. It was the time when the pure springs of nature had not been wasted among the fickle and the cold; it was the golden season when trust is the companion of truth; it was the first harvest which garners into the bosom those thoughts and emotions amid which, as on a bed of flowers, "hope clings, feeding like a bee." The heart of Jennie was as deeply stirred, but her soul was more serene than mine.

There was a fearful storm in Europe. I heard of grim tyrants sitting on thrones, whence they gave their commands to armies which marched to the East and to the West, and tore up the vineyards, and trod down the gardens, and blotted out the peace of the world. Anon, there came rumors of a mighty host that had melted away in the North, and glutted with its blood the Russian snows.

Then there came a strange ambition into my mind. My blood became hot. A calamitous frenzy filled my brain. The name of Glory consecrated all those murders to my imagination. I would carry a flag in one of those armies. I would mix in the crimson throng. I would myself bear a sword amid those forests of flashing steel.

And I told this to Jennie. I thought she would certainly bless me as a hero. I thought she would bind a scarf about my waist, and bid me "go where glory waits thee," if I still remembered her. But, when I said I should leave her for a while and come back with honor, and pride, and the memory of brave acts, and the conscious gratulations of a breast that never knew fear, she became pale, and looked at me sorrowfully, and fell upon my neck, weeping most bitter tears. I asked her why she could grieve, and said the danger was one chance among innumerable probabilities of success. But she only sobbed and trembled, and pressed me to her bosom, and prayed me not to go.

I reasoned with Jennie. I tried to persuade her of the glory of the war. I told her how much more worthy of love she would think me when I came back adorned with laurels. (Oh how green are the leaves that bloom from slaughter!) I said her image would be my companion; her voice would be my vesper bell, her smile, my star of the morning; her face would be the visitant of my dreams; her love the mercy that would shield me from every danger. She listened with suspended sobs and trembled, and all the while her eyes were appealing to my own, and penetrating to my heart to invoke its faith, that I might not tempt misfortune to blight the early bridal of our hearts.

When I had done, her answer was as if I had not spoken, for still she only said that I must not go. She gave no more reasons now. And I—did I deserve her love, when I thought that explaining and persuading were answers to the pleading tears, and swelling bosom, and quivering frame, and speaking eyes of that maiden [illegible] by her mournful fears?

"You will be changed when you return," she said.

I change! I knew I could not change! Why should Jennie doubt my truth? I would prove it. My mind was fixed. My fancy was flushed by ambitious anticipations. I was resolved to leave. Jennie, at length, when her entreaties failed, reproached me, but so gently, that her very upbraiding sounded like a benediction. And so it was. It was not even the selfishness of affection. It was a pure, tender, earnest solicitude. She told me I was breaking faith with her in thus going away to engage in war. Was it for this that she had become the affianced of my heart? Was it for this that she had pledged her love, with every sacred vow, to [illegible]? Was it for all this that I should take my hand from the pleasant cares of peace to [illegible] it in the villanies of war; that I should [illegible] with the worst of my kind; that I should ride over the harvests of the poor, and [illegible] in the glare of their burning homes, and [illegible] to the world? Oh, no. It was I that broke my pledge. I was not true to my early vow. I was not all for her. I had made a new idol for my heart. I had declared I would never come any nearer to her, by denying to her love one of its current wishes. And now I was doing this. I was making her grieve; I was risking the leaving her desolate to the end of her days. For the sake of what? For the sake of a soldier's ambition! And what! [illegible] to wear the gay badge of a [illegible] to die in a trench, or live, [illegible] with the memory of carnage, [illegible], and all the miserable horrors of a war!

I cannot tell all the sorrows of that parting. An infatuation [illegible] in my head, and blinded me. At length I went. Jennie's last blessing [illegible] me more deeply than her first reproach. When she knew that I should go, she said not one more desponding word; and then did I feel how gentle she was in sorrow, as she was serene in her days of joy. But I consoled myself. I doubted that Jennie, good as she was—dear, loving, noble—could not comprehend the idea of patriotism. And, once, a thought of falsehood crossed my mind. I reflected that I had never tried her—she might not be true to the absent: it would be good to test her faith.

And so I went. Let me forget the horrors and the triumph of that long adventure. Instead of two years I was away seven; and when at first I was sad, sick, remorseful. Nothing but memory recalled to me the thought of love. And then did Jennie's reproaches rise up in judgment against me. I was long lost from her during the confusion of that terrible campaign. A solid continent now lay between us, and now an ocean. I heard not of her during four years. Ah! she has forgotten, said I, the fiery, wilful one of whom she gave her early love.

At length I returned; but I was not he to whom she had said that sweet and dear farewell. I was maimed, mutilated, disfigured—a cripple, an object. I came home with a fleet fill'd half with trophies, half with the limbless, sightless remnants of a glorious war. But then it was a glorious war. Yes; in twenty years the earth had been dyed with the blood of six millions of men. What a miserable thing—the relic of a man—I looked, when in the sunny summer we bore down the Channel. I thought of Jennie, as the parting cup went round. I already looked upon her as lost; I had not fulfilled my pledge, yet had I not broken my own faith in doubting hers? I repented all I had done. Could I bind her to her own? Could I ask her to take, instead of the manly figure she had last seen, a wretched creature such as I then was?

I had feelings of honor—naval honor—honor that blooms on the drum-head—honor that struts in a red sash, and feathered hat. I would release her! As though love were an attorney's bond. As though a penful of ink could blot out the eternal record of a heart's first faithful affection. I wrote to her. I said I heard she was unmarried still. I had come home. I was also unmarried; but I was maimed, distorted, disfigured—an object to look at. I had no right to insist on our contract. I would not force myself upon her. I would spare her feelings. I would not extort a final ratification of her promise. I loved her still, and should always with tenderness remember her; but I was bound to release her. She was free!

Free! Free, by virtue of a written lease. Free, by one line, when the interwoven memories of a life's long faith were bound about her heart; when every root of affection that had struck into her bosom had sprung up with new blossoms of hope to adorn the visionary future. Free, by my honorable conduct—when she cherished as on an altar the flame of her vestal love, made fragrant by purity and trust. *Her* letter was not like mine. It was quick, passionate, burning with affection. It began with a reproach, and the reproach was blotted with a tear—it ended with a blessing, and a tear had made that blessing sacred too. Let me come to her. Let her see my face. Let her embrace me. Let me never leave her more; and she would soothe me for all the pains I had endured. Not a word of her own sorrows!

Scarcely could that happiness be real. And had my long absence; had my miserable disasters, made no change? Was I still, for Jennie, the beloved of other days? "What did you tell her?" said I, to my confidential comrade, the one-eyed commodore, a bluff old hero, with a heart as warm as ever beat under gold buttons. He had taken my letter, and brought back Jennie's answer.

"I said you were battered about the hull, till you were a wreck."

"And what did she say? Did she shudder, as with aversion?"

"No; she sobbed, and cried, and asked me if you were injured much, and said you must have suffered bitterly; but she said, too, that you must come to her. 'Miss,' I said, 'he is so knocked about that you won't know him. He'll frighten you. He's a ruin. He has hardly any body left.' And then she flushed to the brow; 'Give him that,' she cried, 'and tell him to come. If he has enough body left to hold his soul, I'll cling to him!'"

And where in tale or song, in history or fable, is an answer recorded of more heroic beauty? What had *I* to teach *her* of honor. Hers was the honor of the heart; the truth of the soul; the fidelity and love of a woman born to bless this world. Mine was an honor worn like a feather in a cocked hat, like an epaulet, like a spur. It was regulation honor—honor by the rules of "the service." Jennie's was better than mine.

* * * * * *

I lived with her near the old place. And my wife, the love of my early days, was still the fond Jennie—gentle, tender, trustful—and, from that day, I buried my ideas of the pride of war.

Jennie was my only glory, and she was faithful to me forever!

THE INQUISITION.

Father Gavazzi says:—"Several Monks have written on the Inquisition—among them, Fra Bernard, of Como, wrote a book called 'The Lamp of the Inquisition,' to direct the Inquisitors in their business. One of the tortures was the subtraction of the prisoner's sleep—preventing him from sleeping for fourteen, twenty, and sometimes thirty days. The first species of torture was called 'The Queen of Tortures'—the torture of the cord. In the middle of the Prison was a large upright beam, having a pully at the top, over which ran a rope, one end of which was tied to the prisoner's arms, which were placed behind his back. The executioners—generally two Dominican Friars, then pulled the other end of the rope, lifting the unfortunate victim almost to the ceiling. In that position he was often cruelly flogged and torn with hot pincers or hot iron nails. Then came the question from the Inquisitor—'Are you guilty? Confess you are guilty!' If the victim denied the accusation, the executioner would then suddenly let down the rope, and the fall would completely dislocate the arms of the poor sufferer. He would be then taken down and sent to his dungeon to recover so as to be able to stand torturing anew some weeks after, and so he would be tortured perhaps three or four times, weeks intervening between each application. Another torture was hanging the victim over a brazier of live coals, so that his feet would be within a few inches of the fire; gradually they would blister, then break, the blood dropping from them, and in many instances the feet would be so completely burned that the charred bones of them would fall into the brazier! There was the torture of the wheel, by which the delicate flesh of women was mangled and lacerated with sharp hooks. The great torture was the water torture. The victim was tied down on a bench, with his face up, over which was tied a linen cloth; water was then allowed to trickle from a spout above, down upon the man's face; as the water moistened the cloth, his respiration became more and more difficult, producing hemorrhage of the lungs, and in many instances the poor victim was taken from the bench a corpse!"

THE SELF-CREATING POWER OF MONEY.—A penny at five per cent., simple interest, for eighteen hundred years, amounts to seven shillings and sevenpence half penny, but at compound interest it would be a larger sum than could be contained in six hundred millions of globes, each equal to the earth in magnitude, and all of solid gold.—*Gregory's Dictionary.*

In these few lines lies the secret of the immense wealth of the Rothschilds, the Girards, and the Astors. As Mr. Astor once said, the only difficulty in becoming rich, is that of getting the first few thousand dollars to begin with. Ignorance of this wonderful power in money to reproduce itself, is a chief cause of the poverty of the poor. In most of the countries of the old world, the great bulk of the population need all their earnings for the support of families. There is hardly a man in the Union, who is industrious, that cannot, if he will, make a handsome provision for old age; in other words, it is almost always a man's own fault if he does not lay up in the course of a few years, enough for every reasonable want of an early old age. The only secret is to let your earnings, however small, accumulate.

This geometrical increase will astonish a person not before familiar with the wonderful results of interest accumulating on interest.—*Cincinnati Atlas.*

☞ Surely some people must know themselves; they never think about anything else.

Pictures of Life.

NOT AT HOME.

FROM MRS. [illegible] "HOME CIRCLE."

Mrs. Granger, Mrs. Dr. Mader, and a little interesting woman, Mrs. Ringgold, a new acquaintance, all happened to meet here this morning. My first impulse was to be not at home; but, on second thought, I concluded to follow a little calculation in my [illegible], and went down stairs. They were all so cordial and happy, and so delighted with my baby, that I felt better pleased with the visit than I thought I should.

Our conversation for once took an unexpected turn, and somewhat an elevated tone; the theme was the very one, of all others, that I have often wished to broach, the propriety of that universal excuse, "Not at Home!"

Mrs. Mader declared she could see no harm in such a very little white lie, for in one sense she went not at home—in company! She found it a most convenient thing for home, and if she had a headache, or wanted a day for herself, she did not scruple to use it.

"I shall remember that," said Mrs. Granger, laughing.

"Oh, to my intimate friends, I am, of course, always at home," replied Mrs. Mader, blushing; "but now confess that you use this subterfuge occasionally, though you are a professor. You certainly cannot always see your immense circle of visitors at all hours."

"I certainly cannot; but I believe I never sent that message to the door but once—and for that once," she continued, a very painful look crossing her sweet face, "I shall never forgive myself. It was some few years after I became a Christian; and when I told my servant that morning to say 'not at home' to whoever might call, except she knew the person, and it was a very near friend, I felt my cheeks tingle; and the girl's look of surprise mortified me considerably. But she went about her duties, and I about mine; sometimes pleased that I had adopted a convenient fashion by which I could secure much more time to myself, sometimes painfully smitten with the reproaches of my conscience.

"Well, the day wore away, but left me with a good conversation to my fancied duties, and a wretchedly accusing spirit.

"When husband came home, he startled me with the news that a very near and intimate friend was dead.

"It cannot be," I replied, "for she exacted from me a solemn promise that I would, alone, sit by her dying pillow, as she had something of great importance to divulge. You are misinformed; no one has been for me," and here, suddenly, a horrible suspicion crossed my mind.

"She sent for you, but you were not at home," said Mr. Granger, innocently; and then he continued: "I am sorry, for Charles, her husband, says that he thinks her distress was much aggravated by your absence, from the fact that she called your name piteously. He would have sought after you, but the servant said *she did not know where you had gone!* I am sorry. You must have been out longer than you usually are, for Charles sent his man over here three times."

Never in all my life did I experience such intense loathing of myself, such utter humiliation. My servant had gone further than I; but I had placed it out of my power to reprove her by my own equivocation. I felt humbled to the very dust; and the next day I resolved, over the cold clay of my friend, that I would never, under any circumstances, say, "Not at Home!"

"But did you find out the secret?" asked Mrs. Mader.

"Never; it died with her. It was in relation to a little child in the family, over whom there is a lawsuit pending; and I have always felt painfully conscious that I might have received information by which the child would be greatly benefitted."

"That reminds me of a similar circumstance that occurred in my husband's practice," said Mrs. Dr. Mader. "When we first moved to the city, we were very intimately acquainted with Justice Allen's family, who lived in the suburbs in a very beautiful mansion. The doctor called there quite often as a friend and acquaintance. Mrs. Allen had but one child, a son, some five years old, a little angel in looks and disposition, and as complete an idol as ever shared the love of two devoted hearts. One day my husband rode by, and, as was his wont, stopped there a moment; but a green servant met him, and told him the mistress was not at home; so he drove off again. Some two hours after, he came back, and was surprised when I told him that Justice Allen's man had been after him long ago; that Mrs. Allen was nearly crazy, and the child dying, having accidentally swallowed poison. He hurried back; the house was thronged with doctors, and little Eugene laid just breathing his last. He ascertained what time the accident occurred, and found that, had he not been misinformed at the period of his first visit, he could easily have saved his life. When Mrs. Allen learned that he had actually stood at her own door at the very moment of the discovery, her reason forsook her, and she has never since fully recovered. She had given strict orders that morning that she was at home to no one; and, unfortunately, a physician could not be found till nearly an hour too late. So, since that, husband detests the practice. He would be quite angry with me if he knew me to say 'Not at Home' to any one. But what can I do when my visiting-list is so large? One would not like to send down an excuse; for my part, I don't see how you get along."

"I do very well without resorting to an absolute falsehood."

"Oh, you can't call it a lie!" exclaimed Mrs. Mader, much mortified.

"Then what is it?" asked Mrs. Granger.

"Why, certainly, not exactly a lie," and then she hesitated.

"What else can you call it? Suppose I should tell a friend, who might happen to ask me, that I had not visited Mrs. Golding to-day?"

"Why, of course it would be false."

"Well, and where is the difference, if Mrs. Golding had sent word that she was not at home? Certainly, we should have felt bound to believe the correctness of the message."

I felt uncomfortable; Mrs. Mader looked uneasily toward the door.

"Besides," chimed in little Mrs. Ringgold, who had been quite silent, "I think it leads to loss of confidence in one's friends. We cannot tell those who would wantonly deceive us, from others who would [illegible], for worlds, give us a false impression. And when we must think, from surrounding appearances, that it is but a subterfuge, our feelings are wounded."

"It is an ugly way of displaying one's partiality, too," said Mrs. Granger. "For instance, I take particular pains to call on Mrs. Mader to-day; she is 'Not at Home.' I regret it, leave my card, and to-morrow meet Mrs. A—— and Miss C——, and understand from them that they yesterday spent a delightful hour with Mrs. Mader; and at the very time that lady was 'Not at Home' to me, they were chatting quite cosily in her parlor."

I don't think Mrs. Granger hinted at any thing of the kind; but Mrs. Mader's cheeks were scarlet. If she did not take it home, I did.

"But what shall we do?" asked Mrs. Dr. Mader, after a long pause.

"Send down the true reason for your non-appearance—you are engaged, or not well, as the case may be, but will see them at such an hour. Act the Christian's part, listen to the promptings of conscience; better offend an acquaintance, than burden the soul with a falsehood."

"But, when one has come from a great distance?"

"Oh, we can easily ascertain by card whether it would be rudeness to decline in such cases; but even then, if the friend comes in a carriage, it is not much trouble to ride away, and no *rational* person will consider it an affront. Certainly, it is better than, as Mrs. Ringgold says, to wound one's feelings, as it assuredly does, to be so cavalierly treated—to be obliged to swallow a falsehood."

"Now, in many places where I go, I can tell, by the very air of the household, that the smiling 'Not at Home' of the sleek servant is false, and I dare say many feel the same who come here. I have almost resolved to act upon Mrs. Granger's plan; it is shocking, this daily round of deception. How far we who live fashionably stray from the pure commandments of God! Once the very thought of an untruth would have made me shiver with horror!"

Poor Mrs. Allen! how sad was the fate of her little babe! How thrilling to think that just in the emergency means for restoration were at hand, and all lost by what she considered a harmless white lie!

GETTING ROUND A LAW.—The circulation of foreign bank bills under the denomination of one dollar having been prohibited by law in the State of Illinois, the Chicago Democrat says: "Persons who owe us or want any thing at our office, can leave foreign small bills with us as collateral security or for collection."

Fashionable Farming.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL WALK.

Lady.—"Dear, dear, it's coming on to rain! Run, James! quick, and fetch an umbrella and two parasols. I'm afraid my poor, dear Cochins will get the rheumatism!"

Wit and Humor.

GUNEOPATHY.

BY JOHANNES.

I saw a lady yesterday,
A regular "M. D.,"
Who'd taken from the Faculty
Her medical degree;
And I thought if ever I was sick,
My doctor she should be!

I pity the deluded man
Who foolishly consults
Another man, in hopes to find
Such magical results
As when a pretty woman lays
Her hand upon his pulse!

I had a strange disorder once,
A kind of chronic chill
That all the doctors in the town,
With all their vaunted skill,
Could never cure, I'm very sure,
With powder nor with pill.

I don't know what they called it
In their pompous terms of art,
Nor if they thought it mortal
In such a vital part,
I only know 'twas reckoned
"Something icy round the heart!"

A lady came—her presence brought
The blood into my ears!
She took my hand—and something like
A fever now appears!
Great Galen! I was all a-glow,
Though I'd been cold for years!

Perhaps it isn't every case
That's fairly in her reach,
But should I e'er be ill again,
I fervently beseech
That I may have, for life or death,
A lady for my "leech!"

Boston Post.

A "RAPPING" INCIDENT.—Last Saturday evening, quite a serio-comico affair occurred in Cambridgeport, in one of the pretty cottages of that place. About 9 o'clock, as two young ladies were seated in a room, engaged in reading, one of them had her attention attracted to an item in a newspaper, which dwelt on the "spiritual rappings," now so prevalent; and, whilst having her mind absorbed in this article, she thought she heard a noise proceeding from the cupboard in the apartment, and being of a very susceptible disposition, it much alarmed her. She apprised her companion of the fact, when they both heard three distinct raps, which caused them to be very much frightened, sadly deranging the economy of their tippets and ruffles. After recovering somewhat from their confusion, they mustered sufficient courage to question the "rapper," enjoining it "if you are the spirit of our mother" to "signify it!" Three loud raps, most solemn in their import to them, were the response. In a moment graceful positions were assumed by both of the ladies, and—they fainted.

Another young lady fortunately passed the apartment soon after, and noticing the condition of the fair occupants, succeeded in arousing them from their lethargy, and inquired to what it was owing. So terrified were they that all she could elucidate from them was, "Cupboard! cupboard!" Wishing to divine the meaning of these words of such mysterious import, she went to the cupboard and opened it, when lo! out jumped an enormous—rat! The mischievous animal had crawled into a tin pan, which was hanging against the wall, and his efforts to get out had caused the "manifestations." The conclusion of this affair, relative to the conduct of the young ladies after they were made aware of the cause of all their misery, is too rich to be described.—*Boston Transcript.*

TAKING THE LOT.—A tall, long-legged Yankee from Coos County, New Hampshire, distinguished by a little head perched on a crane's neck, accoutered with a swallow-tailed coat, and pantaloons that refused to be coaxed down to his ancles, boots shining with tallow, and hat that scorned over a half inch of brim, stalked into the American Hotel, last week to get what he called a "fancy dinner." Being seated at the table, and asked by a servant what he would have—

"Wall, I swan, I don't know," said he, casting his eye down the long array of fricandeaus, cotelletes, ragouts, altogether, "kickshaws" on the bill of fare, which confounded him with their variety, while he despaired of grappling with them all—"what would you take, 'squire, if you were in my place? I can't eat all of I never was to have another meal of vittles from now till snow flies."

"Wouldn't you like some soup?" said the waiter.

"Wall, 'squire, you're 'bout right, I reckon; bring on your soup, and then I'll pitch into your biled vittles. You tax all the same, they say, and it's hard choosin'; so I'll just try one plate *through the lot, I will of I bust!*—*Boston Evening Gazette.*

ONE OF THE WATCHMEN.—A "feller" coming home from California had a monster rattlesnake in a wicker cage, which he deposited, with his other plunder, under his bed at Chagres. The room contained fifty beds—half full of drunk and sick "fellers." During a temporary absence of the owner, the snake got loose, and the owner coming in and finding his critter gone, yelled out,

"Everlastin' misery! who's seen my watchman?"

Many heads popped up from the flea-infested dirty beds, but nobody had seen the missing article.

"What was he, ole feller, you're inquirin' for?" said a bald-headed man.

"Why, why, my watchman; all my dust is under my bed, here, and I left a guard with it, but he's gone!"

"Guard—was he a nigger or a white feller?"

"No! he was a California rattlesnake, nine feet long and fifty-two rattles on his tail. Have any of you fellers seen the tarnal critter crawlin' round here?"

They hadn't; but all that were able to get out of bed and mizzle, did so in a hurry.

CIRCUMSTANCES GOVERN CASES.—An Irishman employed about a store in Boston, was one day equally surprised and delighted by the entrance of an old acquaintance. After ten minutes' jollification, the caller left, when Pat's employer said to him:

"So, Pat, you knew that chap in the old country?"

"Och, an' sure I did; an' it's lucky the day I met him here. His gran'father was a general; his father was a general; an' he'd ha' been a general himself, if he'd not come away."

"But what was he after in your pockets? I thought I saw him put his fingers in there, rather slyly."

Clapping his hands to his pockets, Pat ascertained that both watch and pocket-book were missing.

"Murther!" he cried, gesticulating like a whale with a dozen harpoons in his side, "the thafe! the spalpeen, the coorse! I knew him well, wid all his family. His gran'father was hanged, an' his father was hanged, an' he'd been hanged himself, if he'd not run away."

A HARD SUM-ON.—PUNNING EXTRAORDINARY.—The erratic Peter Snooks, Esq., chanced one evening lately to meet with his friend, Charley Clewline, at a certain house in this city, where beer is wont to be sold—it is a pretty sure thing to find Peter there at most any hour in the day or evening when he is in town, and after imbibing sundry draughts of the "nut brown ale"—Peter taking quarts each time—these two worthies, finding their fancies rather frolicsome, as well they might be by that time, commenced operations upon punning. They began upon a few proper names; and most ludicrous was the result of their labors. I will give a few specimens.

Charley took the name of one Mr. Lemon. "Were this individual," said the waggish Clewline, "to ring a peal upon the chime of bells, wouldn't it be a *lemon peel?*"

"And were I to request him to arise," replied the renowned Snooks, by saying "Lemon, sir, up! Wouldn't that sound like unto *lemon syrup*, eh?"

"I've got such a good 'un now!" roared forth Charley in great glee, rubbing his hands in an ecstasy of delight. "Give me a piece of chalk, and I'll show you." The chalk was furnished, and Clewline wrote upon the floor the word "doctor," then sketched immediately after it a semblance of a bear and their two profiles, leaving his friend to decipher the riddle, giving him a little cue to it, by saying that the two faces meant "us."

Peter was not so far gone but that he read the sentence at once, and taking up the chalk, sketched a knee, wrote the word "ho," drew a pismire after it, then sketched a bar with the words "to let" upon it.

"Nehemiah Bartlett! by all that's queer," shouted the other.

"Now here's at ye, once more. Suppose a man should get up from his bed, and make a hole with an auger or gimblet anywhere; would not that be that he left his bed and *bored*, eh, Peter?"

Peter was dumb.—*Boston Post.*

IT TAKES THE YANKEES.—A correspondent of the Milford Journal gives this amusing account of the way a Yankee took to discover a fellow-traveller's age: "Among our company, in ascending Mt. Washington, was a loquacious old gentleman from the 'Buckeye State,' who, mounted on his good steed 'Black Hawk,' pretends to know everything about 'men and mountains' and a little more. His locks are white, but he has just been married—Winter unto Spring—to a young and blooming woman; and is now upon his bridal tour. An inquisitive Yankee thus addressed him:

"'Mr. W——, the party all desire to know how old you are?'

"'How old?' replied the veteran; 'why old enough to keep that secret to myself. You Yankees, never answer a question, and being with the Romans, I must do as Romans do. Find out my age, or how long I've been married, if you can.'

"Climbing down over the rocks, and wondering at the beauty of the scene and the agility of our ponies, the aforesaid Yankee, in a careless tone, calls out to Mr. W——, and says,

"'They say, Mr. W——, that you are the oldest man that ever went up Mt. Washington.'

"'What! what!' replies the startled bridegroom; 'how old a man has ever been up here?'

"'Seventy, only seventy or so,' rejoined the Yankee, with *sang froid.*

"'Seventy!' exclaimed Mr. W., 'I certainly am not but *sixty-five!*' And with that came, as you may well suppose, a hearty and continuous burst of laughter at the expense of Mr. W——, from our motley cavalcade."

☞ A laughable story of some carrier-pigeons is told in an Antwerp newspaper. The editor of a celebrated journal published in that city sent a reporter to Brussels for the King's speech, and with him two carrier-pigeons to take back the document. At Brussels he gave the pigeons in charge to a waiter, and called for breakfast. He was kept waiting for some time, but a very delicate fricassee atoned for the delay. After breakfast, he paid his bill and called for his pigeons. "Pigeons!" exclaimed the waiter, "why, you have eaten them, sir!"

Selected Articles.

THE BETTER LAND.—A father and mother were living with their two children on a desert island, in the midst of the ocean, on which they had been shipwrecked. Roots and vegetables served them for food; a spring supplied them with water, and a cavern in the rock with a dwelling. Storm and tempest often raged fearfully on the island.

The children could not remember how they had reached the island; they knew nothing of the vast continent; bread, milk, fruit, and whatever other luxury is yielded there, were things unknown to them.

There landed one day upon the island four Moors in a small boat. The parents felt great joy, and hoped now to be rescued from their troubles. But the boat was too small to take them all over together to the adjoining land, so the father determined to risk the passage first.

Mother and children wept when he embarked in the boat with its frail planks, and the four black men were about to take him away. But he said, "Weep not: it is better yonder, and you will all follow soon."

When the little boat returned and took away the mother, the children wept still more. But she also said, "Weep not! In the better land we shall all meet again."

At last came the boat to take away the two children. They were frightened at the black men, and shuddered at the fearful sea over which they had to pass. With fear and trembling they drew near the land. But how rejoiced they were when their parents appeared upon the shore, offered them their hands, led them into the shade of lofty palm trees, and regaled upon the flowery turf with milk, honey, and delicious fruits. "Oh, how groundless was our fear!" said the children; "we ought not to have feared, but to have rejoiced, when the black men came to take us away to the better land!"

"Dear children," said their father, "our voyage from the desert island to this beautiful country, conveys to us a still higher meaning. There is appointed for us all a still longer voyage to a much more beautiful country. The whole earth on which we dwell is like an island. The land here is, indeed, a noble one in our eyes, although only a faint shadow of Heaven. The passage hither over the stormy sea is—Death; that little boat resembles the bier, upon which men in black apparel shall at some time carry us forth. But when that hour strikes, then we, myself, your mother, or you, must leave this world. So, fear not. Death is for pious men, who have loved God and have done His will—nothing else but a voyage to the better land."

☞ When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.—*Pope.*

COUGHING IN CONSUMPTION.

The *Herald*, of July 18th, states that during the week preceding, fifty persons died of the consumption in New York City. *Per contra*, a gentleman called upon us yesterday, who actually escaped from the fangs of this disease some years ago; and we are indebted to him for the subjoined:—

"You speak of coughing continually. Let me suggest to you the query, whether this is not unnecessary and injurious. I have long been satisfied from experience and observation, that much of the coughing which precedes and attends consumption, is voluntary. Several years ago I boarded with a man, who was in the incipient stages of consumption. I slept in a chamber over his bedroom, and was obliged to hear him cough continually and distressingly. I endured the annoyance night after night, till it led me to reflect whether something could not be done to stop it. I watched the sound which the man made, and observed that he evidently made a voluntary effort to cough. After this I made experiments on myself, and found that I could prevent myself from coughing, sneezing, gaping, &c., in case of the strongest propensity to these acts, by a steadfast effort of the will. Then I reflected that coughing must be very irritating and injurious to the delicate organs that are concerned in it, especially when they are in a diseased state. What can be worse for ulcerated bronchia, or lungs, than the violent wrenchings of a cough? It must be worse than speaking. A sore on any part of the body, if it is constantly kept open by violent usage, or made raw again by a contusion just when it is healing, (and of course begins to itch,) will grow worse, and end in death. Certainly then a sore on the lungs may be expected to terminate fatally, if it is constantly irritated and never suffered to heal; and this, it seems to me, is just what coughing does for it. On the strength of such considerations as these, I made bold to ask the man if he could not stop coughing. He answered no. I told him what I thought about it, as above. He agreed to make a trial; and on doing so, he found to his surprise that he could suppress his cough almost entirely. The power of his will over it increased as he exercised it, and in a few days he was nearly rid of the disposition to cough. His health, at the same time, evidently improved, and when I last saw him, he was in strong hopes of getting out of death's hands."

This occurred 18 years ago, and the man comes round now, an active business man, proving that he has not had a sick day since.—*Circular.*

MISS LESLIE ON SLANG.

"There is no wit," says the author of the Behaviour Book, "in a lady to speak of taking a 'snooze,' instead of a nap—in calling pantaloons 'pants,' or gentlemen 'gents,'—in saying of a man whose dress is getting old, that he looks 'seedy,' and in alluding to an amusing anecdote, or a diverting incident, to say that it is 'rich.' All slang words are detestable from the lips of ladies. We are always sorry to hear a young lady use such a word as 'polking,' when she tells of having been engaged in a certain dance too fashionable not long since; but, happily, now it is fast going out, and almost banished from the best society. To her honor, be it remembered, Queen Victoria has prohibited the polka being danced in her presence. How can a genteel girl bring herself to say, 'Last night I was polking with Mr. Bell,' or 'Mr. Cope came and asked me to polk with him.' Its coarse and ill-sounding name is worthy of the dance. We have little tolerance for young ladies, who, having in reality neither wit nor humor, set up for both, and, having nothing of the right stock to go upon, substitute coarseness and impertinence (not to say impudence), and try to excite laughter, and attract the attention of gentlemen, by talking slang. Where do they get it? How do they pick it up? From low newspapers, or from vulgar books? Surely not from low companions? We have heard one of these ladies, when her collar chanced to be pinned awry, say that it was put on drunk—also, that her bonnet was drunk, meaning crooked on her head. When disconcerted she was 'floored.' When submitting to do a thing unwillingly, 'she was brought to the scratch.' Sometimes 'she did things on the sly.' She talked of a certain great vocalist 'singing like a bird.' She believed it very smart and piquant to use these vile expressions. It is true, when at parties, she always had half-a-dozen gentlemen about her; their curiosity being excited as to what she would say next. And yet she was a woman of many good qualities; and one who boasted of having always 'lived in society.'"

MARSHFIELD.—A correspondent of the Daily Advertiser gives an interesting account of a recent visit to the farm of Mr. Webster, from which we copy the following extract:

Everything at the house, at Marshfield, is just as Mr. Webster left it. There is no one living in the house except the one or two servants who take care of it; but it does not have the desolate air of a vacant establishment. One almost expects to see some of the family come forward to give the cordial welcome which always greeted visitors there. We went through the house. We passed a few moments in silence, in the room in which the great Statesman breathed his last. We seated ourselves in the beautiful library, the shelves of which are still loaded with books, and the walls adorned with the well-known pictures.

The farm is carried on under the same superintendence and in the same manner as formerly, the general directions and supplies being furnished by Mr. Paige, in behalf of the trustees. It is thought important to ascertain whether it will sustain itself, and how much income, if any, can be realized from it. It thus presents the same general appearance as formerly.

We walked across part of the estate to the grave. It lies, as you know, just at the edge of the old burying ground, where repose the remains of some of the old Pilgrims, on a rising ground which overlooks the ocean. The mound of earth which covers the tomb, bears a slab of marble with the simple inscription "Daniel Webster." In front are the small monuments to Mr. Webster's first wife, and the children. Two other monuments, one with the names of two of Mr. Webster's children who died in infancy, and two of Mr. Fletcher Webster's children, and the other with the epitaph which he directed for himself, are ready, and it was expected that they would be set up to-day or to-morrow. All these things were either arranged by Mr. Webster himself, or since his decease, in accordance with his own specific directions. The epitaph has been engraved upon the marble, line for line, precisely in accordance with his request. The difficulty attending an exact compliance with the directions is the reason why the completion of the monument has been delayed hitherto.

LIBERTY IN ROME.—Some idea of the extent of liberty to be enjoyed in Rome may be inferred from reading the following extract from one of Mr. Bryant's letters:

"Every morning, at an early hour, the people of the city are awakened by military music, and the tramp of bodies of soldiery is heard, as they march through the street. You meet them defiling through the public ways at other hours of the day; you see them performing their manœuvres and exercises in the public gardens; you hear the drum as often as the sound of bells; soldiers are more numerous in public than even priests. Every pains seems to be taken to let people know that they live under a military government, which can afford to dispense with their good will. There are some circumstances, which tend to show that the government rules in as much fear as it seeks to inspire. Not a single copy of a journal from France or England is delivered from the post-office till it is carefully examined to see whether it contains any political intelligence which the government chooses to keep from the knowledge of its subjects, or any political reflections of a nature which it disapproves. If these are found in it the journal is withheld. A German, employed for the purpose, reads the English journals, and whenever he reports in favor of suppressing them, they are destroyed. If the people stand in awe of the government, it is evident that the government dreads the people. There is a distrust on one side, and hatred on the other—a condition of things which may last for years, but which, through a little imprudence on the part of the people, may, at almost any time, be exchanged for a state of open and bloody revolt."

ANIMALCULES IN WATER.—The idea entertained by most persons, that all water, whether found in springs, wells, brooks, ponds or cisterns, or even that fresh rain water, is filled with living creatures, is, so far as the microscope enables us to ascertain, without foundation. Water is a compound of two gases—hydrogen and oxygen—and the existence of animalcules in it, is altogether dependent on certain causes, principally on its contact with vegetable matter; thus, if you take a bowl of water, and place a handful of hay or other vegetable matter in it, in a few days the top will be covered with a scum, which, by putting a small quantity under the microscope, will be found to be a mass of animalcules, but still only of the lower order, most of them being the monads, the smallest of this class being so minute, that 80,000,000 can swim about in one drop.

FAME.

This is a translation of one of the most perfect of the lyrics of Schiller, and so well done, that it loses little by transfer into our language. There is a thought in every line.

What shall I do lest life in silence pass?
And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue?
Remember, aye the Ocean deeps are mute;
The shallows roar;
Worth is the Ocean—Fame is but the bruit
Along the shore.

What shall I do to be for ever known?
Thy duty ever.
This did full many who yet slept unknown—
Oh! never, never!
Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain unknown
Whom thou know'st not?
By angel-trumps in heaven their praise is blown,
Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife?
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise,
Will life be fled,
While he, who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead.

DON'T TOADY.—Do most any thing, young man, but don't toady. It's the very last sin a human being should be guilty of. Toadying—bah! Be [illegible] but that. Sweep the streets, drive a hand-cart, saw wood, shovel coal, peddle pea-nuts and candy, everything and anything, but do not toady. A right down solid, sensible man never, of course, toadies. It is only your half-made, half-grown, half-brained, half-eyed fellows that affects the shabby and disgusting practice. A Toady! Bah! again. Young man, keep free of it and of him. Haven't you a head, hands, feet? and are you not able to be something better than a screw, a shell, a thick fish? Any day in heaven and decency's name, don't toady, in any shape. Keep up your manhood by putting down all such folly and baseness. Let the world see that you are superior to it, that you despise it; that toadyism is no part of your nature, taste, education or habit. In a word, don't toady. Mind that.

For the Young.

ATMOSPHERE.

Q. What is meant by the bladder "*collapsing?*"

A. The skin becoming *wrinkled, shrivelled, and flabby*; because there is not sufficient air inside to *fill* it.

Q. Why do *persons* who *ascend in balloons, feel pain* in their eyes, ears, and chest?

A. Because the air in the upper regions of the atmosphere is more *rare* than the *air in their bodies*; and (*till equilibrium is restored*) pain will be felt in the more sensitive parts of the body.

More especially in the tympanum of the ear.

Q. Why do *persons* who *descend* in *diving-bells, feel pain* in their eyes, ears, and chest?

A. Because the air in the diving-bell is *compressed* by the upward pressure of the water; in consequence of which, great pain is felt in the more sensitive parts of the body.

The pressure thus caused is sometimes sufficient to *rupture* the membrane of the tympanum, and produce incurable *deafness*.

Q. Why do we feel *oppressed* just *previous* to a storm?

A. Because the air is greatly *rarefied by heat and vapor*; and the air within us (seeking to become of the *same* rarity) produces an oppressive and suffocating feeling.

Q. How do you know that the density of the air is lowered, previous to a storm?

A. Because the *mercury* of a barometer rapidly *falls*.

Q. Why do *cellars* feel *warm* in *winter*?

A. Because the external air has not free access into them; in consequence of which, they remain almost at an *even temperature*—which (in winter time) is about 10° *warmer* than the external air.

Q. Why do *cellars* feel *cold* in *summer*?

A. Because the external air has not free access into them; in consequence of which, they remain almost at an *even temperature*—which (in summer time) is about 10° *colder* than the external air.

Q. Why is it often *painful* and difficult to *breathe*, on a *mountain-top*?

A. Because the pressure of air on the mountain-top is *not so great as it is on the plain*; and the air inside our bodies (seeking to become of the same rarity) *bursts through the pores of the body* and produces great pain.

Q. What effect has *heat* upon the air?

A. Heat *rarefies* the air and causes it to expand.

Q. How do you *know* that heat causes the air to *expand*?

A. Thus, if a bladder *half full of air* (tied tight round the neck) be laid before a *fire*, the air will expand by the heat, and *fill* the bladder.

Q. What is a *barometer*?

A. A weather-glass, or instrument to measure the variations in the *weight* of the *air*; by means of which *variations*, we may judge what weather may be expected.

Q. What is a *thermometer*?

A. An instrument to show how *hot* or *cold* anything is.—*From "Familiar Science," edited by R. E. Peterson.*

The Riddler.

MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 49 letters.

My 11, 31, 37, 1, 46, 44, 29, is a city in Mexico.
My 5, 32, 16, 26, 40, 6, 10, is one of the United States.
My 6, 38, 36, 36, 15, 49, is a city of France.
My 17, 22, 19, 11, 30, 23, 4, 41, 21, is a town in Pennsylvania.
My 4, 10, 29, 19, 27, 18, 23, 6, 47, is a celebrated author in Europe.
My 3, 16, 44, 40, 12, 35, 39, 20, 7, is a celebrated author in the United States.
My 11, 16, 38, 43, 7, 41, 31, 37, 28, 14, 27, 36, 39, 22, 7, 26, is a celebrated character in the Bible.
My 30, 47, 2, 37, 21, 49, is a town in Asia.
My 49, 10, 28, 41, 9, 19, is an island near Malaysia.
My 45, 49, 7, 33, 16, 35, is a city in Nubia.
My 43, 13, 49, 31, 14, 41, 9, 13, 5, 38, 29, 37, is a river in Spain.
My 17, 38, 31, 45, 16, 29, 47, 22, 6, 29, 31, is the homestead of a distinguished American.
My 20, 39, 38, 17, 49, is a town in Germany.
My 44, 39, 6, 33, 10, 36, is a city in Ireland.
My 17, 40, 51, 3, 20, 27, 10, is a river in Brazil.
My 20, 31, 11, is a lake in California.
My 48, 39, 34, 16, is a mountain fourteen thousand feet high in Oregon.
My 6, 41, 33, 40, 28, is a river in France.
My 25, 31, 6, 18, is a town in Mississippi and a mountain in Europe.
My 30, 38, 2, 37, is a town in Russia.
My 17, 40, 27, 1, 26, 47, 29, 46, is a city of Greece.
My 42, 26, 6, 3, 29, 40, is a [illegible].
My 25, 41, 3, 37, is a river in [illegible].
My 40, 30, 31, 12, 22, 15, 30, 29, 35, 36, 47, 39, 22, 6, 44, 31, 22, 40, 33, is the name of a celebrated weekly paper of the United States.
My 17, 38, 34, 39, 47, 32, is a distinguished Physician of Pennsylvania.

My whole is a new version of an old proverb.

Spring Farm. AUSTIN.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 17 letters.

My 1, 6, 2, 12, 15, 4, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 2, 6, 3, 12, 9, is a county in Michigan.
My 3, 6, 3, 7, 4, 5, is a city in France.
My 4, 10, 9, 10, is a town in Missouri.
My 5, 7, 1, 9, 16, 10, is a county in Maryland.
My 6, 10, 6, 3, is a town in Algeria.
My 7, 10, 4, 3, 11, 6, 3, is a city in New Jersey.
My 8, 17, 11, is a town in Scotland.
My 9, 10, 10, 17, is a city in New York.
My 10, 3, 9, 12, 6, is a town in Ireland.
My 11, 6, 1, 4, is a town in Georgia.
My 12, 16, 6, 6, 5, is a gulf on the coast of Spain.
My 16, 6, 4, 10, 7, 6, is a canton of Switzerland.

My whole is increasing in wealth and population very rapidly. M. J. B.

Mount Holly.

CHARADE.

Placed in one form, my letters tell
The affected look of many a belle;
Take out one from them, and you'll view
What gold connects, and iron too;
Another take, and you will find
What's daily used to tell the mind.

G. M.

PROBLEM.

There is a fish whose head is 12 inches long, and whose tail is as long as its head plus ½ of its body, and whose body is as long as its head and tail both; what is the length of the fish?

S. A.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why should a deed not be dated in a gin? Ans.—[illegible]

☞ What tone is it that ladies never call for? Ans.—The spit-tone.

☞ Why are sailors on board of a schooner or brig like doves? Ans.—[illegible]

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS, KING OF SWEDEN.
MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA.
THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF AGRICULTURE.
CHARADE.—SATURDAY EVENING POST.
PROBLEM.
Weight of the second cup 5 oz., of the cover 10 oz.

A GEM.—One of the [illegible] poetry ever written, is the following, from the pen of Frances Ann Butler:

"Better trust all, and be deceived,
And weep that trust, and that deceiving,
Than doubt one heart, that if believed
Had blessed one's life with true believing.

"Oh, in this mocking world, too fast
The doubting fiend o'ertakes our youth!
Better be cheated to the last,
Than lose the blessed hope of truth."

Agricultural.

STARVING IN THE MIDST OF PLENTY.

The man who should starve himself with a thousand bushels of wheat in his granary, or with a hundred barrels of potatoes in his cellar, because he knew not how to cook or convert them to food, would not commit a greater act of folly than some of our land-owners, who possess vast means of increasing their fertility, which they never apply. We have been struck with the pointed remark of L. [illegible], in his address before the Windham County Agricultural Society, that "*most men own a second farm*, beneath their present surface, which has never been disturbed by the plough." We once knew a wealthy man who had a fine farm in one of the best counties of Western New York, and which he had cultivated on a bad system for many years, until some of the lower fields were reported to be nearly worn out, and yielded poor, or at best, very uncertain crops. His land had usually been ploughed about four inches deep, but occasionally "subsoiled," as the owner termed it, to six inches. A part of it fell into new hands, and it was immediately turned over to a depth of eleven or twelve inches by means of three yoke of oxen attached to a Michigan or double mould-board plough. An entirely new material was turned up to the light of day, consisting in part of the fertilizing calcareous subsoil, and in part of rotten leaves, decayed roots and black mould, which had never been reached before, presenting all the appearance of newly cleared land, and giving immediately a heavy growth in crops. In a neighboring county, an extensive and intelligent farmer assured us, that so great was the fertility of his subsoil that he would regard it as a favor could he have six inches of the upper soil completely carried off from his lands. Yet he never ploughs more than half a foot in depth, and does not subsoil or trench plough, because he "cannot afford it." In some of the [illegible] portions of the State, the soil is a light sand, which suffers drought and sterility from a want of clay and marl. Now it happens that a large portion of this light and thin soil is underlaid at a depth of a foot or two with a strong, calcareous loam, which might, at a very moderate expense, be thrown up from pits, and spread in large quantities over the surface, and in some places it may be reached even by subsoiling and trench-ploughing. One farmer accidentally discovered this subterranean bed of fertility, by spreading broadcast from a ditch for a few yards on each side, the earth taken from the digging. In an unfavorable season, when the rest of the field produced only four bushels of wheat per acre, the land adjoining the ditch, which had been dressed with the subsoil, yielded at the rate of twenty bushels per acre. Yet, to this day, the owner of the farm suffers this fertilizing subsoil to remain untouched and unreached. In other instances, there are extensive beds of peat and of marl, lying just as they have done for centuries, with the adjacent uplands starving for their beneficial influence, which, if not so great as that of yard manure, is at least much more permanent.

A late English agricultural journal, gives a few examples of great benefit derived from using the material of the subsoil:—

"We have in our mind's eye at this moment a case where a farm of moory land, but not high-lying was purchased, including an excellent house, for about fifteen pounds per acre. The soil was a white, gritty sand, full of land springs; the surface had once been peat, but the poverty of the tenantry had induced them to pare off the peat from a great part of it, and thus it was left barren white sand to the top. Furze and rushes, with a little heath, was almost the entire produce of the land. The owner drained, at a cost of about three pounds ten shillings per acre, and clayed the whole, by digging ponds, at the rate of 200 loads per acre, or about five pounds more, and then sowed turnips and seeds, followed by wheat. The result was most successful, and the farm is now in good cultivation, and let, we should say, for 30s. per acre. We do not happen to know the exact rental, but it strikes us as being the probable amount. But more; the fences had been planted and died. The owner immediately renewed them by replanting, manuring the quickset with clay. They grow amazingly, and are now remarkably healthy and good fences.

"Mr. Gould's experience with sixty acres of light moorland, as detailed in the *Transactions of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society*, bear strongly upon the point. He took the waste on a lease, pared and burned, and, in sinking a well, happened to take out some clay, which he carted into his eleven acre enclosure. The result was that his subsequent crop of oats showed a produce of 80 bushels per acre, and his unclayed not more than 30 bushels. The subsequent grass or clover on the clayed part was excellent, while not a plant grew on the unclayed. He then clayed the whole of the 60 acres at intervals, and in 16 years had applied 80 loads per acre—twice, forty—and the result has been most satisfactory in the whole, being rendered capable of growing good crops of corn, turnips, and grass, and is carried on in the four-course system."

It is not every subsoil, we readily admit, that possesses the remarkable qualities of those which have been mentioned, and no one should think of rushing blindly into an extensive experiment, before he has tested its probable value on a small scale. It should not, however, be forgotten, that many subsoils which at first present every appearance of sterility, are often so improved by exposure to the air, by pulverization, and by mixture with the surface mold, as ultimately to become very productive.—*Country Gentleman.*

AGRICULTURE ADVANCING.—"The world *does* move." Even that most conservative class, the Farmers, are gradually wearing off or outgrowing their repugnance to innovation and falling into the current. Witness these facts:

1. There is not now a bag of *Guano* to be bought in the market of this great focus of Importation and Trade. (Some arrived since.)

2. There is not a bag of *Phosphate of Lime* to be bought here at any price.

3. There is not a bag of *Prof. Mapes's Super Phosphate* to be had, except by those who had ordered it long ago, though the manufacture has long been extensively (and we presume profitably) prosecuted.

4. There is not, and for months has not been, a load of *Draining Tile* to be had in or near our City, though there are two manufactories within a few hours of us; and,

5. There are some ten to twenty firms in the City engaged in the sale of Agricultural Implements, Seeds, Plants, Fertilizers, &c., to Farmers, and all of them that know how to do business must be making money. We learned incidentally a few days since, that the sales of one of these firms amount to $250,000 per annum, on which the profits cannot well fall short of $30,000.

6. There are some forty to fifty Periodicals printed in the United States, which treat mainly of Agriculture, Horticulture and the auxiliary sciences. Some of these are very poor, being valued mainly as Advertising mediums for the Seed and Implement Stores with which they are connected; yet we defy any farmer whose crops are worth $500 per annum, who knows how to read, and has as much brains as an average horse, to take and read even the poorest of them without receiving therefrom a good deal more than his money's worth. Should he blindly and unreflectingly follow all the suggestions of some of them, he will of course be led into some blunders and losses; but even then he will not only farm a great deal better than his grandfather did, but secure far greater crops. He will profit nine times in ten by doing as his paper advises.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

CURCULIO.—S. Maxwell, Jr., communicates to the Greenfield Republican the following discovery:

"I have within a week discovered a fact about the curculio which was new to me, and have also found it entirely new to others to whom I have communicated it. All those who have had fruit bitten by the curculio, have probably noticed a little brown spot on the lower edge of the crescent shaped puncture. That little brown spot covers the egg left by the bug, and the puncture seems to be made for a place of safety for the young worm when hatched, and also to facilitate its operations in boring into the fruit. Persons having plum trees, and leisure, and wishing to preserve a few of the fruit after it has been bitten, can with the point of a penknife, or with the thumb and finger nail, easily remove the spot from its place, and no harm will come to the fruit except the scar left by it."

TAKING SUCKERS FROM CORN.

Whether it is an unsettled question whether taking suckers from Indian corn is a benefit or an injury to the crop. Formerly the practice of taking them off has been nearly universal; but some experiments which have been made, show that under certain circumstances, at least, the practice is of doubtful expediency. Still we do not think a sufficient number of results have been obtained to justify a positive conclusion, one way or another, in reference to the subject. For this reason we would advise further experiments by cutting through fields the suckers from alternate rows,—or two rows together—and measuring the corn from each at harvest.

Many points are involved in the question which may affect the result. Much depends on the kind of corn. The Northern varieties frequently have ears on the suckers, especially where [illegible] there were not so many main stalks as might have stood on the ground, and of course, taking away the suckers in such cases would lessen the yield. The tall Southern varieties on the other hand, seldom produce ears on any but the main stalk, and hence suckers are [illegible] as appropriating moisture and nutriment to the injury of the grain. In some instances Northern corn may be too thick—the suckers increase the difficulty—they are not likely to produce ears under such circumstances, and their growth, by excluding sun and air, and by their draught on the soil, may on the whole be injurious to the crop.

The writer can only refer to one experiment of his own on this subject. Several years ago, he cut the suckers from alternate rows, through a part of a field of corn. The soil was rich, and the growth large. The rows left untouched produced most corn—but as the minutes of the experiment are not at hand, we cannot state the precise difference. It was a variety of corn in which the suckers were inclined to produce ears. The rows from which the suckers were taken, did not ripen so rapidly as the others; the stalks and leaves kept green longer, and at harvest there was evidently more moisture in the cob.

But this only shows the result in a single case. It is to be hoped that experiments will be multiplied, and that they will be so conducted that the results may enlighten us on many obscure points.—*Boston Cultivator.*

The Olio.

THE MERCHANT.

The following lines were written by a contributor to The Casket, a paper edited by the ladies of St. Anthony, Minnesota—away on the verge of civilization—and read each week during the winter months before the St. Anthony Lyceum:

Tare and tret,
Gross and nett,
Butt and hogshead, dry and wet;
Brandy made,
Of every grade,
Wholesale, retail, will you trade?

Goods for sale,
Roll or bale,
Rif or quarter, yard or nail;
Every dye
Will you buy?
None can sell as cheap as I!

Thus each day
Wears away,
And his hair is turning gray?
O'er his books
He nightly looks,
Counts his gains and bolts his locks.

By and by
He will die—
But the ledger book on high
Shall unfold
How he sold,
How he got and used his gold!

A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE.—The man who stands upon his own soil, who feels that by the law of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the rightful and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is by the constitution of our nature under a wholesome influence not easily imbibed from any other source. He feels—other things being equal—more strongly than another, the character of a man as the lord of an inanimate world. Of this great and wonderful sphere, which, fashioned by the hand of God, and upheld by His power, is rolling through the heavens, a part is his—his from the centre to the sky. It is the space on which the generation before moved in its round of duties, and he feels himself connected by a visible link with those who follow him, and to whom he is to transmit a home. Perhaps his farm has come down to him from his fathers. They have gone to their last home; but he can trace their footsteps over the scenes of his daily labors. The roof which shelters him was reared by those to whom he owes his being. Some interesting domestic tradition is connected with every enclosure. The favorite fruit tree was planted by his father's hand. He sported in boyhood beside the brook, which still winds through the meadow. Through the field lies the path to the village school of earlier days. He still hears from the window the voice of the Sabbath bell which called his fathers to the house of God; and near at hand is the spot where his parents laid down to rest, and where, when his time has come, he shall be laid by his children. These are the feelings of the owner of the soil. Words cannot paint them—gold cannot buy them; they flow out of the deepest fountains of the heart, they are the life springs of a fresh, healthy and generous national character.—*Edward Everett.*

YOUNG AMERICA.—The following extract from the *North British Review*, will show the opinions entertained of us abroad:

"In conclusion, we will just intimate, and no more, one circumstance which renders America especially formidable. She alone unites all the resources of civilization, with many of the tastes, the habits, and the passions of barbarism. She combines, in an unexampled manner, the commercial and the warlike spirit. Her wealth and trade are already enormous, and are rapidly increasing—her resources of every kind are absolutely boundless; her merchants are the most enterprising, her sailors the most active, her pioneers the most restless and indefatigable in the world, and her people unite an increasing and almost morbid energy with the most shrewd, selfish, long-headed sagacity. While the Yankees of the Eastern States are augmenting the riches of their country by the zeal with which they urge forward the manufacturing and commercial undertakings, the half-civilized settlers of the Western and South-Western portions of the Union—inured to hardships, trained to arms, practised in danger, as familiar with rifles and revolvers and bowie knives, as with the plough and axe, insensible to fatigue, violent in their temper, unscrupulous in their aggressive tendencies—are the very men to be always prompt for any enterprise which promises either plunder or excitement. A people at once so indefatigable in their arts of peace, and so ready for the pleasures of war, may well be looked upon with uneasiness and distrust. So formidable a combination of qualifications the world has not before seen."

For Housekeepers.

PRESERVED CITRON MELON.—Cut off the hard rind of the melon (which should be the *preserving* citron, not the green cantelope,) and cut it in pieces of any size and shape you choose; the slices should be from a quarter to half an inch thick. Weigh your fruit, and to every pound add one of sugar. Put the sugar in a preserving kettle with a gill of water to each pound of sugar, and some isinglass dissolved in warm water; it will require a quarter of an ounce of isinglass to every five pounds of fruit. When the sugar is dissolved, put it over the fire and boil and skim it. Then pour the syrup out of the kettle, wash it and return the syrup to it. Now put in the fruit, and set it over a brisk fire, where it will boil rapidly. When the fruit appears translucent when held up towards the light it is done. It will take from an hour and a quarter to an hour and a half to cook it. Then take it out a piece at a time, spread it on dishes, and strain the syrup in a pan. When the syrup is lukewarm, put your fruit in the jars and pour it over. Let them stand till next day, put brandy-paper over and paste them. This fruit may be flavored with lemons sliced and preserved with it. Do not peel the lemons, cut them in thin slices, and cook them with the fruit. To three pounds of fruit add one lemon. As the citron makes a beautiful but tasteless preserve, it is necessary to flavor it with lemon, orange, or some other fruit. If, when it is a little cool, it should not taste sufficiently of the lemon, a few drops of the essence of lemon may be added.

BROILED SQUAB.—Young pigeons or squabs are the nicest for broiling. Cut them down the back, clean them nicely, wash them and dry them on a clean napkin. Have ready a bed of clear coals, heat your gridiron, grease the bars to prevent the pigeons from sticking, and place them over the fire; turn them frequently, and be careful not to let the legs and wings burn. When they are done put them on a dish, season them with pepper and salt, and baste them well with butter on both sides.—*The National Cook Book.*